MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

MAY 15TH
1922



SUN OILS

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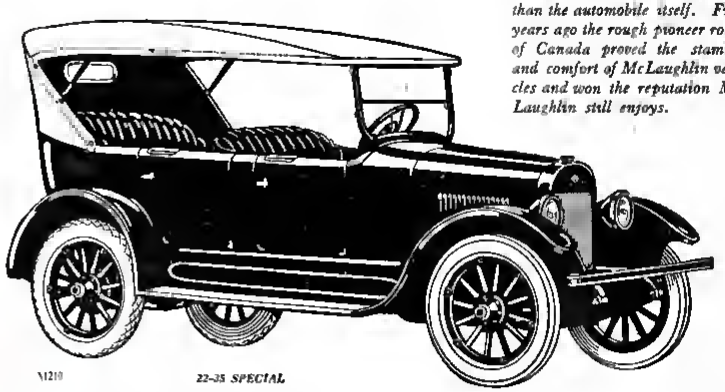
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In the Editor's Confidence

NO MAN, perhaps, is less like the usual idea of a writer than Major H. C. McNeile, better known to readers of *MacLean's Magazine* by his pen name "Sapper." Major McNeile has been a soldier and looks a soldier.

He has all the appearance of a man who is keen on keeping himself fit, and is fonder of the open air than of the musty atmosphere of a library, writes his friend, Sidney Dark, to the *Strand Magazine*. Major McNeile is a good golfer and a rider to hounds. Indeed, he has all the qualities, and, one must



"Sapper" H. C. McNeile

in fairness add, most of the prejudices, of the class to which he belongs. He is still quite a young man — only thirty-three — and he looks younger. He possesses a cheerful, exuberant youthfulness.

"Sapper" was educated at Woolwich and served several years in the Engineers before and during the war. Up to 1916 he had never published anything, but "sheer boredom" as he expresses it, led him to write while serving in France. He felt that he had a grist of incidents that would make good reading, and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Women and Guns" and "No Man's Land" soon proved that he was one of the war's literary "finds." After the war he resigned his commission and wrote "Bull-Dog Drummond," a play which is making a huge hit to-day in London and New York.

The best of "Sapper's" short stories appear regularly in *MacLean's*. Turn to page 18, and read "A Bit of Orange Peel."

A Confederation Witness

GEORGE C. HOLLAND, author of the article "My Ottawa Memories, 1856—," in this issue, has had an extraordinary opportunity to follow Canadian politics and is a repository of many political secrets. He knew George Brown and the Fathers of Confederation personally, and witnessed every incident described in this article, except the opening of the final session of the Parliament of Old Canada. At that time he was busy fighting the Fenians. Regarding Sir John Macdonald's decision (though not carried out) to resign the leadership of his party, Mr. Holland has this interesting piece of hitherto unrecorded history to pass on to *MacLean's* readers.

Sir John's Prophecy

"MY BROTHER and I held a controlling interest in the Ottawa *Citizen*. When Sir John visited my office I told him that if [illegible] Conservative party the *Citizen* would cease the support it had been giving. I pointed out to him that we had been faithful to him and to the party because we did not believe that he had been guilty of the serious charges made against him. If he resigned the leadership it would be accepted by the public generally as a confession of guilt. I asked him who would be fit to be his successor. He said 'Tupper.'

"I told him I doubted if the Doctor would command the support of the Conservatives throughout the country as he was little known at that time outside of the Maritime Provinces. Sir John asked me what the *Citizen* would do if he resigned, and I replied that I was not prepared to say positively but I looked upon Blake as the coming leader. Sir John said that I was mistaken — that Mackenzie was more statesmanlike and better fitted to lead. Subsequent events proved that he was right."

All the Premiers

WE [illegible] MACLEAN'S family three premiers—Taschereau, of Quebec; Drury, of Ontario; and Greenfield, of Alberta. The first two have forwarded their renewals, but Premier Greenfield's is brand new. Now, every *Canadian premier* is a subscriber to *MacLean's*.

Mac

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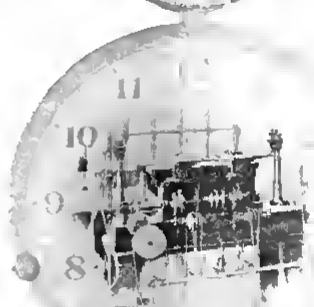
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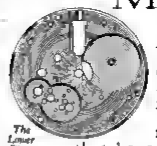
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BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

LOAN SALE IN U. S. SHOWS SOUND BUSINESS POSITION

THE FLOATING of the $100 000 000 loan by the Minister of Finance in New York is the outstanding event of the year in Canadian finance and an achievement that should gladden the heart of all investors in Canadian high grade securities It is not so much the fact that the amount of $100 000 000 was placed so readily and over subscribed within half a day at the time it was offered to the public, as the extremely favorable price The public there were willing to accept a Canadian Government bond which bore 5 per cent interest, and pay par for it The Canadian Government, on the other hand netted 97¾ on the issue so that they secured money for about 5¼ per cent The issue had the effect of sending exchange down to slightly over one per cent, the highest it has been in the past three years and it seems quite within the bounds of possibility that if another loan of an equal amount had been floated or if another one is floated this fall that exchange will go back again to par The floating of the loan under three very favorable circumstances cannot but react favorably, as it reflects financial and business conditions in this country

What is the significance of this transaction to Canadian investors? First of all it indicates very convincingly to the whole world and particularly to the two chief money markets with which Canada is concerned, United States and London, that the credit of this country stands high It sets a new low record since the war started for the cost of money to this country The rapidity with which the loan was subscribed was the best kind of advertising for the country for future loans not only in New York but if exchange comes near the normal level, in London our old treasurer So much on the surface

The loan has no doubt exercised influence much more widely As has been stated it brought about an immediate improvement in exchange. The writer was speaking to one of the leading bankers in Canada on the day on which the arrangements for the loan were made in New York This man at the time did not know that the loan was being made but a return was brought to him showing that exchange was dropping rapidly between Canada and the United States and was then ruling under one and one-half per cent He at once made this remark, "The fall in exchange makes me feel that arrangements must be under way for a Dominion loan in New York.' A few hours afterwards the wires brought confirmation of his conclusion. Improvement in exchange itself will lessen the cost to the Canadian Government and to private corporations of meeting interest charges in New York funds and in refunding bond issues It will lessen greatly the cost of merchandise that is imported into this country, and even more important from the national standpoint will reduce very considerably the cost of raw materials used in manufacture such as cotton, coal, steel and various other lines This in turn will help the competitive efforts of this country in outside markets In general there will also be the beneficial effect in lowering the cost of goods offered to the public in this country, and thus improving domestic trade

From the investment standpoint as distinct from the commercial the result of the loan was seen immediately in the response of Victory bonds and others. These at once shot up establishing a lower yield thus anticipating the 5 per cent. standard created. The new loan should tend to drive up permanently the price of bonds in Canada with a corresponding reduction in the yield The 1934 taxable bond went up over par which brought the yield under 5¼ per cent and the 1933 and 1937 also saw higher levels. It matters not that these levels for the time being were not long sustained because they deepped in sympathy with an easing off in the whole market. The sentiment was there and the initial performance of these issues is only an indication of what is sure to happen, only to a much greater extent, during the balance of the present year

Why It Was Not Sold in Canada

THIS five per cent. rate that was secured in New York must not be confused with a similar rate in Canada A Dominion loan could not have been floated in Canada in the estimation of the shrewdest of the bond men on less than a 5½ per cent. basis. at the present time. The 1934 bonds, 5½ per cent taxable and medium long-term are running around par and an account of $100 000 000 or more could not command as favorable a price in the limited field of this country as a few millions. This means that although the Dominion bond is theoretically our premier security it will not, in large amounts bring any higher price than first class provincial or municipal bonds, and indeed will run a little lower than a provincial issue which necessarily is of much smaller total. The prevailing rate, probably will prevent a Dominion loan being floated for some months, for it is almost incredible that the Minister of Finance would offer a 5½ per cent bond in Canada a short time after disposing of a 5 per cent. one in New York That would be rather an anomaly and tend to depress the price of the New York bond in trading. Hence a loan this fall in Canada probably will depend on the interest rate in Canada getting down to about 5¼ basis at the highest.

Now this is just what is expected to happen The United States financial market is in close touch with Canadian securities and it would seem impossible for the rate of bonds to hold up in Canada much above the level of the United States, for the buying from across the border would send up the price and lower the yield. There is an increasing familiarity with Canadian securities in the United States and investment in these is assuming large proportions It follows then that the price of bonds and other high grade securities in Canada should tend to increase steadily, with reactions of course, but working gradually to higher levels. That seems to be the real significance of the flotation of the Dominion loan and to a considerable extent this event quickened the arrival of the lower rate of money in Canada.

Hence Victory bonds, particularly of the longer maturities, should show fair gains during the balance of the present year So should the better classes of preferred stocks, so too the more stable of the common stocks. The successful issue of $5 000,000 of Bell Telephone stock just before the first of May, in a couple of weeks' period where the Company expected to be able to dispose of $2 000 000 or $3 000,000 at most with the balance held over to the fall was another indication of the improvement in the demand for investment securities as this undoubtedly is. The fact that the price of the stock advanced in the face of the increased capitalization undoubtedly was an indication of greater confidence on the part of the investor that fair treatment would be accorded by Governmental authorities and public assemblies to public utility corporations. The gradual rise in the price of C. P. R. stock indicates not only the lower rate of interest prevailing, but more public confidence in the triumph of sane business sentiment towards these utilities, as distinct from destructive radical policies that would tend to destroy investments. This does not overlook an anticipation of better business conditions and improved earnings on the part of these public utility corporations but the other element of confidence was an influential factor. All this is favorable to investments.

Don't Seek Too High A Yield

BUT, as always when there is a "bubbling" condition of a bond or other security market the utmost care must be taken not to grasp at what may be merely a high yield security, and take a chance on its being good. The better the demand for investments the more the market will be flooded with offerings of uncertain virtue Here for instance comes along—probably in thousands through the mails—an ingenious communication from a man in Houston, Texas. He addresses you as "Dear Friend," as if he would say, "Now let us have a little chat about this! I'm not one of those professional financiers you can't trust. I'm just your friend."

So he goes on to remark that he trusts you will "enter into the spirit of this letter with the same calm and friendly consideration as prompts me in writing you." There is no wisdom like frankness, he adds How charming, how simple the tenor of it! Surely he is your friend indeed He goes on to admit "willingly, that oil stocks may be good, but are indifferent, and the bad and indifferent are touted the loudest and the most insistently, but all things belong to the prudent." That, evidently, is you. So after this salving of the ways he goes on to break the news that he has a "proposition that is as nearly certain as anything human can be."

It all sounds a little—well, perhaps the Editor of *MacLean's* might object if he found any unparliamentary language in this department, so we refrain

Anyway it doesn't sound like what the New Yorkers gobbled up at the rate of $33 333,333.33 an hour, or $500 000 a minute—our perfectly good Dominion loan.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Question—*I would like your opinion of "The Gold Fan Mine" in Northern Manitoba. What is the company doing at present?—H. G Mimico Beach, Ont*

Answer—We have not been successful in obtaining a quotation on stock of the Gold Fan Mine Them are no dealings in the stock locally nor is it listed in the Winnipeg Stock Exchange The Company appears to be in the promotion stage and therefore it is early to judge of its real worth As with practically all mining propositions it cannot be regarded as other than a gamble at the present stage It is reported that outside interests have leased the property with a view to developing it

Question—*I would like your opinion as to the standing of the Gresham Insurance Co also Riordon Pulp and Paper Co. A. K., Penticton B C.*

Answer—The Gresham Company is an old English concern which has always held a high reputation It operates under the Department of Insurance at Ottawa. We would regard it as safe.

Riordon has been one of the most disastrous of big industrial ventures in Canada Over-expansion under conditions of wartime inflation and too optimistic management resulted in a reaction which took the common stock down from more than 200 to around 2, while the effect on the preferred stock was little less spectacular For a time it appeared that the company would be forced into liquidation and it is not yet out of the woods by any means However there has recently been an improvement in the situation and the preferred stock in the last fortnight has sold up from 8 to 15 and is now quoted around 13 We are inclined to believe that the pulp and paper industry will continue to be one of the great Canadian industries and that over an extended period the company's securities should improve if it can get its financing adjusted on a permanent basis

As to not losing money on preferred stocks, the significance of preferred is merely that dividends will be paid out of profits on the preferred stock before any distribution is made on the common stock. There is no definite date to preferred stock at any time because it only takes preference after bond or other prior obligations.

Question—*Should like any information you have regarding La Paz Oil Corporation—Subscriber, Vancouver, B. C.*

Answer—The La Paz Oil Corporation, has properties in the Mexican Oil fields and is financed largely by Canadian and British capital As an oil proposition it has more than the usual attraction of such securities but it can by no means be classed as a conservative investment. The nature of the business renders the stock speculative but we see no objection to the purchase of a small block if you can afford to take a chance.

Question—*I would like your opinion of the L. E. Steel Corporation. Would you think it is a safe investment for a widow of small means?—A. W., London Ont*

Answer—We could not advise you to buy stock in the L. E. Steel Realty and Development Corporation as anything but a speculation and in our opinion not a very attractive one at that It should not be considered by a person like yourself with whom we believe safety of principal is more important than the chance of obtaining a larger income

Question—*In the Northern Life Assurance a reliable company to insure with?—R. McD., Vancouver*

Answer—The Northern Life Assurance is chartered by the federal government, and carries the necessary deposits It is quite safe to insure with.

Question—*I want to know in what way Beaver Consolidated mines are connected with the Kirkland Lake Gold Mine—C.D., Black Lake, Que*

Answer—Beaver Consolidated Mines is interested in Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Co through its holding of stock Beaver owns 743 050 shares, out of the 2,000 000 shares issued by Kirkland Lake an amount more than ample to give it control

Question—*What do you think of the Fraser Co.'s P.s. 1914?—A. J., Smiths Falls, Ont*

Answer—The Fraser Company is one of the oldest-established paper companies in Canada and offers the further safeguard to investors in that its operations embrace lumbering on a large scale. The securities you mention form an attractive investment for a business man. We regret that we have not an extra copy of the statement but would suggest that you write to the Company's secretary

Question—*What do you think of the Origina Silk Corporation as an investment? Do you consider the growing of silk in Ontario a practical proposition?—Subscriber Mitchell, Ont*

Answer—We would certainly advise against putting money into Onigan Silk of Canada as anything like a safe investment Experiments in silk worm culture in Canada have been carried on for some time, we understand and with some success but we doubt very much whether the climatic conditions in Canada are such as to lead to the establishment of an industry on an extensive commercial basis Little has been accomplished in this direction in the United States Then in addition to the question of climate there is the question of labor. A big industry has been built up in the Orient and our opinion is that the great bulk of silk supplied in this

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country will continue to come from Japan and China

We are not saying that there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of the establishment of a silk industry in this country but from the investors standpoint we doubt if it could be made a financial success within a period to make it anything but a long chance speculation

Question—*What is your opinion of Porcupine V N T at present price as a speculative purchase? J W Montreal*

Answer—With the mining stocks in a state of unusual buoyancy and with operations in the mining camps likely to expand we look for a still further appreciation in price of a number of listed mining securities We regard Porcupine V N T as a favorable speculative buy at present prices.

Question—*What do you think of Boncroft Marbles as an investment? C.A.L., Toronto.*

Answer—If absolute safety of principal is an essential requirement we would recommend you to retain your holdings of Victory bonds rather than sell for the sake of reinvesting in this stock

Question—*What do you think of the soundness of an investment of several thousand dollars in the recent issue of Bell Telephone stock; quoted at 106? Subscriber, Port Perry, Ont.*

Answer—We recommend, without qualification, the stock of the Bell Telephone Company as an investment The company has an unusually attractive dividend record and emerged from the trying times last year unscathed With operating expenses down the company is more than earning its dividend, and unless unforeseen developments occur look for their continuation

Question—*Would like a little information regarding Canada Bread Common stock W F R Toronto*

Answer—Canada Bread common, as you are probably aware, does not carry dividends, and hence is selling at this low level in comparison with the preferred. The company is doing well and the common looks like a good speculation especially with the market in its present buoyant state

Question—*Do you consider Union Bank stock a suitable investment? Could you suggest one more suitable? J M, Clearwater, Man.*

Answer—We look upon Union Bank Stock as an attractive investment at 140 We would suggest, however, that you diversify your investments rather than place all or a large part of your savings in our security no matter how alluring it may be Any of the other bank stocks would be suitable for your purpose or federal or provincial bonds Several listed securities favorably regarded from an investment standpoint are Consumer's Gas, Montreal Power Mackay common and preferred

Question—*Would you give me your opinion re the standing of the Canadian and United States Oil Refining Corporation, Limited? J. C., Winnipeg*

Answer—We see little attraction in the stock of Canadian and United States Oil Refining Corp. and would advise you to seek some other investment which offers a greater possibility of profit It is true that this company has returned dividends to shareholders and has recently reported the bringing in of a new producing well, nevertheless we regard this as much too speculative for the small investor

Question—*Do you consider the Merchants' Casualty a responsible company to insure with? H G M, Edmonton*

Answer—The Merchants Casualty Company is regularly assessed by the Manitoba Government, and carries the necessary deposits. It is likewise subject to inspection by the Manitoba insurance department We believe these safeguards sufficient to make the company safe to insure with

Question—*Do you consider the Canada National Fire Inc a good investment? Subscriber H G Brandon, Man*

Answer—Canada National Fire is a progressive company and one which we believe offers a reasonable margin of security to shareholders as well as an attractive return Dividends to shareholders during 1921, we are informed exceeded in amount that of any other Canadian fire insurance company The loss ratio of 42.73 per cent in a year of exceptional difficulty for fire insurance companies indicates that this company was fortunate in the selection of its risks. There is some interlocking of directorates here which in the opinion of some constitutes a weakness, but the record of the company has been satisfactory and we would not advise against the investment of a moderate sum.

Question—*I want information as to how to form or how formed a company to undertake the manufacture of a new machine. I have invented a very good machine and want this information to help me dispose of my patent H A, Morenzo, Sask*

Answer—For details as to the formation of a new company it would be advisable to consult your lawyer as he will better appreciate your requirements Before putting shares in the market to your province you would have to convince the Public Utilities Commission that you mean serious business, as the sale of securities is closely supervised in Saskatchewan, we understand. We know of several firms in Toronto which undertake promotion of this nature, but whether they would undertake a proposition so far away is doubtful

Question—*Do you think Lake Shore was a good investment? Also what is your opinion of Schumacher? W. B., Waubaushene, Ont*

Answer—Lake Shore is hooked to go to higher levels when the mining markets get active again Schumacher should strengthen in sympathy with the improved sentiment now prevailing

Question—*What do you think of an investment of say $200 in Commonwealth Life and Accident Insurance Company? M C N, Hamilton Ont*

Answer—If you purchase stock in the Commonwealth Life and Accident Insurance Company, you must be prepared to wait for returns Every insurance company in its early operations must conserve revenue even to the extent of depriving shareholders of dividends If it is to be built on a sound foundation, and for this reason insurance stocks are not always popular with investors. With efficient management the shareholders of Commonwealth Life should eventually profit A moderate purchase would not be out of place if you can afford to have your money unproductive of returns for a term of years

Question—*Will you please give me any information you can regarding the La Paz Oil Corporation of Toronto. B Y C, Kelowna, B C.*

Answer—The La Paz Oil Corporation has properties in the Mexican Oil Fields, and is financed largely by Canadian and British capital As an oil proposition, it has more than the usual attraction of such securities but it can by no means be classed as a safe investment The nature of the business renders the stock speculative, but we see no objection to the purchase of a small block if you can afford to take a chance

Question—*I would like the address of some company that make a business of buying up mortgages I have a first mortgage on a property sold in 1918 for $60,000. It has been reduced by payments till only $15,600 remains and the writer wishes to sell it H A, Medicine Hat, Alta.*

Answer—The Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation has branches throughout the West, and we feel sure would be glad to relieve you of the mortgage you hold

We would advise you to communicate with the head office of this company, Toronto Street, Toronto, or to a branch in the West, whose address you may have.

Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine

MAY 15, 1922
SUBSCRIPTION—
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J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

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VOLUME XXXV.
NUMBER TEN.

Pepita Pink-toes

By G. APPLEBY TERRILL
ILLUSTRATED BY R. M BRINKERHOFF

Herewith the Evidence in the Case When a Mere Author Encounters the Owner of the 192— Derby Favorite

ITEM 1

To FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, *the eminent novelist—from a friend*
The Lord Warden Hotel, Dover.
November 9th, 192-.

DEAR FIN,

I see that some racehorse owner, a Mr. Nayler, whose horses are trained by Felsenoy at Newmarket has done you the honour of naming one of his animals Pepita Pink-toes, after your latest novel

In the circumstances you ought to begin to take a mild interest in the Turf Why not write and thank Mr. Nayler for the compliment, *and mention that you would very much like to hear from him whenever Pepita Pink-toes is expected to win?* On receiving such information, don't forget to telegraph to your particular friends

Your particular friend
BILLY—who has backed nothing but losers for a month past.

ITEM 2.

(Received by Francis R Finlock in the course of November 10th and 11th—from other friends.)

A grand total of 68 letters and postcards precisely similar in tenor to Item 1.

ITEM 3.

(From the indignant pen of Francis R. Finlock.)
14, Cambridge Grove, London W. 2.
November 18th, 192-.

(To) MR. NAYLERD,
c/o MR. FELANNOY,
Trainer,
Newmarket.

SIR,

It has been brought to my notice that you have seen fit to bestow upon a racehorse which you own the name Pepita Pink-toes—the title of my recently published romance.

I will not comment on the maudlin absurdity of designating as Pepita Pink-toes a creature whose extremities consist of hoofs but I will point out that, in using the title of my book for purposes of equine nomenclature without ascertaining my pleasure in the matter, you have treated me with a remarkable lack of courtesy I wish to say, in addition, that the transference of the name Pepita Pink-toes to an animal which you meditate exploiting in public races, as a medium for gambling and for amassing the valuable prizes which foolishly are offered in these contests is in itself utterly objectionable to me

Pepita Pink-toes the little dancer who is the heroine of my book is—may I remind you?—a figure of much pathos I had hoped that her name would always be significant of winsomeness, sweetness, and pathos—of nothing different. By adopting it as a label for your horse you have secured that to a gambling-enfevered section of the populace it shall signify chiefly something over which bets may be won

This, in my opinion, is pure vandalism—disgraceful vandalism.

Be kind enough sir, immediately to cancel the name Pepita Pink-toes

There are numerous excellent appellations, such as Dobbin, Neddy, and Dapple from among which you can select a new and suitable designation for your horse

Please certify me by return of post that the animal's name has been altered

Faithfully yours
FRANCIS R. FINLOCK.

ITEM 4

(In reply to Item 3—typewritten.)
Anderida Manse, near Pevensey, Sussex.
November 15th, 192-.

(To) FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, ESQ.,
14, Cambridge Grove
London, W 2.

SIR,

I must apologise very much for having inadvertently used the title of one of your novels

Personally I never read " " " (*The asterisks indicate a carefully erased word which, however, under the magnifying glass, resolves itself into* TOSH.) " " modern novels. I had no idea that 'Pepita Pink-toes' was the name of one. To be quite honest I somehow imagined that it was the name of a toilet preparation for the lower extremities — a pedicure ointment in fact; and I thought that the manufacturers would be more pleased than otherwise if I gave it a little quiet advertisement.

The 'horse' or "animal' in question is a very sweet bay filly. I can assure you she possesses both sweetness and winsomeness, though I cannot vouch for pathos The name Pepita Pink-toes seems to fit her exactly I am very loth to exchange it for Dobbin especially as I have registered it.

Perhaps you will reconsider your attitude and allow Pepita Pink-toes to retain the name which she is now becoming accustomed to?

Faithfully yours,
NAYLERD.

ITEM 5

(Unavailable, and strictly speaking not an item. Written on November 16th by Francis R. Finlock, in the full seethe of the fury provoked by "TOSH" and "PEDICURE OINTMENT," it was not despatched to Mr. Naylerd for, on second thoughts, Francis R. here at no. considering that his dignity would be better served by a frigid silence than by 500 words of spluttering vituperation.)

ITEM 6.

(Francis R. Finlock, in a calmer mood, breaks the silence.)
14, Cambridge Grove London W 2
November 21st 192-.



(To) MR. NAYLERD
Anderida Manor, near Pevensey.

SIR,

My attention has been drawn to the fact that your bay filly Pepita Pink-toes contested on Saturday in a Great T Y O Stakes!" (whatever that may mean), and disinguished herself natremely by finishing 24th in a field of 24 competitors.

I might mention that my policeman, whose thirty-year-old pony has just died is anxious to replace it by an animal whose habits will not contrast perceptibly with the placid and somnolent demeanour of the deceased drawer of the milk-cart. If you feel no inclination to sell Pepita Pink-toes, I shall have pleasure in supplying you with the milkman's address.

Faithfully yours
FRANCIS R. FINLOCK.

ITEM 7

(In acknowledgment of Item 8—typewritten.)
Anderida Manor, near Pevensey, Sussex.
November 22nd 192-

(To) FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, ESQ
SIR,

What happened to poor Pepita Pink-toes, when you make the victim of your stinging wit, is this -

At the start of the T Y O, which seemed a race for two-year-olds, Pepita Pink-toes with an awfully uncanny realisation of the duty she owed to her name instead of racing stood on her hind legs and danced. She simply refused to stop dancing until the 23 other "competitors" were three parts of the way to the winning-post, so naturally she had no chance of catching them—even if she had not resumed her dancing at intervals when in pursuit.

Pepita Pink toes' idea that she ought to dance, just because her namesake was a dancer, had heaps of pathos in it—and it was pretty pathetic for her backers. I shall try to discourage her from this sort of thing by altering her name, though I shall not alter it much, as I like the rhythm of it.

I shall re-register her as Pepita Pink-*nose*

This is not the title of anybody's novel, so now I shall be free of puerile objections and malevolent sarcasms.

Faithfully yours,
NAYLERD

ITEM 8.

(In acknowledgment of Item 7.)
14, Cambridge Grove, London, W.2
November 23rd, 192-

(To) MR. NAYLERD
SIR,

The veiled impudence of your letter, culminating in the threat to aim ridicule at my work by naming some truly 'pathetic' animal Pepita Pink-nose, is likely to result unfortunately for you. I don't know what your age or weight may be, I don't care. I merely assure you of this —if you use the name Pepita Pink-nose, I shall straightway *come* down to Anderida Manor and re*ject* your own nose to a treatment that will render its colour much more vivid than pink and will alter its shape permanently.

Faithfully yours
FRANCIS R. FINLOCK.

ITEM 9.

(In acknowledgment of Item 8—not typewritten.)
Anderida Manor, near Pevensey, Sussex.
November 24th, 192-

(To) FRANCIS R FINLOCK, ESQ.
SIR,

In reply to your favour of November 22nd

My age is twenty-two my weight is 10½ pounds. After careful consideration of a photograph of yourself, however, which I had the pleasure of seeing in a magazine to-day, I am hannd to confess that if you attempted to change the shape of my nose, in all probability I should be unable to prevent you.

But as I am sure you would be deeply pained if unwittingly you laid yourself open to a charge of vandalism, I feel I ought to tell you that the subjection of my nose to violence would be regarded as such—pure, disgraceful vandalism!" by a large number of persons who rather admire its present shape. To what extent, sir, do you agree with them?

Having asked that question, I must of course, enclose a portrait which affords a view of my nose.

Faithfully yours
NINA AYLERD (MISS)

ITEM 10

(Telegram handed in at Cambridge Grove Post-office at 2 a.m., November 25th.)

(To) MISS NINA AYLERD *Anderida Manor, near Pevensey Sussex*

The most sincere apologies. Letter follows.
FRANCIS R FINLOCK.

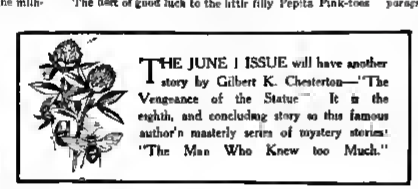
ITEM 11

(The letter that followed.)
14, Cambridge Grove London W.2
November 25th 8.30 a.m.

DEAR MISS AYLERD

May I repeat my most fervent apologies for the be near tone of my letter to you? I need not tell you that no thought ever entered my mind that "Mr. Nayler" was a nom de race, a pseudonym which concealed the identity of a lady, whose portrait—if I may meanly take advantage of her fasting invitation to criticize it—discloses a face which I consider more beautiful than any face I have ever seen.

The best of good luck to the little filly Pepita Pink-toes



THE JUNE I ISSUE will have another story by Gilbert K. Chesterton—"The Vengeance of the Statue." It is the eighth, and concluding story of this famous author's masterly series of mystery stories! "The Man Who Knew too Much."

n Pepita Pink-nose—call her which one you like. Please be forgiving enough to call her by one of these two names.

Although I have not been an a racecourses in my life, I shall go to see Pepita Pink-toes run in her next race if you will kindly give me the data of that. Can I hope that I shall see you on that occasion?

Yours most sincerely,
FRANCIS R. FINLOCK.

ITEM 12

(In reply to Item 11.)
Anderida Manor, near Pevensey, Sussex
November 25th.—6 p.m.

DEAR MR. FINLOCK,

You so generously take upon yourself the blame for the tone of our correspondence that I must point out to you at once, that from beginning to end the fault was wholly mine. I must even confess that my telling you I had confused "Pepita Pink-toes" with a "preparation" was a malignant little fib—for which I am very, very penitent.

I got a copy of 'Pepita Pink-toes' at Eastbourne yesterday. I have been reading it hour after hour. Dear little Pepita! How wonderfully you tell her story. You made me cry like anything. I am dying to read every one of your books now—I have ordered them all to be sent out to Algiers to me—I will explain that in a moment.

It *does* seem vandalism to retain Pepita's name in the filly, but I will if you really wish—Pepita Pink *toes* of course not that detestable *rhino*. I shall not let the filly run again this year—possibly not until the Derby, next May. Pepita Pink toes is a young lady of extremely good birth. She is in the Derby. Would you have guessed that? The Derby—though I expect you know this—is the greatest of all races. It is for three-year-old colts and fillies and is run at a place called Epsom.

For some reason poor Pepita Pink toes's chance of winning the Derby is not thought very highly of. Certain bookmakers who are already "making a book" on the race are offering odds of 750 to 1 against her. If you put 1 pound on her, they will pay you 750 if she wins.

I have also a colt in the Derby. William the Wise His chance, though considered better than Pepita Pink-toes's, is not esteemed. The odds against him are 300 to 1. He ran in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but was a long way last. I don't think he was able to do his best. I think he was worried by the thought that *Champagne Stakes* was much too frivolous a name for him to be mixed up with. He is very staid.

He cannot possibly find fault with the term Derby Stakes, but I fear he prefer Pepita a chance to his. I pin my hopes to her. I have a sort of idea that she will win the Derby for me. If you knew how I should *love* to win it! With regard to Algiers. I was going to beg you to come down to Anderida Manor to-morrow and stay for a few days with my people and me. But unfortunately we have just received a wire saying that my aunt, who is wintering in Algiers is not well. I am going out to her immediately. I probably shall not return to England until the re-opening of the Fir*t* Racing season at Lincoln in March. I am very much looking forward to meeting you then or soon after—certainly at the Derby.

My address in Algiers will be "Villa Mignarde."
Very sincerely yours
NINA AYLERD

ITEM 13.

(Despatched between November 25th and December 16th, —letters all identical, to sixty-odd friends from Francis R Finlock who is activated by a hazy idea that the more a filly is backed for the Derby the more chance she has of winning it.)
14, Cambridge Grove, London, W.2.

DEAR "SO-AND-SO,"

The owner of Pepita Pink-toes has great hopes of winning the Derby with this very delightful bay filly. I have already backed her at the odds of 750 to 1. You might do worse than follow my example. Tell your friends to do the same.

Yours,
F. R. F.

ITEM 14.

(Excerpt from daily newspaper—typical of a number of paragraphs appearing in the Press.)
December 19th 192-

From our travelling Racing Correspondent.

A well-known north-country bookmaker was telling me this afternoon that already he is doing a very brisk business on the Derby. But a most extraordinary feature of it is that practically all the money is for a filly that—we frankly admitted to each other—we should not have had the remotest expectation of seeing in the rôle of "one of the fancied brigade."

The miniature furore is for Pepita Pink-toes. This quarrily-named daughter of Lecture and Demurity has made but one public (and ignominious) appearance, when she Great T. Y. O stakes at Hurst Park a month ago when, having twice unshipped her jockey on the way to the post, she was hopelessly left after the tapes rose—dancing in frenzy. She displayed in fact, a literal dish temper which should impel backers to leave her severely alone.

Nevertheless this move to support her, which has reduced her price from a largeral 750 to 1 against to the almost respectable figure of 100 to 1 against, may be not without significance. As Dish Felancey, who has charge of the filly is about the most reticent (and most shrewd) trainer in existence, it is useless to approach him for the elucidation of what is a genuine mystery.

Those of my readers who do not mind taking a long shot in the dark may find that a modest investment on Pepita Pink-toes for the Derby will prove extremely remunerative.

ITEM 15

(Excerpt from another daily newspaper whose Racing Correspondent, "Steely Eye," is not one of those who made the suggestion—acted on by the public—that a "long shot in the dark" might be taken.)
January 9th, 192-

PEPITA PINK-TOES AND THE DERBY.
By 'Steely Eye."

The inexplicable backing of Pepita Pink-toes in the Derby continued and it is not confined to trivial wagering. The bet of 5 500 pounds to 100 pounds, registered yesterday by a prominent bookmaker is by no means a solitary instance of what really looks like serious business. Several layers now refuse to offer odds of more than 20 to 1 against the filly, and there seems a prospect that the will soon be installed as favourite—a distinction which the is totally unworthy of.

What in the name of sanity, we ask, has Pepita Pink-toes done, that she should threaten to oust in popular favour such rivals of proven merit as Narnon, the Champagne Stakes winner, who very rightly is favourite—as Hill Range, winner of the Middle Park Plate, Stately Stella, who "walked away" with the July Stakes, had Carlisle Knight, who earned off the New Stakes?

What has she done? Nothing—except to waltz like a three-hild demented idiot when she should have been exhibiting her paces, which paces—considering that neither her sire nor her dam was ever able to last a mile—would have had to be very remarkable to impress discriminating racegoers with her chance of "getting" the 1 mile 4 furlongs 29 yards of the Derby course.

The psychology of folk who adventure their money on a creature of this kind is very hard to understand. I doubt much that Pepita Pink-toes will go to the post for the Derby. I predict confidently that, if she does run the will have no more influence on the result of the race than if she had remained in her stable.

ITEM 16

(Self-explanatory.)
Villa Mignarde, Algiers
January 29th, 192-

DEAR ME FINLOCK,

Thank you so very much for your autograph portrait, which I so wanted to have. Of course you may keep mine.

I am a little unhappy that you put a whole 100 pounds on Pepita Pink-toes on January 9th, that can be 15£ pounds which you stand to lose. But I am hoping that, instead of losing it you will win heaps of money. Oh, I *shall love* to win the Derby! TO WIN THE DERBY! Whenever I sit quietly here on the veranda my thoughts travel to Pepita Pink-toes, who perhaps is going to win it for me—and to friends who share my hopes.

Thank you so much also for the cuttings from newspapers, referring to Pepita. I think that man "Steely Eye"

Continued on page 15

Shall We Bar the Yellow Race?

By JOHN NELSON

An Answer by the Man Who Wrote: "Will Canada Go Yellow?"

UNDER the caption, "Will Canada go yellow?" recent issues of *MacLean's* have contained articles dealing with the nature and extent of the Oriental menace in this country. That problem is of primary interest to the people of British Columbia but he would be dull, indeed, who did not recognize in it, and in any attempt at its solution, principles which deeply concern every province, because they are vital in the future life of this Dominion.

Students and statesmen who may agree upon the gravity of the situation, may differ widely regarding its cure. First instincts suggest recourse to arbitrary methods. These, however, are always dangerous and often futile. There was a time, in the history of the Pacific province, when its legislature wasted much time and oratory in seeking to circumvent by camouflage the dangers referred to in these articles. These they feared to openly frankly lest our Imperial obligations might involve the disallowance of the statutes.

Many a time and oft they sought to accomplish by legislative tricks what they feared to assail by frank legislation. "Hog-hole Kelly" was a parliamentary headliner in this form of entertainment. Among many grotesque efforts was one which sought to prohibit from the underground mine workings of B. C. all operatives whose hair was more than a specified number of inches in length. The house rocked roarily in its vain efforts to make the limitation short enough to exclude from its benefits the Chinese pig tail, but ample enough to include the flowing locks, so prized by the Caucasian orator, and so precious to the corn-doctor. Had the members foreseen a day when the queue would be almost universally discarded they would have taken even less seriously this artificial attempt to deal with such an elemental problem.

Today the question calls more insistently than ever for solution. An Asiatic population of between forty thousand and fifty thousand in a province which numbers something more than half a million souls, is being constantly and rapidly increased by a sustained tide of immigration and by a rapid birth rate among these already resident here. Most of the Canadian provinces are freely conferring political rights on these people. What may safely be done in the case of a few isolated folk, scattered through many communities, is becoming a precedent to be invoked by massed thousands of their hundred in localities where the extension of the franchise would be attended with both difficulty and danger. It is imperative that Canada determine without further delay not only a policy which will deal effectively with the immigration of Asiatics but, what is much more difficult and delicate, the terms, if any, upon which they may be admitted to citizenship. Bearing in mind the perils of arbitrary action it would seem evident that the steps taken to meet the situation should not be discriminatory against any people, but frame for the treatment of all.



The children of a leading Chinese merchant in B.C., Ke W Kam are shown on the left. In the centre a young Japanese is shown ready for a very accidental game; above he is emulating Sir Harry Lauder.

A History Of Immigration

THE prudence of such a course is suggested by a scrutiny of the events of our past. Some one has said that the history of Canada is the history of immigration. In that connection it must be confessed that we have shown much more anxiety to get new settlers than to absorb properly and citizenize them when once obtained. Our immigration methods have closely resembled those of Kipling's useless recruit:

"All along of dirtiness all along of most,
"All along of doin' things rather more-or-less
"All along of shiny-nay kut and hazar-ho"

Had it been possible, during the period in question to dilute this vari-colored racial stream with the blood of our sturdy indigenous national stock, the French-Canadians, the results would have been happy for all races concerned and for the Dominion at large. Two great barriers intervened—the one temperamental the other physical. The passion of the habitant for the soil of his fathers and his tendancy to love, deterred him from the western trek. His natural instinct was confirmed by the presence of that great unproductive dyke two thousand miles wide of homogeneous people the descendants of two proud nations, now happily in accord, and during the Great War in glorious and victorious alliance but with for centuries laced one another in constant enmity and distrust across the narrow waters of the English Channel. The successive attempts to unify the different provinces, and all their residents and negotiations attending them show, how slow and delicate has been the process of reconciling

THESE facts give special significance to the third problem which now presents itself in British Columbia. Here, in a province embracing almost every natural resource with climatic and other conditions making for both versatility and virility exist the basic conditions for a great Canadian*ism*. Faring an ocean which will be to the twentieth, what the Atlantic was to the nineteenth, and the Mediterranean to an earlier century, brought by the speed of modern transport into quick and intimate relationship to the awakening and opulent Orient; and backed by a tributary, wheat-growing hinterland greater in extent than the present cultivated area of all Canada—surely here is the physical setting for commercial conquest as romantic as, if less predatory than, that of Hawkins or Drake! Here on original British stock has been vitalized by the young life of eastern Canada, and broadened and energized by a liberal infusion of western American blood. There have all mingled in proportions which, while increasing the vigor, have not imperilled the maintenance of the original type. Miss Carman would agree that "they all speak the English tongue, though not in the English way."

This desirable, almost ideal type of Canadian citizenship is now threatened. It may be displaced by one of alien kind. Asiatic birth by a civilisation which is Oriental and exotic, by traditions which we do not share, and by habits of thought and *ac*tivity of mind which we cannot appreciate or understand. What race is to ultimately occupy Canada's one strip of the Pacific littoral must surely me*an* every citizen of this country. The steps taken to conserve our national type and our national heritage must be national, not provincial in character.

What Rights Have Canadians?

ONE or two prerogatives may perhaps be conceded to the Canadian people.

One is their right to determine what type of civilization shall prevail in this Dominion. That is a privilege established by reason of discovery, conquest, occupation, and development. And applied to the Oriental it has special force. Though western civilization is much younger than is eastern it has pioneered had possessed, while the other has slumbered. The great danger in the present situation, namely, the swift movements of great hordes of people from Asia to these shores, has been made possible by a quickening of transport, the result of the western world's ingenuity and invention.

If this right, admitted and indeed enjoyed by all sovereign states, be conceded, Canada has the further right to take the necessary steps to maintain the purity of her racial type. In no other way can she preserve and perpetuate her traditions, her racial ideas or her national policies. The greatest menace to that course would come in a flood of alien peoples from across the Pacific.

The test of the desirable, as it should be of the admissable immigrant is his capacity to become assimilated into the social and family life of the nation. Before that test the Asiatic fails. As stated in previous articles, Herbert Spencer long ago pronounced as vain any attempt to bridge the ethnological gulf between Asiatic and European peoples, and foresaw only chaos in the attempt. Experience in Western Canada in that connection confirms both the truth and the sagacity of that prediction.

Dr. Osterhout, superintendent of Oriental missions in the Methodist church in B. C., and a man well versed in phases of this question unknown to the ordinary man, thinks this a rather unfair test. "The Asiatic will never assimilate in the sense that his will intermarry with us, and his lost racially," he says, "but if you mean by assimilation his capacity to become a true Canadian in spirit, in

Continued on page 16

education in culture in enterprise in language in success in commercial, professional, or even political life then both Japanese and Chinese are capable of becoming Canadians."

It is through the latter channels that he would prepare the Asiatic for his new citizenship not by the precarious process of intermarriage. "I strongly discourage it," he declares, "even in those unfortunate cases where controversy between white and yellow is invoked in a vain attempt to save a woman's name."

He thinks that Orientals prepared educationally are much better qualified for the franchise than the hybrid offspring of mixed marriages. He thinks many of them better equipped for political privileges than some of the Mediterranean peoples to whom that boon is so readily extended.

He cites the case of a Chinaman living in a small interior B. C. town. He acquired cleared and developed land. He married a Canadian-born Chinese woman. The family lived and dressed as we do. They graduated from our schools. they knew both our history and our language. Not only did they speak English fluently but they were ignorant of Chinese. These people were not only willing, but eager to qualify as citizens. They would comply with any test short of changing their color or their skin. Yet they could not obtain political recognition.

Many Laws Discourage Assimilation

THIS view is quoted because it is often encountered. Yet, as applied to Japanese it would be very misleading. Here biological and social laws discouraging assimilation are reinforced by national and racial policies. From childhood the Japanese child is taught that his is a god-ruled race destined to dominate other races. As already shown in a previous article, Japan does not permit the assimilation of her subjects by other lands. Japanese law, while ostensibly permitting expatriation, nearly forbids it. No Japanese, wherever born, may expatriate without the permission of his government, and this may not be obtained at all if applied for after he is seventeen years of age. Two years ago in a statement to the *Associated Press* the Tokio Foreign Office declared that out of 80,000 American-born Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands only seventy-three had applied for expatriation, and nine of these had been refused. Japanese training, religion and education are all nationalistic. So marked is this the case that Miss Frances Hewitt, who for six years taught school in Japan, in an article published in the spring of 1920 stated that "every school girl is thoroughly drilled in the doctrine that should she become a picture bride in America or an immigrant to other lands, her loyal duty to her emperor is to have as many children as possible so that the foreigners' land may become in time a possession of Japan, through the expressed will of a majority of the people."

Apparent readiness to accept citizenship must not therefore be too readily accepted as a disposition to become true Canadians.

With these matters in mind, and yet with anxiety to avoid offence to a friendly people, those on the sunset side of the continent generally echo the sentiments of Col. Hunt, M. P., in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*:

"It is surely not beyond the wit of man to give Japan a place in the sun without menacing the interests of America or the British Dominions and without accepting a host of Japanese immigrants on the Pacific slope."

Time to Call a Halt

CANADA must have time to take stock. Oriental immigration should be entirely suspended until by natural increase of the Canadian population by the influx of British immigrants, and by the constant seepage of Orientals from Canada to Mexico and the U. S. the present and increasing disproportion between yellow and white has been overcome.

Should such a step be taken many complications might arise. On this point Hon. H. H. Stevens, recent Minister of Trade and Commerce, makes the following statement for *MacLean's*:

"Having in mind the necessity of various restrictions or even exclusion, and at the same time recognizing the possibility of giving offence to such nations as would be affected by any drastic measure I would suggest that the Canadian government should first approach the governments of Japan, India and China requesting them absolutely to restrict emigration to Canada to tourists, bona fide International traders and students in technical or university courses. Should these governments fail to avail themselves of this request, then the government of Canada should impose drastic exclusion regulations against immigration from the Orient.

"Having particular reference to Chinese immigration which after all is the most imminent, the failure of the Chinese central government to function would warrant the Canadian government in passing the most restrictive laws against emigration from that country.

"As to land titles no objection could be raised by the Japanese to the limitation of their rights in Canada to the same extent as placed by them upon nationals within their own jurisdiction which is more drastic than any law hitherto proposed in Canada. The same would largely apply to China where the uncertainty and instability of the government makes the civil rights of foreigners exceedingly precarious."

The reference of Hon. Mr. Stevens to bona fide international traders draws attention to a flagrant abuse of the spirit of the treaty. It surely was never in the minds of the framers of that treaty that a provision which exempted those in the import and export business should be made to include the common huckster who operates from a cart's tail or who carries his entire stock in basket or barrow.

Yet the coast cities of British Columbia today are swarming with greengrocers, and general traders, often operating under western titles, and seriously challenging the livelihood of the white storekeeper.

Should there be no voluntary agreement such as Mr. Stevens suggests Canada can safely offer a plan which can give no offence to even the proudest friend or ally. It is that this country proposes to limit the number coming to Canada from Oriental lands to the number of Canadians who annually go to the Orient.

Naturalization, too, should be denied, to the Japanese until the laws of Japan are amended releasing its expatriated or foreign-born sons from the obligation of responding, when called upon to the colors. This continent has had one experience with hyphenated loyalty. It wants no more.

Our land laws with respect to both freehold and leasehold should be no more generous, at least, than those of Japan with regard to Canadians seeking similar rights there.

Political Equality

ONE aspect of the matter must remain a domestic question, and one which no conference of nations can decide. What status will the Canadian nation accord men of the Oriental races who become naturalized? To what extent will it endow with political powers Asiatics born in Canada? Will it grant them equality politically with those of her own race? And if not, how can she reconcile her refusal with a sacred British constitutional practice? It is with this British precedent that the Japanese introduce the brief which they have recently prepared demanding the ballot in British Columbia. They support it with an exhaustive recital of their observance of our laws, their assistance in our wars, and their aid in the development of our resources.

This brings up another principle involved in asserting the type of citizenship which we desire in this country, and the methods by which it must be maintained.

The claim that any alien race may by birth in this country by assistance in its wars, by financial aid in its loans, by conformity to its laws, or even by education in its schools, thereby qualify for political rights may well be challenged. It is no answer to quote our action in the past. Our policy with regard to naturalization and all it entails was based on our experience with Nordic races with which ours had much in common. Its general success led us into the error of assuming that it could be repeated with other nations. Results prove that assumption unjustified.

We are prone also to forget that although our franchise is now so liberal that it seems to be the birthright of all our citizens, it still remains a conferred privilege and not an inherent right. The subject obtains this boon only on compliance with clearly specified conditions. It does not follow that because these requirements are so simple as to appear almost nominal in the case of people of our own blood, that the franchise should be available on equally favorable terms to men who have not had the advantage of upbringing, of environment, of education, of domestic atmosphere and of all those other intangible factors which exercise such a profound influence in the formation of national character and spirit.

Manhood suffrage, as we now have it, was conceded, only after centuries of self-government of a limited kind. Woman suffrage is yet scarcely attained. If these long years of probation were necessary before entrusting the ballot even to those familiar with our history and with liberal institutions, a much longer period would seem necessary for those has fortunate. Our laws require that our own people must attain a certain age and have resided a specified time in the country before they vote. They presuppose much that is lacking in all aliens.

It is said that the proper way to train a boy is to begin with his grandfather. In the matter of political privilege this nation is justified in scanning antecedents for many generations. If with all the advantages of an instinct for self-government, the product of centuries of teaching and training, and of a language, a literature and intercourse, and an environment which daily stimulate their patriotism, we cannot entrust our sons with the ballot until they are of age, we surely are justified in withholding the boon from those who, apart from racial considerations, have none of these.

On this point Hon. Mr. Stevens says:

"I submit that Canada

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This Japanese team won the 1920 championship of the Diamond League in B. C., a flourishing amateur association.

J. R. BOOTH—ON THE JOB AT 95

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

TENNYSON reminded us that man may come and man may go but brooks go on forever. Yet these are men who have put harness upon the murmuring brooks, raged their fury where they develop their mightiest in turbulent white-foaming rivers, diverted their courses and made lakes of them at their will—men who have transformed the dreamy melody of the living waters into a roaring chant of commercial conquest. Such a man is John Rudolphus Booth, of Ottawa, who on April 5 of this year celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday.

John R. Booth, who started his career with his brawn and a broad-axe as assets, a shingle-splitter working by the day, and became a multi-millionaire, did more than that. He engraved upon the face of nature east, west, north and south of the centre of his activities the rugged personality of John Rudolphus Booth. Within a territory that extends from the Canadian shores of the Great Lakes to the Ottawa River and from the Ottawa to points in the State of Vermont, U.S.A., he established industries and built railways that will remain as monuments to his genius and determination many generations after he has passed the way of men.

If at the outset one were to seek for the golden key to the tremendous successes of John R. Booth the mightiest of all the big timber kings of this continent, he would surely discover it to have been an abiding faith in the future of his native Canada, a faith that was fixed and unswerving when other men seriously doubted that the struggling young British colony of the lilies would ever grow to merit its swaddling clothes as a self-governing Dominion within the Empire. Booth is one of the few history makers of those early days left to remind us of the intellectual giants who conceived and made come true the dream that is our Canada of to-day. Like some tall pine of the forests from which he took tribute is John Rudolphus Booth—left standing alone in patriarchal grandeur when others of his day and generation are gone and forgotten.

Still An Active Figure

LIKE the lone pine of the one-time forests this grand old man of the roaring fifties and sixties shows little change in mien and habits with the passing of time. To-day were you to pay a chance visit to his mammoth pulp and paper factories at Hull, you would no doubt encounter in the yards somewhere, a sturdy figure, medium of stature and slightly stooped, with a face framed in snow-white hair and beard that would remind you of chiselled granite. Now and then you would see him pause in his strides and hear him issue curt, incisive orders, his steel-blue eyes snapping fire, orders which mill-men and yard-men alike see quick to fulfill, for, as in the days when he wielded the cant-hook and rode logs on the river with his men, his commands are final. The law of this iron man has ever been, "When I want a thing done I want it done the way I say it should be done." There is no alternative, and the over-man who fails to comply to the letter of the orders of the Big Boss might as well at once seek employment elsewhere. So far as one can learn John R. Booth has never encouraged initiative or originality in those he has hired as executives, a failing which seemingly has not debarred him from becoming one of the wealthiest and mightiest masters of industry in Canada. It is a failing on his part that has dwarfed the careers of those associated with him in his enterprises and made them mere automata. It has also, no doubt, deprived him of opportunities to see the world and its wonders and of well earned relaxation when he could quite as well have shifted minor responsibilities to others.

But the world beyond the zones of Booth activities and expansion holds no sustaining charm for John R. Booth and never has. The twin gods of the material world to whom he pays tribute are Work and Achievement. While he is stoical, dogmatic, domineering and self-opinionated as few as the conduct of his businesses is concerned, he is almost totally without that conceit which makes some men picturesque and lovable, and often merely ridiculous. Other man cannot appeal to his imagination or his vanity as a successful means to an end—unless that end has a distinct possibility of advantage to the Booth industries. He detests eulogy and shrinks from publicity with the shyness of a schoolboy.

The Man Who Is Not Interviewed

JOURNALISTS from the larger centres of Canada and of the United States have time and again failed in their attempts to secure a self-told story of his career from the lumber king. One writer for publications of international scope about a year ago, encountered Mr. Booth while the latter was driving about his yards in his time-honored buggy, taking the lumberman he had travelled a thousand miles to get his story.

"Too bad, but I never give interviews to the papers," remarked Mr. Booth, and he drove on.

The interviewer was not to be put off so easily. He endeavored twice more to get the ear of the lumber king. His final attempt was made at the entrance to a building



JOHN R. BOOTH
In his hale and hearty nineties.

where a big paper-making machine was operating. "Mr. Booth," he insisted, "if there were no newspapers there would be no demand for the paper you manufacture."

"Is that so?" challenged the other.

"And if everybody refused to talk to the newspaper men these would be no newspapers."

"Maybe so," agreed John R., "but my job is making paper and you're paid to get something to print on it. You are wasting your own time here and mine too."

With that he strode out to his buggy and drove away.

Motion picture men have on occasion been successful in making "shots" of Mr. Booth, but always they have had to be remarkably enough to get him unaware. Though reticent and distinctly reserved in the presence of strangers he is noted for his deftness at repartee. A story is told of a stableman who attended to Mr. Booth's horse at one of his customary stopping-places en route to whom he usually gave a ten cent tip. One evening the stableman thought to suggest an increase in his honorarium.

"Mr. Booth, sir," he opened, "did you know that you only gave me ten cents?"

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Booth.

"You only gave me ten cents," repeated the hostler. "Now your son, sir, never gives me less than a quarter."

"My son is better off than I am," replied the magnate as he climbed into his buggy. "You see, he happens to have a rich father."

Another story is told for whose veracity I cannot vouch but it goes to illustrate the modesty and simple tastes of the man. Following injuries received in a fall in his yards, Mr. Booth went to a well known American sanitarium for expert treatment. There he registered as "J. R. Booth, lumberman." The hospital authorities, taking it for granted he was a worker in a Canadian lumber camp, thought to make his bill as reasonable as they possibly could and fixed it at a couple of hundred dollars. But when Mr. Booth went to pay up he drew out a roll of bills of such large denominations that the office staff stood aghast.

"The lumber business must be pretty healthy these days, Mr. Booth," remarked the manager.

"Pretty fair," replied the patient.

"By the way, what lumber company are you with in Ottawa?"

"I am with the Booth Mills."

"You are a foreman there, I suppose?"

"No," quietly replied the other. "I am the owner."

Since then it is said, the management of that particular sanitarium has been diligent in looking up the rating of every quiet-appearing patient lest the institution be again treating some Canadian multi-millionaire unawares.

Though he has been ready to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in public-spirited enterprises that benefited Ottawa and the country as well as bringing to greater revenues to his own businesses, and, though he contributed toward the construction of the Ottawa Y.M.C.A. building, furnished funds for an addition to St. Luke's hospital, now known as the Booth wing, and otherwise aided landship undertakings, Mr. Booth is not a philanthropist in the sense that other millionaires have been. His conviction is that the best way to help others is to give them opportunity to help themselves. His own experience was that he got nothing from the world that he did not work and strive for with little or no relaxation from the grind of duty.

The Human Side

NEVERTHELESS old-timers recall incidents that throw a light on his notion of charity—though J. R. Booth probably would not designate it by that name. Back in August, 1911, the Booth mills were shut down through the strike on the Grand Trunk railway. Two thousand men, many of them with wives and families, were thrown out of work. After seven days of idleness the regular Booth pay day rolled around. The first man in the long line of workers who stepped at the cashier's wicket opened his yellow envelope and gave a gasp of surprise. The next gave a shout of joy, and soon the small army of workmen who came with gloomy faces wondering how the two weeks' expenses were to be paid out of one week's pay were turned into a happy, singing crowd. Each found in envelope to contain full pay for the week the railway strike had thrown him out of work.

Another instance is told of an old lumber-jack who was brought down with pneumonia. In the night while this man lay on his bed of fever and the lonely sat up mournfully watching his unequal struggle with the Grim Reaper, there came a light tap on the door of the little cottage, which was opened to admit the sturdy, stooped figure of John Rudolphus Booth who brought with him a simple, old-time remedy. He had the patient wrapped in red flannel and insisted on sitting by the bedside and nursing him until a turn for the better came and he was on his way to recovery.

Though he has ever been a plain-living man of simple personal tastes the career of John R. Booth teems with color and big things. The empire of timber limits which his armies of lumber-jacks conquered with axe and saw to believed to include more than four thousand square miles.

The first of those virgin forests, which he acquired in 1867, known originally as the Egan Estate Limits, is still producing. Lumbering was his business but became others had not faith enough in the future of railways to make the investment and because he must have them to get his products to the world markets, Mr. Booth financed and built railways himself, roads which, when he had proved their earning power, he sold for splendid advantage. Wise men, wealthy men and even royalty have called at Ottawa to meet this sturdy Canadian who rode logs in the river as a youth and lived to have his own private car on his own steam roads. His Majesty King George the Fifth, once "broke bread and shared a bed" with the Dominion's greatest lumberman. That was when the present King was still a Prince and on a royal tour to Canada. His Majesty enjoyed a ride on a rail of squared timber with Mr. Booth through a lumber slide on the Ottawa, after which the royal party were the guests of the timber king at a dinner of pork and beans served in a log shanty at Rockcliffe, which shanty is to this day known as the Royal Shanty.

Robert Dollar, the Canadian who became the well known millionaire ship-owner of San Francisco, and who

is believed to be the prototype of the 'Cappy Ricks' stories at a dinner given in Ottawa some little time ago recalled that one of his first employers was John R. Booth. Booth was at that date—1853—a shingle manufacturer and Dollar worked by the day packing shingles for him

His Early Days

JOHN RUDOLPHUS BOOTH was born in Shefford County Eastern Quebec near the site of what later became the Village at Waterloo. He was the son of Canadian pioneers of North of Ireland stock and grew up on a brewer of wood and drawer of water on his father's homestead. It was not until after his marriage to Miss Rosalien Cook his wanderful life's highroad whose drama occurred in 1886 that he heard the call of the outer world and shook the dust of Shefford County from his shoes. The rush of adventurous Canadian manhood in those days was to the States, and Mr. Booth, in company with his wife and with nine dollars in his pocket went to the State of Vermont, where he first secured employment as a carpenter. For three years he was mainly engaged working by the day as a bridge-builder when he became convinced there was no big future in the job. He packed his tools and left for Ottawa. That was about the year 1857, when Ottawa was still living down the name of Bytown, an inconspicuous town in the Canadian wilderness

It is told that Mr. Booth first worked in Ottawa as a shingle-splitter, walking three miles to and from his work. Shingles in those days were split from pine and cedar blocks with a broad-axe, one man placing the axe and another striking the head of it with a heavy wooden maul, the shingles hung afterward graduated by being run through a mechanical shaper. Ottawa was then beginning to hear the hum of awakening industry. Lumbering was in its infancy and E B Eddy had promoted the nucleus of what later became an industry known in every Canadian household from the Maritimes to the Pacific Coast. The Bronsons were cutting timbus and there were two small mills operated by Perley and Pattee and Philip Thompson. The amber-colored Chaudière bearing the mountain waters from the unexplored hinterlands roared and swirled through Ottawa in majestic defiance of seen a might, little dreaming that the rugged youth who daily walked its banks and seldom smiled had come to subjugate its tumbling furies and bend its mighty energies to nation-building

Booth subsequently worked in a machine shop and helped to build the Leamy sawmill at Leamy's Lake When the mill was completed he was made manager a position which he held for a year This was the first recognition of his executive ability Shortly afterwards he opened up in business for himself with a machine shop but his plant was burned down after being eight months in operation His next venture was a small shingle mill which he vacated because the owner of the land on which it stood sought to double the rent, when Booth started to make a little money

Following this latter venture he established his first mill on the site where his enormous pulp and paper enterprises operate to-day He opened his mill with a single saw and almost at the start was successful in securing a contract for supplying lumber for the new parliament buildings. He succeeded in handling this contract at a handsome profit and later in order to expand, he took a partner. In the early sixties the American Civil War broke out, with its aftermath of hard times. During the slump Booth's partner lost his nerve and wanted to quit. Booth refused to quit and by one means and another, financed matters that he was able to buy his partner out and continue the business alone Almost immediately afterwards business on both sides of the international has commenced to pick up again and J. R. Booth started on his real career to accumulate millions.

His Originality and Courage

IT HAS been stated that Booth has never been prone to encourage initiative in those working under him but that could not have been because he had not a superabundance of originality and courage himself He was the first lumberman on the Ottawa to use horses for hauling logs and supplies in the woods and other operators who employed oxen ran business locked upon the Booth experiment as foolhardy He next amazed his rivals by bringing in a crew of lumbermen to work in the bush for him They set him down for plane crazy—as a wild dreamer who was courting swift financial disaster But Booth's horses soon proved their supremacy over oxen on the tote-roads and the winter trails and his 'dock-rats' put old-time lumberjacks to shame with their daring and skill at riding logs in the rivers.

Booth enterprises flourished and expanded like things so ordained by Destiny. He gained the confidence of great financial institutions, and when several large tracts of timbus, including the splendid John Egan Estate, were put on the market, he readily obtained backing from the Bank of British North America to secure them His first limit is said to have been purchased for $4E 000, a mere fraction of its actual worth with money which he secured from the bank at seven per cent. He extended his mills and bought more and more limits until fifty years later it was conceded he owned a larger area of pine forests than any other one person in Canada. By the year 1892 his mills had a capacity for turning out over our million feet of lumber in



THERE are ways and ways of achievement. One of them is free for all; it is dogged determination. It is this quality that made John R Booth one of Canada's multi-millionaires, it is the same quality that keeps him on the job, when past his four score years and ten. He got what he aimed to get, became on the face of many obstacles he refused to consider any other possibility. This is the unvarnished story of his life. It is a picture of one of the monumental figures in Canadian contemporary history.

ten hours. By working two shifts of men, the mills were capable of turning out two million feet in a day of twenty-four hours, exceeding considerably the maximum output of any other plant of its kind in the world.

Rising from the Ashes

IN THE month of May, 1869, this splendid mill was burned to the ground but almost immediately afterward Booth bought out the old Perley and Pattee mill on property adjoining and fitted it out with modern machinery He established a lath and a picket mill and shingle and boxboard mills. More than fifteen hundred men were employed in the new works and nearly half a thousand wagons were kept busy conveying the lumber from the mills to the yards A good half of the products were shipped to the English market, and in these early days the lumber was loaded on river boats and towed to Montreal where it was transferred to ocean liners for transportation over the Atlantic. The balance of the lumber was sold in this country and the United States, Mr. Booth having established a yard at Rouse's Point as early as 1877, a move that proved his far-sighted vision as a captain of industry. In 1875, he established a mill and sorting yard at Burlington Vermont, with sales offices at Boston Mass. He is said to be the only Canadian lumberman who manufactures his own lumber in his own United States mill The American branch was first under the management of ex-Governor U. A. Woodbury of Vermont, and since his retirement has been conducted by Colonel E J Booth a half brother of John R The box factory in connection with this latter mill alone handles five million to six million feet of lumber a year

During his career, John R. Booth met with a series of disasters any one of which might have daunted ordinary business courage Two more great fires ravished his property after the fire of 1893 one in 1900 and another in 1903 Millions of feet of valuable lumber were lost in these conflagrations the first laying waste his magnificent stone residence on Wellington street as well The net result of these set-backs was fresh determination on the part of the owner and further expansion of his enterprises, for he soon afterward added a pulp and paper mill to his factories, a mill with a capacity of eighty tons of ground pulp per day. It is said of John R. Booth that in all his struggles to make good in the face of great obstacles he never asked other men for financial assistance and even refused the offer of certain exemptions in taxation when he was planning to rebuild plants destroyed by fire. When another fire destroyed his planing mills at Burlington, Vermont, the council of that place, fearing they might lose the industry proposed a ten year exemption Booth rebuilt the mill but never claimed the exemption.

His Railway Experiences

BUT while Mr. Booth invariably refused favors that might interfere with the independence he exercised and held an inalienable right in the conduct of his business, he is just as tenacious in refusing to relinquish any property or privilege that he believes to be justly and legally his. This latter trait he particularly exemplified in the building and selling of railways. A lumberman, first last and always he became involved in railway construction because he needed steam roads to rush his products to the markets. American capitalists started to build the old Canada Atlantic back in the later seventies, and Booth, anxious to see the road completed as a quick outlet for his goods to the States and the seaboard made them a considerable loan. The original promoters floundered into worse difficulties, and finally Mr. Booth took active control and built the road himself completing it in 1882. This venture was followed by an extension from Ottawa west then known as the Ottawa and Parry Sound Railway. Both roads he later sold to the Grand Trunk System now the Canadian National, for $14,000,000 But before that deal took place Booth's railways had opened up vast new territory and made history in Canada. At the time the Grand Trunk acquired the Booth system it was handling something in excess of 200,000 tons of flour and package freight and 20,000 000 bushels of western grain. It was equipped with sixty-seven locomotives, forty-one passenger cars and three thousand freight cars. This railway and lessened the distance between Montreal and Chicago by eight hundred miles and shortened the inland haul to and from the Liverpool market by four hundred and fifty miles.

When Booth was building the Canada Atlantic he was voted a bonus of fifty thousand dollars to bring it into the city of Ottawa, but, through exigencies over which he had no control he was behind time in completing the road When his steel reached the end of Elgin street he applied to the city council for his fifty thousand dollars He was refused on the technicality that the road was not completed on the specified date Nothing daunted, and keeping his own counsel, Booth put steam shovels and hundreds of men to dig out a pathway for his railway into the heart of Ottawa, using the dirt excavated to make new land in what was then a marsh in the south end of the city On that site he located his round houses. He put up a small building to serve as a station, and one day took the aldermen down to see it. "Now," he said, "I have carried out my agreement, don't you think you ought to pay me the bonus that was promised?" The council paid over the fifty thousand, taking it for granted the small shack Booth had put up was only to serve until he put up a real railway depot. But when they later approached Mr. Booth about it he said "There's your station as you accepted it when you paid over the bonus." He refused to replace it, they had driven a hard bargain with him and he saw no reason to do more for them than the contract demanded.

While John R Booth made a wonderful success of railway construction and railway operation his heart was always in the lumbering business. He made it known that his roads could be purchased if a satisfactory price were offered Sometime before the Grand Trunk System made its bid, a New Yorker representing United States capitalists, went on a scouting expedition over the road. Arriving in Ottawa, it is said, he came upon Mr Booth in his mackinaw and overalls He proposed to buy the road and paid down two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as an option on it, but he failed to complete the deal before the option expired In the year 1900, when the American capitalists discovered that the road had been sold to the Grand Trunk, they entered suit against Mr Booth for two million dollars damages and the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars they said paid over as an option But the man is overalls with whom they had originally dealt had been careful that all his dealings were water-tight and within the law The New Yorkers lost their case in the courts and John R. Booth returned the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars over and above the fourteen million dollars he secured from the Grand Trunk.

A Man of Daring

POSSESSED of a powerful constitution and exceptional vitality John R. Booth has scarcely lost a day's work from ordinary sickness, though he is now in his ninety-fifth year, but his penchant for sharing with his own risky jobs in the yards and the river has several times brought him to serious injuries and once or twice nearly cost him his life He has had legs and limbs fractured by falling timbers, and it was in his ninety-second year while attempting to leap over a ditch on his farm near Ottawa that his foot slipped and in the fall he fractured his

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HERE IS THE FARMER'S ANSWER

(ARTICLE IV—CONCLUDING THE SERIES)

By AGNES C. LAUT

WHEN you come back to the farm factors too high overheads and too low returns with their various sub-divisions to which the farmer ascribes his failure to make sufficient profits to anchor him permanently to the land, you are in a realm of just as great controversy as on wages and freights.

And through that thicket of controversy there is only one golden thread to lead you, the thread of the Golden Rule the Golden Rule of facts, which teaches you more and more as you grow older that you prosper yourself just in proportion as you help your neighbor to prosper. It is not only good religion but it is good trade Let us consider some of the factors in this controversy, interest charges, wages, taxes, equipment costs and middlemen's leaks.

Take interest charges first.

I know legally interest charges run from 6 to 8 per cent. Against that no farmer has even a spasmodic impulse to kick I know hundreds of farmers in the West, who would gladly pay 12 per cent this year if they could get the money and it is a good thing they can't; for by the time the debt now contracted would mature for payment interest charges would be down values deflated still more, and the debt would remain at the old inflated value. All the banks of the world expect interest charges to decline in the next two years, that is why sound investment houses are advising the purchase of long term bonds at high interest because every bond house in the world as to certain bond rates are going to decline

How the Farmer Suffers

THE farmer is driving against time to beat the fall rains and get his crop to market. Debts are on his heels like wolves. He has to get money to get in the winter supply of coal, or to get more credit at the local stores for flannel underwear for the kids. Necessity is behind him with its maw open. He can't stop. He needs an extra double box wagon to get his grain to the elevator, or an extra binder to get the grain cut before it shatters, or the rains cease

On the implement agent's little green or red book of prices in New England, the wagon is listed at $100 to be charged the farmer, the binder at $240 (6 feet)? On the Soldier Settlers' list at wholesale the prices are $202 and $316 On the farmers' list retail in the West, the prices are, plus freight and agents' commission, $237 and $336.

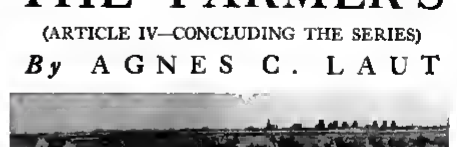
I am not discussing the fairness, or unfairness of these figures I am setting down the facts as to prices paid.

The agent knows the farmer is desperate. He can't wait and he is in debt—"beside over head" —as the agents will tell you. The case is what is called a 'doubtful loan," or "long credit." On top of the usual price is slapped $26 or $35 for a lien note or mortgage, no crop clause taken against the note and on top of this another 6 to 8 per cent. The farmer is charged 6 to 8 per cent He is really not paying 6 or 8 per cent He is paying 2E to 3E per cent, plus the 6 or 8 per cent, and I know of one case, where a poor foreigner was charged 10 per cent, and in signing the note deeded his farm to the creditor, if the note were not met. Fortunately, the decent banks heard of this case and went after the shark with talons of law. The last I heard of the sharper, he had crossed the border where he gets less than grass.

I am not saying that 'a bad loan," or "a long credit," should not give security; but I am saying that in a succession of bad years no farmer, not the best on earth, can pay these rates and survive.

Or take a real estate case A farmer has bought a place on the instalment plan High wages, the slump in prices, and bad weather leave him unable to meet his instalments —he must lose his place or re-arrange the loan As his improvements—fencing house barns in many cases up to the value of $10,000 on a 160 acre place—equal more than twice the value of the loan he looks about for a new loan to liquidate the old one. On a bad year, the real value of the place at $50 an acre has fallen to $30 or $20 below the face value of the first loan on which he has paid some instalments.

He goes out for a loan of $5 000 that will cover his present indebtedness He is told the face value of the land is now only $30 an acre, and mortgages should not exceed two-thirds on the best half on medium land. His instalments already paid and improvements to the extent of $10 000 then stand to obtain only half of $4,000 and he needs $5 000 He is then told that the slump in farm prices is a best on the money market. If he finally gets a great favor, secures the loan it will be for $5 000 at 7 or 8 per cent but, as a guarantee of good faith



A succession of the possibilities of the opulent farm lands of the West.

that he will stick, he is asked to pay down $600 in advance, and the $5,000 or $5 600 goes on bearing interest to maturity

I am not saying that with farm values down on both land and crops, the lender is not justified in getting all the interest he can in advance, or on maturity I am just setting forth the fact that under these circumstances the farmer is handicapped by extortionate overhead charges in interest; and such practices are liable to the urge for much of the banking legislation pushed by farmers. The way to prevent foolish banking legislation by the Farm Party is to purge the loan business of these secret and illicit practices

The Bank's Position

THE question may be asked why, in such cases farmers don't go to the legitimate banker whose bank's interests are bound up with the prosperity of the locality. They don't, first because many are ignorant and poor and don't know how. Thus especially true of the foreigner, with whom the land sharks do this most iniquitous business And they don't, second, and this applies particularly to last year because so many of the old managers who were in sympathy with the farmers' hard stress were shifted and replaced with new managers to act as collectors of outstanding accounts, rather than as expanders of a business already over-expanded. Their instructions were to hold down, and down, collect, and the new ones did not know local conditions. Also riotous radicalism, which hard times always produces, frightened them cewer younger men into caution; but the caution threw the borrower more completely into the hands of the "loan shark."

The Added Tax Burden

COME now to taxes as part of the farmers' too high overhead, whether those taxes are direct property and school assessments, or inviable taxes in tariff that raise the cost of what the farmer buys I have nothing to say as to whether the property and school taxes are too high. I only know in one section, the farmers had cut a close to pay those taxes, whether they were higher little, and to keep the schools open in that province the Government had to carry them to the extent of $160,000 for three months for teachers' salaries alone.

I know in two other sections, one extremely far north, the other right on the Southern border schools are closed for the first time since those sections were opened They are closed in one section because of the abandonment of the farm areas. They are closed in the other section because the farmers have not a dime for taxes.

When you come to inviable taxes in the shape of tariff you have opened a veritable Pandora box of disputes, and you have the ablest men in Canada champions on both sides of the dispute. In practice, there is practically no an out-and-out free trader left in the world to-day

War Debts have to be paid. Revenue have to be raised. How are they to be raised? It is in answering that question the Tandora box opens.

The lower tariff party, of whom Mr. Fielding is the greatest exponent living, say if you raise the tariff high you deter imports and therefore decrease revenue. You defeat the very object of the tariff, which is revenue.

Against Mr Fielding stands one of the ablest exponents of protection living—Mr Meighen He urges that we must build up our manufacturing and consuming population as fast as we build up our farming population; so the farmer will have his consuming markets at home as well as abroad—Canada a self-sustained, and self-contained empire.

There is the controversy. old almost as the hills But to the farmer it seems like Hobson's choice in implements—high prices, part of his too high overhead



Machinery is playing an increasingly large part in the agricultural production of Western Canada.

Farmers Not Set on Free Trade

PERSONALLY, so far as I could learn, I do not think the farmer cares one stiver for the old rallying cries of protection, or free trade. He voted in the last election, from Winnipeg to the Rockies, straight farmer, and the farmer wants cheaper implements as part of the cheaper overhead and as proof of the fact that he is entitled to them, he presents these figures, which I have given more fully in the *Financial Post*.

Price to W. A. Farmer Canadian implements, Freight prepaid, Retail		Price Soldier Settlers in the West, Freight prepaid, wholesale	Price Canadian farmers in West Freight not prepaid, retail
Mower	$ 65—$ 78	$ 97—$106	$104—$124
Binder	200— 240	276— 311	281— 300
Wagon	100	209— 209	188— 227
Sulkytow	80	109— 120	108— 130
Drill	150— 196	206— 286	219— 275

Now I have not a word of comment to pass on the facts. They are part of the reason profits don't anchor a huge population down to the land in Canada.

The Great Opportunity

WITH the threatened shortage of grain the would over last year, if the Canadian farmers were given half a chance to balance intakes with outgo they could pull themselves out of debt in a year; and be on Easy Street to begin life afresh on deflated values in a New World.

When you come to middlemen charges on the greatest leak in farm profits, you come to the centre span in the bridge over which civilization to-day is tottering.

Nor are the middlemen to blame. Get that clear! The shing has just 'growed" like Topsy

Our grandparents grew their sheep, sheared their wool, weaved and carded it, spun and weave and made it into warm winter clothing for the family.

To-day, all but the growing and shearing of the wool has passed from the country to the city. All the wages incidental to the process—from the shearing to the making of flannel shirts and suits for the family—have been drawn from the country to the city, leaving the country so much the poorer and the city so much the richer.

Our ancestors grew their own flax, hammered, pounded and separated the fibre, spun it, wove it and made shirts, linen sheets dresses pillow slips, in the same way To-day all but the growing of the flax has moved from the country to the city and all the wages for all this work have been drawn away from the country to the city.

Yet the same story could be told of hides for shoes and harness, of oats ground for porridge and breakfast food, of scoop of sugar, of corn products, of sweet and vegetables and fruits

All this is a part of civilization's complex, part of its price, but you must not blame the farmer for thinking the complex is getting a little too heavy for his back when he gets barely a tenth of the final price of grain products, barely a third the final price of milk products, barely a fourth the final price of butter products, barely an eighth the final price of beef products barely a fourth the final price of raw apples and so on down the scale to the vanishing point on wool and hides.

Civilization's complex has come to the point where we have to do something and do it quickly, regarding markets, transportation and distribution or civilization's complex is going to crack. The weight is already too heavy for the farmer and that means less food produced. And the weight was already far too heavy for the city consumer long before the War and that means less buying of food and the backing up of food on the farmers unsold at any price which is the case to-day from Athebasca to the Rio Grande and Atlantic to Pacific

"It isn't the agitator I fear" said one of the wisest provincial premiers Canada has ever had, to me last year To fort the roaring professional agitator may be a good thing for us in the long run The real danger is not there. The real danger lies in the facts of the case—returns are too low to the pro-

Continued on page 68

A BIT OF ORANGE PEEL

By "SAPPER" H. C. McNEILE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THEREF were several of us in the soldiers ramshackle smoking-room. The ladies had retired for the night, but in spite of the appalling thickness of the atmosphere, none of us seemed disposed to follow their example.

After all it was a special occasion. I don't think we had foregathered—the whole bunch of us—since we left school. And that was—well, a good many years ago.

The soldier brought it on himself. No man should use the phrase "That reminds me." If he does it must, I confess, especially just after the stockbroker had facetiously alluded to his aunt slipping up on some orange peel. Why one's slipping on orange peel haven been invariably regarded as great fun humorists ever since the time of Neolithic man, I don't know, and I suppose it doesn't really matter. But we pinned the soldier down, and after a brief siege he capitulated.

"You can set your minds at rest about one thing, you fellows," began the soldier with a grin. "My yarn isn't about the war. There have been quite enough lies told already about that performance without my adding to the number. No, my story concerns peace soldiering, and strangely enough I had an ocular demonstration when dining at the Ritz two nights ago that every thing had finished up quite satisfactorily in the approved story-book manner. At least, when I say quite satisfactorily—there was a price, and it was paid by one of the principal actors. But that is the unchangeable rule, one can but shrug one's shoulders and play recordingly.

"The Regiment—I was a squadron-leader at the time—was quartered at Murchester. Not a bad station at all; good shooting, very fair hunting, especially if you didn't scorn the curved stag pole and most excellent cricket. Also some delightful houses in the neighbourhood and as we'd just come home from our foreign tour we found the place greatly to our liking. London was an hour and a bit by train; in fact there are many worse stations in England than the spot I have labelled Murchester.

"The only fly in the ointment when we first arrived was a fairly natural one, and a thing which only time could cure. The men were a bit restive. We'd been abroad, don't forget, for more than ten years—India, Egypt, South Africa—and the love of the old country under their feet unsettled 'em temporarily. Nothing very bad, but an epidemic of absence without leave and desertion broke out, and the officers had to settle down to pull things together. Continual courts-martial for desertion don't do a regiment any good with the powers that be, and we had to stop it.



"If I hadn't been a fool, she said deliberately, I should have been his wife."

"OF COURSE one of the first things to look to, when any trouble of that sort is occurring, is the general type and standard of your N.C.O's. In my squadron they were good, though just a little on the young side. I remember one day I discussed the matter pretty thoroughly with the squadron sergeant-major—an absolute top-notcher.

"'They're all right, sir,' he said. 'In another two or three years there will be none better in the British Army. Especially Trevor.'

"'Ah! Sergeant-Major,' I said, looking him straight in the face, 'you think Trevor is a good man, do you?'

"'The best we've got, sir,' he answered quietly, and he stared straight back at me.

"'You weren't so sure when he first came,' I reminded him.

"'Well, I reckon there was a bit of jealousy, sir,' he replied, 'his coming in from the line regiment over a good many of the chaps' heads. But he's been with us now three months—and we know him better.'

"'I wish I could say the same,' I answered. 'He defeats me does Sergeant Trevor.'

"The Sergeant-Major smiled quietly. 'Does he, sir? I shouldn't have thought he would have. That there bloke Kipling has written about the likes of Trevor.'

"'Kipling has written a good deal about the Army,' I said with an answering smile. 'Mulvaney and Co. are classics.'

"'I'm not Mulvaney I'm meaning, sir,' he answered. 'But didn't he write a little bit of poetry about Gentlemen rankers out on the spree?'

"'Why, yes, he did.' I lit a cigarette thoughtfully. 'I'd guessed that much, Manfield. Is Trevor his real name?'

"'I don't know, sir,' and of that moment the subject of our discussion walked past and saluted.

"'Sergeant Trevor.' I called after him on the spur of the moment, and he came up at the double. I hadn't anything really to say to him, but ever since he'd joined us he'd puzzled me, and though, as the sergeant-major said, the other N.C.O's might know him better, I certainly didn't.

"'You're a bit of a cricketer, aren't you?' I said as he came up.

"A faint smile flickered across his face at my question. 'I used to play quite a bit, sir,' he answered.

"'Good! we want to get games going really strong.' I talked with them both—squadron sergeant-major a bit longer and all the time I was trying to probe behind the impassive mask of Trevor's face. Incidentally I think he knew it, once or twice I caught a faint gleam of amusement in his eyes—a gleam that seemed to me a little weary. And when I left them and went across the parade ground towards the mess his face haunted me. I hadn't probed—not the slightest of an inch. He was still as much a mystery as ever. But he'd got a pair of deep blue eyes and though I wasn't a girl to be attracted by a man's eyes I couldn't get his out of my mind. They baffled me, the man himself baffled me—and I've always disliked being baffled.

It was a few nights after, in mess that the next piece in the puzzle came along. We had in the regiment—he was killed in the war, poor devil—a fellow of the name of Blenton, a fairly senior captain. He wasn't in my squadron and his chief claim to notoriety was as a cricketer. Had he been able to play regularly he would have been easily up to first-class form—as it was he periodically turned out for the county, but he used to go in first wicket down for the Army. So you can gather his sort of form.

IT WAS over the port that the conversation dropped up, and it interested me because it was about Trevor. As far as cricket was concerned I hardly knew which end of a bat one held.

"'Dog-face has got a winner,' I heard Blenton say across the table. 'I may say that I answer to that tactful sobriquet for reasons into which we need not enter. 'Das Sergeant Trevor in your squadron, old boy,' he turned to see. 'I was watching him at the nets to-night.'

"'Is he any good?' I said.

"'My dear fellow,' answered Blenton deliberately, he is out and away the best bat we've had in the regiment for years. He's up to Army form.'

"'Who's that?' demanded the C.O., sitting up and taking notice at once.

"Sergeant Trevor in A squadron, Colonel,' said Blenton. 'I was watching him this evening at nets. Of course she bowling was tripe, but he's in a completely different class fe the average soldier cricketer.'

"'Did you talk to him?' I asked curiously.

"'I did. And he struck me as being singularly uncommunicative. Asked him where he learnt his cricket, and he hummed and hawed, and finally said he'd played a lot in his village before joining the army. I couldn't quite make him out, Dog-face. Act why the devil didn't he play for us out in Jo burg?'

"'Because he only joined a couple of months before we sailed,' I answered. 'Came with that last draft we got.'

"'Well, I wish we had a few more trained in his village,' said Blenton. 'We could do with them.'

"After mess I tackled Philip Blenton in the ante-room.

"'What's your candid opinion of Trevor, Philip?' I demanded.

"He stopped on his way to play bridge, and lit the end off his cigar.

"'As a cricketer,' he said, 'or as a man?'

"'Both,' I answered.

"'Well my candid opinion is that he learned his game at a first-class public school,' he replied. 'And I am further of the opinion, from the few words I spoke to him, that one would have expected to find him here and not in the sergeants' mess. What's his story? Do you know?'

"'I don't.' I shook my head. 'Haven't an idea. But you've confirmed my own impressions.'

'And there I had to leave it for some months. Periodically I talked to Trevor, deliberately tried to trap him into some admission which would give me a clue to his past, but he was as wary as a fox and as close as an oyster. I don't know why I took the trouble—after all it was his business entirely, but the fellow intrigued me. He was such an extraordinarily fine N.C.O., and there was never a sign of his hitting the kettle, which is the end of a good many gentlemen-rankers. Moreover he didn't strike me as a fellow who had come a cropper, which is the usual cause of his kind.

"And then one day when I least expected it, the problem began to solve itself. Philip Blenton rang me up in the morning after breakfast, from a house in the neighborhood where he was staying for a couple of two-day matches. Could I possibly spare Sergeant Trevor for the first of them? Against the I Z, who had brought down a snorting team, and Carter—the Oxford blue—had failed the local eleven at the last moment. If I couldn't they'd have to rake in one of the gardeners, but they weren't too strong as it was.

SO I SENT for Trevor, and asked if he'd care to play. I saw his eyes gleam for a moment; then he shook his head.

"'I think not, thank you sir,' he said quietly.

"'It's not quite like you to let Captain Blenton down, Trevor,' I remarked. 'He's relying on you.'

"I knew it was the right note to take with him, and I was very keen on his playing. I was going out myself that afternoon to watch, and I wanted to see him in different surroundings. We argued for a bit—I knew he was as keen as mustard in one way to play—and after a while he said he would. Then he went out of the office, and as it happened I followed him. There was an old cracked mirror in the passage outside, and as I opened the door he had just shut behind him. I had a glimpse of Sergeant Trevor examining his face in the glass. He'd got his head as placed that it blotted out his moustache, and he seemed very intent on his reflection. Then he saw me, and for a moment or two we stared at one another in silence. Squadron-leader and troop-sergeant had gone, we were just two men and the passage was empty. And I acted on a sudden impulse, and clapped him on the back.

"'Don't be a fool, man,' I cried. 'Is there any reason why you shouldn't be recognised?'

"'Nothing shady, Major,' he answered quietly. 'But if one starts as a certain course it's best to go through with it.'

"At that moment the pay-sergeant appeared and Trevor pulled himself together, saluted smartly and was gone.

"I suppose these things are planned out beforehand—went on the sublime thoughtfully. 'To call it all blind chance seems a well nigh impossible solution to me. And yet the cynic would assuredly laugh at connecting a child eating an orange in a back street in Oxford and the death while fishing in Ireland of one of the greatest-hearted men that ever lived. But unless that child had eaten that orange, and left the peel on the pavement for Carter, the Oxford blue, to slip on and sprain his ankle, the events I am going to relate would in all probability never have taken place. However, since delving too deeply into cause and effect inevitably produces insanity, I'd better get on with it.

"I turned up about three o'clock at Crosby Hall, along with four or five other fellows from the regiment. Usual sort of stunt—marquee and lemonade with whiskey in the background for the hopeless cases. The I Z merchants were in the field, and Trevor was batting. There was an Eton boy in with him and the score was two hundred and for five wickets. Philip Blenton lounged up as soon as he saw me, groaning all over his face.

"'Thank Heavens' you let him come old man. He'll pulled eighty of the best out of his bag already and doesn't look like getting out.'

"He wouldn't come at first, Philip,' I said and he stared at me in surprise. 'I think he was afraid of being recognised.'

"A burst of applause greeted a magnificent drive past cover point, and for a while we watched the game in silence until another long round of cheering announced that Sergeant Trevor had got his century.

As I've said before I'm no cricketer, but there was no need for me an expert to realise that he was something out of the way. He was treating the by-no-means indifferent I Z bowling with shameful contempt, and old Lord Apsley our host was beside himself with joy. He was a cricket maniac, his week was an annual fixture and for the first time for many years he saw his team really putting it across the I Z. And it was just as I was thinking in a little reflected glory, that I saw a very dear old friend of mine arrive in the enclosure accompanied by a perfectly charming girl.

"'Why, Yeverley, old man,' I cried, 'how are you?'

"'Dogface' as I live,' he shouted, seizing me by both hands. 'Man alive I'm glad to see you. Let me introduce you to my wife. Dora, this is Major Chilhess—otherwise Dog-face.'

I shook hands with the girl, who was standing smiling beside him and for a while we stopped there talking. He was fifteen years or so older than I and had left the service as a Captain but we both came from the same part of the country, and in the days gone by I'd known him very well indeed. His marriage had taken place four years previously while I was abroad, and now meeting his wife for the first time, I recalled bit by bit the gossip I'd heard in letters. I got from home. How he'd married a girl young enough to be his daughter to every one's amusement, how everybody had prophesied disaster and affirmed that she was not half good enough for one of the best like Giles Yeverley, how she'd been engaged to someone else and thrown him over. And yet as I looked at them both it struck me that the Jeremiahs had as usual been completely wrong, certainly nothing could exceed the dog-like devotion in Giles' eyes whenever he looked at his wife.

"We strolled over to find some easy chairs, and he fussed round her as if she were an invalid. She took it quite naturally and calmly with a fain and charming smile and when he finally bustled away to talk to Apsley, leaving me alone with her, she was still smiling.

"'You know Giles well?' she said.

"'Awfully well,' I answered. 'And having now returned from my sojourn in the wilds, I hope I shall get to know his wife equally well.'

"'That's very nice of you Dog-face,' she fussed and looked at me—and by jove, she was pretty. If you're anything like Giles—you must be a perfect dear.'

"Now I like that sort of a remark when it's made in the right way. It establishes a very pleasant footing at once with no danger of misconstruction—like getting on good terms with a new horse the moment you put your leg in the irons, instead of messing around for half the hunt. Anyway for the next ten minutes or so I didn't pay very much attention to the cricket. I gathered that there was one small son—Giles junior—who was the apple of his father's eye, and that at the moment a heavy love affair was in progress between the young gentleman aged three and the General's daughter who was as much in love and showed as shame over the matter whatever. Also that Giles and she were stopping with the General had his wife for a week or ten days.

"And it was at that stage of the proceedings that a prolonged burst of applause made us look at the cricket. Sergeant Trevor was apparently out—how I hadn't an idea and was half-way between the wickets and the tent next to the one in which we were sitting, and which Apsley always had erected for the local villagers and their friends. I saw them put up 125 on the board as Trevor's score, and did my share in the clapping line.

"'A fine player—that fellow' I said following him with my eyes. 'Don't know much about the game myself, but the experts tell me...' And at that moment I saw her face and stopped abruptly. She had gone very white, and her knuckles were gleaming like ivory on the handle of her parasol.

"'Major Chilhare,' she said—and her voice was the tensest thing I've ever heard—'who is that man who has just come out?'



Major Chilhare she said—and her voice was the tensest thing I've ever heard— who is that man who has just come out?"

Trevor is his name.' I answered quietly. 'He's one of the troop-sergeants in my squadron.' I was looking at her curiously, as the colour slowly came back to her face. 'Why? Did you think you knew him?'

"He reminded me of someone I knew years ago' she said sitting back in her chair. 'But of course, I must have been mistaken.'

"And then rather abruptly she changed the conversation though every now and then she glanced towards the next tent as if trying to see Trevor. Sitting beside her I realised that there was something pretty serious in the wind. She was on edge though she was trying not to show it—and Trevor was the cause or the man who called himself Trevor. All my curiosity came back though I made no allusion to him. I was content to await further developments.

"They weren't long in coming. The home team with the respectable total of three hundred and fifty odd were all out by tea-time and both elevens foregathered in the tent behind. All that is except Trevor, who remained in the other, until Apsun himself went and pulled him out. I watched the old man with his cheery smile take Trevor by the elbow, and literally drag him out of his chair. I watched Trevor in his blue necktie jacket, smart as he deemed running towards us with our beat. And then very deliberately I looked at Giles Yeverley's wife. She was staring over my head as the two men there she lowered her parasol.

"'So you weren't mistaken after all, Mrs. Giles' I said quietly.

"No, Dog-face, I wasn't' she answered. 'Would you get hold of Giles for me and tell him I'd like to get back. Say I'm not feeling very well.'

"I got up at once and went in search of her husband. I found him talking to the Zingari captain and Sergeant Trevor. He seemed quite excited appealing as he spoke to the I Z skipper, while Trevor stood by listening with a faint smile.

"What he says is quite right, Sergeant Trevor,' remarked the Zingari man as I came up. 'If you cared to consider it—you are absolutely up to the best county form. Of course I don't know about your residential qualifications, but that can generally be fixed.'

"'Dog-face,' cried Yeverley as soon as he saw me, 'he's in your squadron, isn't he?' Well it's so long since I left the Army that I've forgotten all about discipline—shall I tell you here—right now in front of him—that Sergeant Trevor ought to be ordered to chuck soldiering and take up professional cricket? Bimbo here agrees with me.'

"'Giles, you'll burst your waistcoat if you get so excited,' I remarked casually. 'And incidentally, Mrs. Yeverley wants to go home.'

"As I said the name I looked at Trevor and my last doubt vanished. He gave a sudden start which Giles, who had immediately torn off to his wife, didn't see, and proceeded to bash into the farthest corner of the tea-tent. But once again old Apsun frustrated him. Not for him the endless pauses and waits of first-class cricket; five minutes to roll the pitch and he was leading his team into the field. Trevor had to go from his sanctuary and there was only one exit from the enclosure in front of the tent.

"They met—Mrs. Giles and Trevor—actually at that exit. By the irony of things I think it was Giles who caused the meeting. He hurried forward as he saw Trevor going out and caught him by the arm. 'Dear old chap—he was cricket mad if ever a man was. And as blissfully unconscious of the other, bigger thing going on right under his nose.

"'Don't you forget what I said Trevor' he said earnestly. 'Any county would be glad to have you. I'm going to talk to Major Chilhare about it seriously.'

"And I doubt if Trevor heard a word. Over Giles' shoulder he was staring at Giles' wife—and she was staring back at him, while her breast rose and fell in little gasps and it seemed to me that her lips were trembling.

Continued on page 44

Footprints in the Snow

THE SEVENTH OF

"The Eight Strokes of the Clock"

By MAURICE LEBLANC

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



"Hall!" cried a voice which came from the half-open window near the ceiling

THESE *eight adventures were told to me in the old days by Arsene Lupin, as though they had happened to a friend of his named France Romain. As for me, considering the way in which they were conducted, the actions, the behaviour and the very character of the hero, I find it very difficult* not to *identify the two friends as one and the same person. Arsene Lupin is gifted with a powerful imagination and is quite capable of attributing to himself adventures which were not his at all and of disowning those which are really his.—M. L.*

TO PRINCE SERGE RENINE
Boulevard Haussmann
Paris.

LA RONCIERE
"near Bassicourt,
"14 November,

"MY DEAR FRIEND—

"You must be thinking me very ungrateful. I have been here three weeks, and you have not had one letter from me! Not a word of thanks! And yet I ended by rescuing from what a terrible death you saved me and understanding the secret of that terrible business! But indeed I dared! I couldn't help it! I was in such a state of prostration after it all! I needed rest and solitude as badly! Was I to stay in Paris? Was I to continue my expeditions with you? No, no, no! I had had enough adventures! Other people's are very interesting, I admit. But when one is one's self the victim and barely escapes with one's life—Oh, my dear friend, how horrible it was! Shall I ever forget it?

"Here at La Ronciere I enjoy the greatest peace. My old spinster cousin Ermelin pets and coddles me like an invalid. I am getting back my color and am very well physically—so much so, in fact, that I no longer ever think of interesting myself in other people's business. Never again! For instance (I am only telling you this because you are irreprisible as inquisitive as any old charwoman, and always ready to bury yourself with things that don't concern you), yesterday I was present at a rather curious meeting. Antoinette had taken me to the inn at Bassicourt, where we were having tea in the public room among the peasants (it was market-day), when the arrival of three people, two men and a woman, caused a sudden pause in the conversation.

One of the men was a fat farmer in a long blouse with a jovial, red face, framed in white whiskers. The other was younger, was dressed in corduroy and had lean, yellow, cross-grained features. Each of them carried a gun slung over his shoulder. Between them was a short, slender young woman in a brown cloak and a veil, her cap whose rather thin and extremely pale face was surprisingly delicate and distinguished-looking.

"'Father, an' and daughter-in-law,' whispered my cousin.

"'What! Can that charming creature be the wife of that clod-hopper?'

"'And the daughter-in-law of Baron de Gorne.'

"'Is the old fellow over there a baron?'

"'Yes; descended from a very ancient, noble family, which used to own the château in the old days. He has always lived like a peasant—a great hunter, a great drinker, a great litigant; always at law with somebody; now very nearly ruined. His son Mathias was more ambitious and less attached to the soil and studied for the bar. Then he went to America. Next, the lack of money brought him back to the village, whereupon he fell in love with a young girl in the nearest town. The poor girl consented, no one knows why, to marry him, and for five years past she has been leading the life of a hermit or rather of a prisoner, in a little manor-house close by, the Manoir-au-Puits, the Well Manor.'

"'With the father and the son?' I asked.

"'No, the father lives at the far end of the village on a lonely farm.'

"'And is Master Mathias jealous?'

"'A perfect tiger!'

"'Without reason?'

"WITHOUT reason, for Natalie de Gorne is the straightest woman in the world and it is not her fault if a handsome young man has been hanging around the manor-house for the past few months. However the de Gornes can't get over it.'

"'What: the father neither?'

"'The handsome young man is the last descendant of the people who bought the château long ago. This explains old de Gorne's hatred. Jérôme Vignal—I know him and am very fond of him—is a good-looking fellow and very well off, and he has sworn to run off with Natalie de Gorne. It's the old man who says so, whenever he has had a drop too much. There, listen!'

"The old chap was sitting among a group of men who were amusing themselves by making him drink and plying him with questions. He was already a little bit on, and was holding forth with a tone of indignation and mocking smile which formed the most comic contrast.

"'He's wasting his time, I tell you, the rascal! It's no manner of use his poaching round our way and making sheep's-eyes at the wench. The coverts are watched! If he comes too near it means a bullet, eh, Mathias?'

"He gripped his daughter-in-law's hand:

"And then the little wench knows how to defend herself, too," he chuckled. "Eh, you don't want any admirers, do you, Natalie?'

"The young wife blushed to her confusion at being addressed in these terms, while her husband growled:

"'You'd do better to hold your tongue, father. There are things one doesn't talk about in public.'

"'Things that affect one's honor are best settled in public,' retorted the old one. 'Where I'm concerned, the honor of the de Gornes comes before everything, and that includes a spark with his Paris airs, she's it.'

"He stopped short. Before him stood a man who had just come in and who seemed to be waiting for him to finish his sentence. The newcomer was a tall, powerfully-built young fellow, in riding-kit with a hunting-crop in his hand. His strong and rather stern face was lighted up by a pair of fine eyes in which shone an ironical smile.

"'Jérôme Vignal,' whispered my cousin.

"The young man seemed not at all embarrassed. On seeing Natalie, he made a low bow, and, when Mathias de Gorne took a step forward, he eyed him from head to foot, as though to say:

"'Well, what about it?'

"AND his attitude was so haughty and contemptuous that the de Gornes enslung their guns and took them in both hands like sportsmen about to shoot. The son's expression was very fierce.

"'Jérôme was quite unmoved by the threat. After a few seconds, turning to the inn-keeper, he remarked:

"'Oh, I say! I came to see old Vasseur. But his shop is shut. Would you mind giving him the holster of my revolver? It wants a stitch or two.'

"He handed the holster to the inn-keeper and added, laughing:

"'I'm keeping the revolver, in case I need it. You never can tell!'

"Then, still very calmly, he took a cigarette from a silver case, lit it and walked out. We saw him through the window vaulting on his horse and riding off at a slow trot.

"Old de Gorne tossed off a glass of brandy, swearing most horribly.

"His son clapped his hand to the old man's mouth and forced him to sit down. Natalie de Gorne was weeping beside them.

"That's my story, dear friend. As you see, it's not tremendously interesting and does not deserve your attention. There's no mystery in it and no part for you to play. Indeed, I particularly insist that you should not seek a pretext for any untimely interference. Of course, I should be glad to see the poor thing protected: she appears to be a perfect martyr. But as I said before, let us leave other people to get out of their own troubles and go no farther with our little experiments."

* * * * * * * * * * *

RENINE finished reading the letter, read it over again and ended by saying:

"That's it. Everybody's right as right can be. She doesn't want to continue our little experiments, because this would make the seventh and because she's afraid of the eighth, which under the terms of our agreement had a very particular significance. She doesn't want to, and she does want to—without seeming to want to."

He rubbed his hands. The letter was an invaluable witness to the influence which he had gradually, gently and patiently gained over Hortense Daniel. It betrayed a rather complex feeling, composed of admiration, unbounded confidence, uneasiness at times, fear and almost terror, but also love, he was convinced of that. His companion in adventures which she shared with a good fellowship that excluded any awkwardness between them, she had suddenly taken fright, and a sort of modesty, mingled with a certain coquetry, was impelling her to hold back.

That very evening, Sunday, Renine took the train.

And at break of day, after covering by omnibus, on a road white with snow, the five miles between the little town of Pompignac, where he alighted, and the village of Bassicourt, he learnt that his journey might prove of some use, three shots had been heard during the night in the direction of the Manoir-au-Puits.

"Three shots, sergeant. I heard them as plainly as I see you standing before me," said a peasant whom the gendarmes were questioning in the parlor of the inn which Renine had entered.

So did I," said the waiter. "Three shots. It may have been twelve o'clock at night. The snow, which had been falling since nine, had stopped, and the shots sounded across the fields, one after the other: bang, bang, bang."

Five more peasants gave their evidence. The sergeant and his men had heard nothing, because the police-station backed on the fields. But a farm laborer and a woman arrived, who said that they were in Mathias de Gorne's service, that they had been away for two days because of the intervening Sunday and that they had come straight from the manor-house, where they were unable to obtain admission.

"The gate of the grounds is locked, sergeant," said the man. "It's the first time I've known this to happen. M. Mathias comes out to open it himself, every morning at the stroke of six, winter and summer. Well, it's past eight o'clock, I called and shouted. Nobody answered. So we came on here."

"You might have enquired at old M. de Gorne's," said the sergeant. "He lives on the high-road."

"'On my word as I might! I never thought of that.'

"'We'd better go there now,' the sergeant decided.

TWO OF his men went with him, as well as the peasants and a locksmith whose services were called into requisition. Renine joined the party.

Soon, at the end of the village, they reached old de Gorne's farmyard, which Renine recognized by Hortense's description of its position.

The old fellow was here easing his horse and trap. When they told him what had happened, he burst out laughing.

"'Three shots? Bang, bang, bang? Why, my dear sergeant, there are only two barrels to Mathias' gun!'

"'What about the locked gate?'

"'It means that the lad's asleep, that's all. Last night, he came and cracked a bottle with one—perhaps two—as even three; and he'll be sleeping it off, I suspect—he and Natalie.'

He climbed on to the box of his trap—an old cart with a patched cover—and cracked his whip.

"'Good-bye, gentlemen all. Those three shots of yours won't stop me from going to market at Pompignac, as I do every Monday. I've a couple of calves under the cover, and they're just fit for the butcher. Good day to you!'"

The others walked on. Renine went up to the sergeant and gave him his name.

"'I'm a friend of Mlle. Ermelin of La Ronciere and as it's too early to call on her yet I shall be glad if you'll allow me to go round by the manor with you. Mlle. Ermelin knows Madame de Gorne and it will be a satisfaction to me to relieve her mind for there's nothing wrong at the manor-house, I hope?'

"'If there is,' replied the sergeant, 'we shall read all about it as plainly as on a map, because of the snow.'

He was a likable young man and seemed smart and intelligent. From the very first he had shown great acuteness in observing the tracks which Mathias had left behind him the evening before on returning home, tracks which soon became confused with the footprints made in going and coming by the farm-laborer and the woman. Meanwhile they came to the walls of a property of which the locksmith readily opened the gate.

From here onward a single trail appeared upon the spotless snow, that of Mathias, and it was easy to perceive that the son must have shared largely in the bitterness of his father's words, as the line of footprints described sudden curves which made it swerve right up to the trees of the avenue.

TWO hundred yards farther stood the dilapidated two-storied buildings of the Manoir-au-Puits. The principal door was open.

"'Let's go in,'" said the sergeant.

And, the moment he had crossed the threshold, he muttered:

"'Oh ho! Old de Gorne made a mistake in not coming. They've been fighting in here.'"

The big room was in disorder. Two shattered chairs, the overturned table and much broken glass and china bore witness to the violence of the struggle. The tall clock, lying on the ground, had stopped at twenty past eleven.

With the farm-girl showing them the way, they ran up to the first floor. Neither Mathias nor his wife was there. But the door of their bedroom had been broken down with a hammer, which they discovered under the bed.

Renine and the sergeant went downstairs again. The living room had a passage communicating with the kitchen, which lay at the back of the house and opened on a small yard fenced off from the orchard. At the end of this enclosure was a well near which one was bound to pass. Now, from the door of the kitchen to the well the snow, which was not very thick, had been pressed down to this sods and that as though a body had been dragged over it. And all around the well were tangled traces of trampling feet, showing that the struggle must have been resumed at this spot. The sergeant again discovered Mathias' footprints, together with others which were shapeless and lighter.

These latter went straight into the orchard by themselves. And, thirty yards on, near the footprints, a revolver was picked up and recognized by one of the peasants as resembling that which Jérôme Vignal had produced in the inn two days before.

The sergeant examined the cylinder. Three of the seven bullets had been fired.

And so the tragedy was little by little reconstructed in its main outlines, and the sergeant, who had ordered everybody to stand aside and not to step on the site of the footprints, came back to the well, leant over, put a few questions to the farm girl, and, going up to Renine, whispered:

"It all seems fairly clear to me."

Renine took his arm.

"Let's speak out plainly, sergeant. I understand the business pretty well, for, as I told you, I know Mlle. Ermelin, who is a friend of Jérôme Vignal's, and also knows Madame de Gorne. Do you suppose—?"

"I don't want to suppose anything. I simply declare that some one came there last night."

"By which way? The only tracks of a person coming towards the manor are those of M. de Gorne."

"That's because the other person arrived before the snowfall, that is to say, before nine o'clock."

"Then he must have hidden in a corner of the living-room and waited for the return of M. de Gorne, who came after the snow?"

"Just so. As soon as Mathias came in, the man went for him. There was a fight. Mathias made his escape through the kitchen. The man ran after him to the well and fired three revolver-shots.

"And where's the body?"

"Down the well."

RENINE protested. "Oh, I say! Aren't you taking a lot for granted?"

"Why, sir, the snow there is to tell the story, and the snow plainly says that after the struggle

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"I'm keeping the revolver in case I need it. You never can tell!"

MY OTTAWA MEMORIES, 1866—

By GEORGE C. HOLLAND

Mr Holland was Senate reporter for almost half a century, starting with Confederation, and witnessed personally all the events described but one. This is the first of two articles

WHEN Ottawa was selected to be the capital of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in unsuccessful competition for the coveted honor described it as a lumbering village in the backwoods and the description was sufficiently accurate to arouse resentment among the people at the new seat of Government. The population was small and most of it was distributed along the highway which extended in an irregular curve from the Rideau River in the East to the suspension bridge over Ottawa in the West. On the long highway there was a street railway, the service being furnished by horse-drawn cars on rails in summer and by cars on runners in winter. The only protection against freezing in the latter was a layer of straw on the floor of the enclosed conveyances. At all times, especially in winter the company's vehicles were in an unsanitary condition and the service was slow and unreliable.

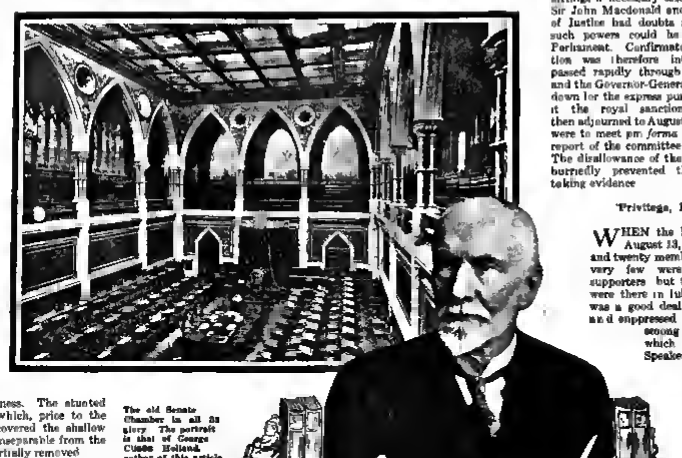
Hotel accommodation was limited and of inferior character even for that day. Access to the town from every direction for a great part of the year was confined to the old Bytown and Prescott Railway now the St. Lawrence and Ottawa branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which furnished a daily service to connect with the Grand Trunk trains at Prescott. The only available fuel was firewood and, unless the stoking was in the hands of an expert, the journey of fifty-two miles from Ottawa to Prescott was slow, occupying some hours at best. Connections with trains were therefore a matter of chance in winter they were usual exceptions.

The public buildings stood in isolated majesty on Parliament Hill forming three sides of a square, the south side of which was framed with a cedar log fence. The square itself was striking only for its ugliness. The stunted cedar shrubs and sickly wild grass which, prior to the erection of the buildings, partially covered the shallow soil had disappeared and the débris inseparable from the work of construction had been only partially removed.

Such were the conditions at the capital when the Parliament of Old Canada opened its first and last session in the new Parliament building on June 8 1866. Prominent in the Legislative Assembly were John A. Macdonald, George Brown, d'Arcy McGee, Cartier, Langevin, Sandfield Macdonald, Dorion, Holton, McKellar, William Macdougall, Alexander Mackenzie, Howland and Dunkin (the pioneer in temperance legislation in Canada), all of whom have passed into history. It was a time of great popular excitement, owing to the Fenian Raids, and the first legislation of the session was an act to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, which was introduced, passed through all its stages and assented to all on the same day.

In the debate on the address many complimentary references were made to the magnificent structures in which the public offices and Parliament were housed. There were some criticisms, however, which were amply justified by subsequent experience. Mr. Mackenzie, in particular, said the buildings afforded the greatest illustration ever known of "magnificence without convenience." He found fault generally with the arrangement of the interior details, especially the ventilation which, subsequently when he became premier of the Dominion, he improved. He complained also of the cost of heating the buildings. It took no less than seventy cords of wood per day, he said, to heat the extern departmental block.

The last session of the Parliament of old Canada was also the last appearance of George Brown in the elective branch of the legislature. The union of the provinces having been accomplished, he resigned from the cabinet and took his place on the opposition side of the House. There was not room for him and Premier Macdonald in the same administration.



The old Senate Chamber in all its glory. The portrait in the chair of George Cartier. Holland, author of this article.

The First Press Gallery

DURING the season of 1866 the Fenian raids overshadowed all other questions and there was little evidence of party warfare on the surface in the House of Assembly. No doubt this was due also to some extent to the coming internal change brought about by the union of the provinces necessitating a re-alignment of parties. The following session was the first meeting of the Dominion Parliament. It brought to Ottawa some strong men from the Maritime Provinces among whom Tupper and Howe, from Nova Scotia, and Tilley and Mitchell from New Brunswick were most prominent.

In the press gallery the Toronto *Globe* was represented by Edwards and Coldwell, with Hinburtus as resident correspondent; the Toronto *Leader* by Gregg; the Hamilton *Spectator* by Thomas White who later represented the Montreal *Gazette* until he was elected to the Commons and became Minister of the Interior in the Macdonald Cabinet; the Montreal *Herald* by Feeny, later appointed to the Senate, *Le Minerve* by Tasse, afterwards Senator Tasse; and other papers by Dansereau, Sam Watson, Isaac Watson, Sam Hutcheson and Livingstone. Anglin a New Brunswick member who subsequently became Speaker of the Commons, sent very full summaries of the debates daily to his own paper, the St. John *Freeman* and Ellis also a member who was later appointed to the Senate represented his own paper, the St. John *Globe*.

The session of 1873 opened auspiciously for the Government. They had a comfortable majority in the Commons and controlled the Senate. It had not advanced far, however, before ominous rumors of a big scandal circulated in the corridors and the press gallery. On April 2 Lucius Seth Huntington, an Eastern Townships member of the Opposition, rose to a question of privilege.

He was one of the most striking figures in the House—tall, with a well-proportioned body and the head and features of a Greek god. He had a ready command of language and his voice was spoken music. He lacked but one quality to be an orator—ideas and ability to express them in a concise form. His voice and his presence lulled the critical faculties of his hearers—it was only when they saw his speeches in print that they could realize how little argument or information his melodious voice conveyed.

He charged the Government with having entered into an agreement with Sir Hugh Allan and certain United States capitalists whereby the latter agreed to furnish all the funds necessary for the construction of the Pacific Railway, that Sir Hugh and his friends should advance a large sum of money for the purpose of aiding the election of ministers and their supporters and that Sir Hugh should receive a contract for the construction of the railway that, accordingly, large sums were so advanced and were paid to Sir Hugh by the United States capitalists as part of the expenses of obtaining the act of incorporation under their agreement with him. He wound up by moving for a committee of investigation. The Government made no reply. A vote was taken immediately and the motion was defeated by a majority of thirty-one. Throughout the country immense interest was aroused.

Then the Government at once gave notice of a motion for the appointment of a committee to investigate the charges. Its members to be selected by the House. It was to be armed with the powers of a Royal Commission in order to take evidence under oath and continue its sittings if necessary after prorogation. Sir John Macdonald and the Minister of Justice had doubts as to whether such powers could be conferred by Parliament. Confirmatory legislation was therefore introduced and passed rapidly through both Houses and the Governor-General was brought down for the express purpose of giving it the royal sanction. Parliament then adjourned to August 13 when they were to meet *pro forma* to receive the report of the committee and prorogue. The disallowance of the Act passed so hurriedly prevented the committee taking evidence.

"Privilege, Privilege!"

WHEN the House met on August 13, of one hundred and twenty members present very few were Government supporters but the Opposition were there in full force. There was a good deal of whispering and suppressed excitement among the members, which ceased as the Speaker entered at the usual hour of opening and took the chair. Mr. Macdonald rose promptly to speak on a question of privilege. In the grave position of the country, he said, and the extraordinary circumstances under which Parliament was called together, he felt it incumbent upon him to move a motion.

At this point he was called to order by the Speaker.

"I claim this as a question of privilege," said Mr. Mackenzie and his supporters cheered and cried, "Privilege, privilege!"

When a lull in the commotion permitted, the Speaker explained that the doors were still closed and he thereupon ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to throw them open. Never in the history of the country and there been such a rush for seats in the gallery. Men and women, their faces flushed with the heat and dripping with perspiration, elbowed each other as they crowded through the narrow entrances and rushed for front seats.

Below, the scene was even more exciting. Before the Sergeant-at-Arms could usurp his seat Mr. Mackenzie was again on his feet, but his remarks were drowned by the babel of voices. He proceeded to read a resolution calling for an immediate and full parliamentary inquiry into the charges against the Government, declaring that failure to do so would be a flagrant violation of the privileges of the House. He contended that it would be highly reprehensible if anyone should presume to advise His Excellency to prorogue Parliament before it was given an opportunity for action, since it would render abortive all the steps that had been taken and inflict unprecedented indignity on Parliament and produce great dissatisfaction in the country. The resolution was greeted with thunders of applause, which were repeated when Mr. Holton rose to second the motion.

Mr. Mackenzie began to speak, but had not uttered more than a dozen words when three loud knocks on the door interrupted him. The Speaker called him to order and announced that there was a messenger at the door. This was greeted with loud cries from the Opposition of "Privilege, privilege!"

Mr. Mackenzie, his face blazing with indignation, shouted, "No messenger shall stop me in my duty. I stand here representing a county in this province."

At this point the Speaker called him to order, amid a tumult from the Opposition and cries of, "Privilege, privilege!"

When the tumult had subsided sufficiently Mr. Mackenzie who was still standing said, "I propose to call the attention of the House to circumstances that affect the independence of Parliament."

The Speaker again called him to order and announced that he had a message from his Excellency informing him that he was ready to prorogue Parliament.

At this announcement there was an uproar. Amid cheers, hisses and disturbances the Sergeant-at-Arms took the mace from the table, proceeded towards the door and met the Usher of the Black Rod who advanced with the usual elaborate bows and delivered his message. What he said was inaudible, being completely drowned by the noises from the Opposition benches. Above the din could be heard the stentorian voice of Mr. Mackenzie announcing that he had been informed on the most conclusive authority that His Excellency had been advised to prorogue the House.

Lord Dufferin's Tactics

THE Sergeant-at-Arms shouldered the mace and proceeded toward the door. the Speaker donned his cocked hat and followed him, the Ministers and most of their supporters rose in a body and the whole party with much dignity marched from the Chamber followed by a storm of hisses, hooting and howls from the Opposition while the dense crowds in the galleries cheered until the building trembled, apparently in sympathy with the stand taken by the Opposition. The storm soon spent itself but the excitement continued. A caucus of the Opposition leaders was at once held. Some urged the appointment of a President of the Chamber. Mr. Blake and others, cooler and more tactful, warned the crowd to do nothing that would prejudice their cause in the eyes of the public. In the Senate also excitement was at a high pitch but nothing unseemly occurred.

A caucus of the Opposition members of both Houses was held the following morning in the Railway Committee room and a vigorous remonstrance was drawn up protesting against the prorogation of Parliament until provision could be made for a full investigation under its own control of the charges against the Government. The memorial was signed by about ninety members including the Manitobans and the recently arrived Prince Edward Island representatives, and a deputation of four, headed by Mr. Cartwright (afterwards Sir Richard) was appointed to present it to the Governor-General.

At that time I was editor of the Ottawa *Citizen* and was busy preparing for the afternoon edition when a messenger from Lord Dufferin called and asked me to see him without delay. I went to the Governor-General's office in the Eastern Block and he requested me to take down in shorthand and publish his answer to the memorial which had been presented in the morning by the deputation from the Opposition. In his reply he expressed regret at the unfortunate delays in proceeding with the investigation the more so as they had given rise to an impression that they had been unnecessarily interposed by the action of the Executive, but the delays had resulted wholly from the operation of law and were beyond the control of anyone concerned. While a searching investigation was necessary he was not prepared to drive home his presence



HON. LUCIUS SETH HUNTINGTON
He made the charges against the Macdonald government and Sir Hugh Allan, in 1873

men in whom Parliament and repeatedly expressed its confidence. He had decided to act on the advice of his ministers and appoint three gentlemen of such legal standing, character and authority as would command the confidence of the public competent to take evidence under oath. After the investigation, Parliament would be called for an autumnal session to take supreme and official cognizance of the case pending between his ministers and their accusers.

The prompt publication of this reply had the effect of immediately calming the popular excitement.

The three members of the Royal Commission, Judges Gowan, Day and Polette began their investigation on September 4 and examined several witnesses, but Mr. Huntington and those associated with him refused to appear.

The commission having completed its inquiry, Parliament was called in extra session on October 23. The address in reply to the speech from the throne was taken up the following Monday. On the second paragraph relating to the report of the Royal Commission Mr. Mackenzie submitted a want of confidence amendment.

The galleries were thronged to capacity from day to day as the debate proceeded and great excitement prevailed everywhere. It became evident that the government was weakening as their supporters one after another deserted them. The final blow was the defection of the six Prince Edward Island members who had been elected as supporters of the Government. When the House met on November 6 excited crowds were pouring into the galleries as Sir John Macdonald rose and announced the resignation of the Government. The announcement was received by the Opposition in silence which lasted for some minutes. Then some feminine whispers broke the spell and there was a storm of cheers from the Opposition in which the theongs in the galleries joined. The noise and excitement did not abate for hours as the floor of the Chamber where the members were massed. Mingled with them were large numbers of the spectators who had descended from the galleries. There was no regard for order, all, members and outsiders alike, shouted and gesticulated and crowds wondered when they pleased, the doorkeepers and messengers being powerless to prevent them. Very many remained in the galleries watching the extraordinary scenes on the floor below them.

When the noise had subsided somewhat a voice called, "Change seats." Immediately there was a rush for desirable places, Opposition members carrying their stationery and papers in their arms to desks they had selected on the ministerial side. Before dark the disorders subsided and the crowd dispersed.



HON. SIR DAVID LEWIS MACPHERSON
One time Speaker of the Senate. Senator Alexander suggested that "the handsome legs might be cut in a separate frame."

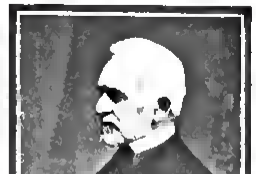
When Sir John Wanted to Resign

THE formation of the Mackenzie Administration and the winter general election are matters of history. The defeat of the Conservative party was overwhelming, a mere handful of stalwarts being left. For once Sir John Macdonald seemed to lose his usual sunny manner, and it was rumored that he was drinking heavily. After the change of government and before the election he and frequently dropped into my office, but his visits ceased for some time after the election. One day shortly before the meeting of the new parliament he called and asked me to announce that he and resigned the leadership of the Conservative party. I looked at him in astonishment and said, "You surely are not in earnest." He replied that he was, that it was the best policy in the interest of the party. I expressed my doubt on that point and added, "If you insist upon it I shall publish the announcement but beside it will appear one of our own—that the *Citizen* no longer supports the Conservative Party."

After some further conversation, as he rose to leave, I ventured the suggestion that as Parliament was soon to meet it might be better to postpone his announcement until he could submit the matter to a caucus of the Conservative members of the two Houses. To this he assented. What occurred at the party caucus is known to everyone; his offer to resign was rejected and his leadership was confirmed unanimously.

The sittings of the Senate are usually marked with all the decorum of an exalted court of justice plus a dignity and stateliness all its own. In the eighties, however, it was subjected to many shocks and thrills through the eccentricity of one of its members, Senator Alexander, who was known in the House as the Honourable Gentleman from Woodstock. It was his custom when he wished to create a sensation to notify the press gallery in advance and the Senate could always foresee fireworks when the newspapermen, who usually shunned the Senate as if it were a pest house, appeared in force below the Bar. They were an irreverent breed and delighted in poking fun at the "first body of gentlemen legislators in the land," and otherwise giving them unenviable publicity.

Through the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, Senator Alexander had lost a considerable fortune, a disaster which he contended, was due to the criminal mismanagement of the directors, among whom were three who happened to be his fellow members in the Senate. They were Sir Alexander Campbell, Leader of the House, Sir David Macpherson and Hon. Mr. Allen. As the portraits in the corridors show, each of the latter two had occupied the position of Speaker in the Upper House.



SENATOR ALEXANDER
Frequent provider of fire-works in the Senate.

Called To Order 26 Times

FROM long brooding over his wrongs, real or imaginary, Senator Alexander had become a monomaniac on the subject and he thirsted for revenge on the three senators

Continued on page 63

FOLLY

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY H WESTON TAYLOR

THERE was a curious link between old Dan Durkee and Ernie Budder. Dan was a sullen, dissipated, mulishous old man, and he was quite generally distrusted and disliked. The tie between him and Ernie consisted in the fact that Ernie thought well of Dan, admired him, consulted him when in difficulty, and respected his advice and his opinions. This form of adulation was sweet in old Dan's mouth; he liked it. Ernie was ten years or so younger than Dan; he seemed still a boy. Dan despised him, but at the same time he found pleasure in having Ernie as an audience. They were not pardners, for old Dan preferred to walk alone. Nevertheless they were often together.

Ernie's cabin was on the spur above the Big Drop, and it lay in old Dan's way when he went from his cabin down to the camp. One afternoon, climbing the steep path Dan saw the door was open and hailed, but Ernie did not answer. Dan snorted under his breath, and went over and looked in. His eye surveyed the interior at a glance, the stove set against the rear wall, the stovepipe going uncertainly up through a hole in the roof, the box full of boughs that served Ernie as bed; Ernie's housekeeping appurtenances littering the corner behind the stove; and Ernie's pickaxe and spade and pan leaning against the wall near the door. But Ernie was not there.

There was something provocative about an empty house. Any structure that man has built and in which he has dwelt is haunted thereafter by something of the man himself. To pass from room to room, your footsteps echoing upon the bare floor, is like straying the naked souls of those who have lived here. It stimulates the imagination; it is interesting; it is also a little disturbing. Most people under these circumstances either go stealthily, as though afraid of being overheard, or they raise their voices, talk more loudly than is usual with them, tramp about with heavy feet as though to advertise the innocence of their intrusion. This habitation of Ernie's was mean enough; yet Dan was tempted to go in and did go in, and once inside he kept near the walls so that no one might see him through the open door. He had been here many times when Ernie was at home; never when Ernie was not here. The man locked his pan nervously, as he stood beside the door and looked about him.



He felt backward and began to slide down the rock, clutching at the moss and bits of grass upon it, calling out to old Dan.

IT HAD never occurred to him that Ernie had secrets. No one could have credited Ernie with a secret. He was an open-mouthed man, eager to talk and to tell all that concerned him. So Old Dan was not expecting to discover anything of the slightest interest when he began, slowly and cautiously, to search the little cabin.

He took down Ernie's rifle from its pegs and saw the rust upon the lock and put it scornfully back again. He dragged Ernie's blankets off the heap of boughs and rummaged underneath to see if anything was hidden there. He looked in the cellee pot upon the stove and found a quarter full of cold grounds. He saw a loose slab in the floor and lifted it to see if there was anything beneath. He swept a pack of dirty playing cards from a rude shelf against the wall and looked them through and put them back again. He wandered into the corner where the cooking utensils were heaped, stirred them with his foot. Upon shelves above them Ernie's provisions were stored. Old Dan opened a can here and there at random. Salt, pepper, oatmeal in a paper-board box. Sugar in a canister. Behind the sugar canister there was a baking powder tin.

When Dan opened this baking powder tin, he found its bottom well covered with coarse gold. There was a nugget as large as the end of his little finger; others that were smaller; a few large grains, and a certain amount of dust.

There was nothing outwardly remarkable in this find. The camp was a mining camp; Ernie's claim was supposed to be a gold claim as was old Dan's. Ever since Discovery had petered out there had been little gold found, and none at all on Ernie Budder's claim. Dan was sure. Yet here was gold.

He stared into the open can with eyes that had become ugly, and he reached in with his finger and poked the loose dust about, and shook it a little. Dan had been panning the golden rhymers for thirty years; he had scraped and washed a bare living out of the unkindly earth, and that was all. Other men about him had lucky strokes; they found a pocket, or they found a vein; they rolled in a little time in wealth, surging themselves upon the rude pleasures which gold would buy. No such delirious hours of luxury had ever come Dan's way, and he wanted them. Had wanted them all his life; had dreamed of them. Now they were come to—Ernie Budder, whom he despised. The old man hiked his lips, and under his breath he swore.

He was angry, and he was puzzled. Ernie had always seemed so loose of tongue that Dan could not understand how the little man had kept this to himself. He found difficulty in believing his own eyes. For Ernie's claim was not apparently a promising one. The camp had laughed at him for wasting his time here. The camp would be as incredulous as old Dan was if Ernie announced that he had come upon a pocket. Would be incredulous. Would not believe.

FROM this thought it was only a step for Dan to decide to steal the gold. No one would know he had been in the cabin, no one would believe Ernie's tale. The value of the little hoard was not great yet it was enough for old Dan to covet. With the can in his hand, he went toward the open doorway to peer out and make sure his way was clear. But when he did so he saw Ernie coming down the path that led to Dan's own cabin.

Even then Dan hesitated for a moment, half minded to pocket the little treasure and brazen it out; but discretion or cowardice overcame him; he replaced the can behind the sugar canister, and went back to the door in time to hail Ernie as he approached the cabin. His project was not abandoned—it was only postponed.

Ernie Budder was a small, weak-mouthed little man with a great admiration for old Dan, and with a great love for strong drink as his ruling passion. When he saw Dan in the doorway, he shouted, and began to run toward him, his knees working. "Been looking for you," he cried as he came nearer. "Went up to tell you about it. Missed you some ways. I've struck it, Dan."

Old Dan forgot to act as though he were surprised, he grinned a little, had Ernie brushed past him and ran to fetch the little tin can and display his gold beneath the older man's eyes. The little man was tremulous with excitement; wild for a word of appreciation from Dan, like a dog that wishes to be told it has done well. Dan took the can from him and looked into it again, and grunted in a way that took half the joy out of Ernie's eyes.

He asked a question or two, had Ernie told him how, the afternoon before, he had washed out the first of this dust by the spring below the cabin. "Been at it all day to-day, Dan," he cried. "It's rich Dan. Rich as Hell!"

From the grass roots down."

"Where 'bouts?" Dan asked, and Ernie showed him the raw earth. "You recorded?" the older man inquired; and Ernie shook his head.

"Never bothered till now," he replied. "Figured I'd go to town right away."

"Don't fret yourself none," Old Dan advised. "Looks to me you got about all there is, already. Naught but a little squirt of it, in a place like that. Couldn't be."

ERNIE had a great respect for the older man's wisdom; his enthusiasm flowed out of him. He had, Dan saw, been drinking; and he was on the edge of that condition where tears flow easily. Dan clapped him on the shoulder; and at his suggestion they went back into the cabin and had a drink together, and another. Ernie succumbed easily. Before he went up the hill Dan suggested that Ernie had better let him keep the gold dust, for safety's sake; and Ernie maudlinly declared Dan was his mentor, guide and friend. Dan went up the hill with the can in his pocket. While he prepared and ate his supper, he looked into it now and then at the gold it contained, and each time his sullen anger and his greed increased. He sat down at last, with the baking powder can in his hands, and the man's thoughts began to pass across his countenance like shadows on a hillside when the clouds are scudding overhead.

OLD DAN had never done anything sufficiently evil to bring upon himself the reprobation of the communities in which his life had passed. He was out quarrelsome, carried no gun, and on the whole tended his own business and harmed no man. He had a certain reputation for being unlucky, some more than once a matter of rods had separated him from riches. He had no friends, nor had he any active enemies. A solitary figure whom other men did not often trouble, and who seldom troubled other men. He had his share of evil instincts, and there had been times when he had wished to harm but always he had lacked the resolution necessary to the act. He had been envious; he had been covetous; but he had also been weak.

He had never coveted anything as he now coveted this good fortune that had come to Ernie Budder. It was always he told himself, the undeserving to whom luck was kind. Ernie was not made of the stuff that earns success; a weak and spineless creature, driveling in his drink. Dan had always despised Ernie; now he began to hate him.

There is in every man and covetousness is a slow fire that will stew it out of him till he smothers in the grease of his own ugly desires. This covetousness is a source from which spring the blackest crimes. The covetous man may lie, may steal, may murder. Covetousness is worse than envy because envy to some extent implies passivity. You envy a man, and eat out your heart; you covet his goods, and if the opportunity offers commit any crime to attain the coveted object. Covetousness is ambition gone wrong. A man rightly ambitious wishes to earn the things to which he aspires; a covetous man wishes to take them. It is a blind passion and it is also a blinding passion since the covetous man is so absorbed that he bee no eyes to see the legitimate opportunity that may be presented him. For this reason, covetousness is also the supremest folly.

When you covet a man's goods, the man becomes an obstacle. Ernie Budder, whom he had always despised, was become in the thoughts of old Dan Durkee an obstacle whom he hated. And already he was groping for some means by which that obstacle might be removed. He knew Ernie's claim was not recorded. It would be a simple matter to overbear the little man, drive him aside, jump the claim. But Dan had no notion of doing this. It required vigorous action and Dan was not a man of action. Furthermore, though he would never have admitted this, he had some fear of what Ernie Budder might do if thus prodded to a desperate pitch. Yet in the stewing rencur of his thoughts, he told himself that he was willing to do anything.

After a while, he descended the hill to Ernie's cabin. There was no plan in his mind; but the place drew him. He had whiskey, and put the bottle in his pocket before he set out. Ernie he found drunkenly snoring upon his bed, old Dan shook him, and made him drink again.

There began from that hour, a period during which Dan spent most of his time about Ernie's cabin. He neglected his own claim; did no more work on it at all; seldom went up the hill except to sleep. There was a fascination about Ernie's patch of ground which drew him inexorably. He discouraged Ernie from washing out any more gold; for he did not wish the little man to perceive the extent of his own good fortune. They spent hours doing nothing at all a bottle between them, the cards in their hands. Old Dan was no bold gambler. He won from Ernie in little driblets, by obvious trickery which the drink-harnessed eyes of the other man did not perceive, and he might have won much as well as little, but lacked the boldness which is necessary to conceive such a project. The days dragged on, and evil stewed in Dan Durkee.

ERNIE'S cabin, on the spur above the Big Drop, was a spot of great natural beauty. It overlooked a wide expanse of rugged landscape, from the hills beyond the dirty gorge below the Big Drop itself. This declivity began in a steep slope a little way below the cabin, and this slope broke abruptly into a precipitous and rocky wall. The bottom of the gorge was far below. The little springfed trickle of water which Ernie used in washing his dirt formed a small pool just below the cabin, and the outlet of this pool dipped abruptly over the rim toward the Big Drop, and so descended into the gorge.

Ernie used to bring his drinking water from this pool. Its deepest point was at the lower end, and the rim there was narrow. Sometimes, when the little man went down to fetch water, old Dan by the cabin above would think how easily Ernie's foot might slip. It would take very little to send him tumbling down the slope and out into space, over the Big Drop itself. Below the pool, there was bare rock, little to afford a grip. If Ernie once started sliding and tumbling there, he would hardly be able to catch himself in time.

Watching Ernie fetch water, old Dan sometimes wished he would slip and stumble; wished it with an intensity that was appalling. Sometimes his thoughts went further. Though he was utterly incapable of the act that would have removed the little man, he played with the thought of standing by the pool of giving Ernie the slight thrust that would be necessary, but the very thought frightened him. Ernie wildly sluteking, might grip his arm and drag him down at the same time. Someone might happen by at the instant of execution might see the thing he did. No old Dan would never kill Ernie, but he could wish him dead, and did.

He thought if Ernie were drunk it would make his feet uncertain, and with this in mind, he stayed much about

Continued on page 43

AN ISLAND THAT TRAVELLED

By SYDNEY BELL-CLIFFORD

OLD JOE the French-Canadian trapper warned us that night looking at the clear full moon, "M'sieur see the full moon? The storm she'll blow tonight on us lazy; she blow and she blow some more, and strange things sometimes happen under the full moon M'sieur."

Good-naturedly agreeing with the old fellow I never dreamed what queer things it would be my lot to observe that night. Things that made me doubt my own senses at the time, and made me think the good old lake was playing prohibition hooch tricks.

While we were talking and smoking around Old Joe's camp fire suddenly a fierce gale sprang up out of the clear, cloudless sky, and within a few minutes the full moon shone down on a lake of whipped-up angry whitecaps that came smashing and spraying high up against the rocky shore. After an hour the storm ceased as suddenly as it had sprung up and we started home, enjoying the trip over the ripples dancing in the silvery moonlight.

Heading the launch toward our rear dock I suddenly noticed an uncanny huge shadow on the bright waters ahead. What on earth could it be? It looked like a dense shadow but of what? Suddenly we all stood up in the boat. Solid land—half a mile of it where clear bright water should have been a hundred feet deep! Acres and acres of land and bushes and small trees swaying on it in the breeze.

What was it? And how did it get there? We felt like lost souls, put-putting up and down there in that motor boat at midnight trying by the pale moon-light to locate the familiar dock where we had been in the habit of landing for ten years.

Shortly afterwards we turned in for a sleep, effecting a safer landing on the other side of the island.

HAD that thing moved away during the night, I certainly would have been convinced in the morning that the full moon had cast a spell over us. However, up at dawn for a look there it was. After breakfast, out came the canoes and row boat, and we looked the new land over most thoroughly, and paddled all round it for inspection. At least twenty acres of it thickly grown over with wire grass, bulrushes, willows and other bushes and small trees, and inhabited by a multitude of muskrats, ducks, herons, and other small animals and birds.

Diving down at the sad of it we found it to be four feet thick soil mixed with tangled roots—and floating.

Knowing that my reciting of the experience among my friends later on would draw nothing but indulgent smiles and maybe a question as to "what I obtained the stuff," I realized the importance of recording the occurrence in a most convincing manner. So out came the camera, and having a few days before taken snap-shot number one, showing the dock with a half mile stretch of clear water behind it, I now took snap-shot number two in which you will observe the identical view at the dock but where the water was, now you see—it.

Thus remembering a spot from which the first day before, I had taken snap-shot number three. I now took snap-shot number four from exactly the same spot and at practically the same angle. The contour of the islands in the distance, and the outlines of the trees on them, prove that it is the identical view, only—a clear stretch of water in number three and in number four, —it.

Well, having during our ten summers on that lake never met islands that could travel, all being of solid rock foundation, we began to figure how this could have got there. We got into a canoe and started to investigate. In twenty minutes we were in a bay in the direction whence that storm had come. There had been a bay that we remembered as impenetrable with a jungle of tangled bushes and bulrushes. It was now a clear stretch of water. Examination showed that the massive roots on the hill half mile stretch had given way four feet down, and tore loose from the rocks and mud at the bottom. In consequence the whole stretch of marshy jungle land had sailed away.

It lay at our island for ten days. Then one morning something awakened me unaccountably at six o'clock. It rained. Something told me to look and see whether the boats were all O.K. So, a slicker over the pyjamas and down we went, the boy had I to the near dock first. We had barely got there when a sudden heavy storm broke loose, blowing straight towards us. We both knew instantly that if that colossal mass of floating land ever got up momentum it was good-by dock and a mess of kindling wood for a launch. So we bent down to untie the mooring ropes preparatory to rocking the boat high up on shore. The knots untied, we looked up and there was the floating mass fifty feet away, instead of six feet, and receding rapidly away from us straight into the wind to our intense surprise.

We soon saw the reason. The storm had caught the longer end of it which was not staying against our Island and the leverage made our end go out while turning the long end around to the corner of the Island.

We later observed the Island in travel as much as twenty miles in a single day and a few days later come nearly straight back again. It finally now lodged in a narrow up the Inlet.

These pictures have completely mystified all the professional photographers to whom they have been submitted without an explanation.



The photos of the travelling island mentioned in the article.

OVINGTON'S BANK

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

DECORATIONS BY DON HOWCHIN

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SQUIRE raised himself on his elbow and secreted the bag where he could assure himself of its presence by a touch. Then he sank back with a grunt of relief and his hand went to the keys which also had their home under his pillow. He clung to them, they were his badge of authority of power. While he had them—sightless as he was, he was still master. About his room the oak-panelled chamber spacious but shabby with the uneven floor and the low wide casement, the life of the house still circled.

"Ghad lad!" he muttered. "Good lad! Jim!"

"Yes father." She rose and came towards him.

"Where's Arthur?"

He went out with your message."

"To be sure! I'm forgetting."

But once started on the road to recovery, he did not forget much. From his high four-post bed with the drab hangings in which his father and grandfather had died, he gripped house and lands in a firm grasp. Morning by morning he would have him report of the lambs, of the wheat of the hay-crops—of the ploughing on the eight acres where the Swedish turnips were to go. He would know what corn went to the mill, what mutton to the house.

Only in one or two points was a change apparent. He reverted unconsciously it seemed to an older and ruder form of speech familiar to him when George the Third was young, but which of late he had only used when talking with his tenants. He said: 'Dunno you do this, and 'I want ha' that!' Used ship for sheep, and 'goold' for gold; called Thomas a gallus had rascal, and the like.

And in another and more important point he was changed. For eyes he must now depend on someone, and though he showed that he liked to have Jim about him and bore with her when the other women's fussiness drove him to bad words, it was soon clear that the person he chose was Arthur. Arthur was restored and more than restored to favour. It was 'Where's Arthur?'—a score of times a day; Arthur must come, must go, must be ever at his elbow. He must check such and such an account, see the overseers about such an one, speak to the constable about another, go into Aldersbury about the lease. Even when Arthur was absent the Squire's thoughts ran on him, and often he would mutter "Ghad lad! Ghad lad!" when he thought himself alone.

It was a real houleversement, but Josina, supposing that Arthur had saved her father's life at his own risk, and had then added to his merit by recovering the lost money, found it natural enough. For the full details of the robbery had never been told to her. Better leave it alone, Jos.' Arthur had said when some days later she had shown a desire to know more. 'It was a horrid business and you won't want to dream of it. Another minute and that d—d villain would have—but there, I'd advise you to leave it alone."

SO JOSINA knew no particulars except that Arthur had saved his uncle's life, had Clement—she shuddered as she thought of it—had come up in time to be of service. And no one at Garth knew more. But knowing so much it was not surprising to her that Arthur should be restored to favour, and, lately forbidden the house, should now rule it as a master. And clearly Arthur, also, found the position natural, so easily did he fall into it.

Miss Peacock adored him. He put Josina's nose out of joint.

Of the young fellow, whose moodiness had of late perplexed his companions in the bank, had puzzled Betty, not a trace remained. Had they or she seen him as he now was, they might have been tempted to think that a heavy weight had been lifted from him. But he seemed for the time, to have forgotten the bank. He rarely mentioned the Ovingtons.

There was one at Garth, however, who had not forgotten either the bank or the Ovingtons, and proved it presently to Arthur's surprise. "Jos!" said the Squire one afternoon, and when she had replied that she was there "Where is Arthur?" "I think he has just come in, sir." "Prop me up. And send him to me. Do you leave us."

She was it, wondering a little, for she had not been dismissed before. She sent Arthur, who, after his usual fashion, sealed the stairs at three bounds. He found the old man sitting up in the shadow of the curtains, a grotesque figure with his bandaged head. The air of the room was not as much musty as ancient, savouring of womenfolk and lavender-and linen laid by in presses. On each side of the drab tester hung a dim flat portrait, faded and melancholy, in a carved wooden frame unglazed: under each hung a sampler. "You sent for me, sir?"

"Ay. What's that money due?"

The question was so unexpected that for a moment Arthur did not take it in. Then the blood rushed to his face. "My mother's money, sir?"

"What else? What other money is there, that's due? I forgot things but I dunno forget that."

"You don't forget much, sir!" Arthur replied cheerfully. "But there's no hurry about that!"

"When?"

"Well in two months from the twenty-first, sir. But there is not the least hurry."

"This is the seventeenth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll pay and ha' done with it. But I'll ha' to sell stock. East India Stock it is. What are they at, lad?"

"About two hundred and seventy odd, I think, sir. Somewhere about that."

AND how do you sell 'em?' The Squire knew a good deal about buying stock but little about selling it, and he winced as he put the question. But he bore the pang gallantly; for had not the boy earned his right to the money and to his own way? Ay, and earned it by a service as great as one man could perform for another? For the Squire had no more reason than those about him to doubt that he owed his life to his nephew. He had found him hands he had when he recovered his senses, had putting together this and certain words that had fallen from those about him and adding his own hazy impressions of the happenings of that night had of the man on whose shoulder he had leant he had never questioned the fact. 'How do you go about to sell 'em?' he repeated. "I suppose you know?

'Oh, yes sir, it's my business." Arthur replied. "You have to get a transfer—they are issued at the India House. You've only to sign it before two witnesses. It is quite simple, sir."

"Well I can do that. Do you see to it lad."

"You wouldn't wish to do it through Ovington's?"

"No!" the squire rapped out. "Do it yourself."

"You wouldn't mind if I did it through their brokers? I can trust them."

"Do it as you please, as long as you don't bring in—that man, grumpily. "But lose no time, write at once."

"Very well sir. I suppose you have the certificates?"

"Course I have,' annoyed. "Isn't the stock mine?'

"Very glad sir. I'll see to it."

It was not until he found himself standing at a window outside the room, and staring with unseeing eyes over the green vale that he brought his thoughts to a head. And knew that even at this the eleventh hour, he hesitated. The thing that he had so much desired that had presented itself to him in such golden lines that had dazzled his imagination and absorbed his mind, was his now: was within his grasp ready to be garnered, all difficulties past—and yet he hesitated. Ovington was a just man and beyond doubt would release him and cancel the partnership agreement, if he desired to have it cancelled. And he was very near to desiring it at this moment.

FOR HE saw that there were other things to be garnered—Garth, its broad acres, its fine rent-roll the old man's savings: Josina. Secure of the Squire's favour he had but, it seemed to him, to stretch out his hand, and all these things might be his, might certainly be his if he gave up the Bank and his prospects there. That step if he took it would remove his uncle's last objection to him. It would bind him to him by a triple bond.

He hesitated, standing at the window, looking on the green vale and the hillside beyond it. Yes, he might do it. But what if he repented later? And what security had he for those other things? His uncle might live for years long years might live to quarrel with him and discard him. Did not the proverb say that it was ill-wink, waiting for dead men's shoes? And Josina? Doubtless he might win Josina for the wooing, he had no doubt about that. But he was not sure that he wanted Josina.

He decided at last that the question might wait. Until he had written the letter to the brokers, until then at any rate, either course was open to him. He went downstairs. In the wainscoted hall, small and square, with a high narrow window on each side of the door, his mother and Josina were sitting on one of the window seats. The door stood open, the spring air had the sunshine poured in. "I'm telling her that she's not looking well," his mother said, as he joined them.

"She spends too much time in that room" he answered. Then after a moment's thought, rattling the money in his fob "Is Farmer coming to-day?"

"No." It was Josina who answered. The girl spoke listlessly. "I don't think he is."

"He's made a wonderful recovery," his mother observed.

"Yes—if it's a real recovery," doubtfully.

"At any rate the doctor hopes that he may come downstairs in ten days. And then I'm afraid we shall have Josina to nurse."

The girl protested that she was well quite well, but her heavy eyes and the shadows under them belied her words.

"Well I'm off to town," he said. 'I have to do some business for him.'

HE LEFT them and ten minutes later he was on the road to Aldersbury, still undecided still uncertain what course he would pursue. He rode with his eyes fixed on his horse's ears, and only came to himself when he saw the very man he wished to see coming to meet him. It was Mr. Farmer, in the rashgoing-tripped boots, the frilled shirt, and the old black coat—shaped as are our dress coats but buttoned tightly round the waist—which the dust of a dozen summers and every road in the district had whitened.

"Hallo, doctor!" Arthur cried as they met. "Are you going up to the house to-day?'

"No Mr. Bourdillon," Farmer answered reining up. "But I can if necessary. How is he?"

"That is what I want you to tell me. One can't talk freely at the house had I have a reason for wishing to know. How is he, doctor?"

"Do you mean—"

"Has this really shaken him? Will he be the same man again?'

"I see." Farmer rubbed his chin with the loose handle of his riding cane. "Well—I see no reason at present why he should not be. He's now in a hundred you know. Sound heart, good digestion...a little gouty—but tough. Tough! You never know, of course. There may be some harm we haven't detected but I shouldn't say that he had a good few years of life in him yet."

"Ah!"

"Of course, an unusual recovery—from such injuries. And I say nothing about the shock. I'm not hopeful of that."

"Good!" said Arthur. "I'll tell you why I asked. There's a question arisen about a lease for lives—has is one. But you won't talk, of course."

Farmer nodded. He found it quite natural. Leases for lives were still common and doctors were often consulted as to the value of those which survived or which it was proposed to insert. With another word or two they parted and Arthur rode on.



"Jos!" said the squire one afternoon. "Where is Arthur?" "I think he has just come in, sir." "Prop me up. And send him to me."

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR.—It is the year 1823. Ovington, an aggressive banker, is promoting one of the earliest steam railroads. He faces two problems, his son Clement, who dislikes the bank, and Squire Griffin who is antagonistic to the railroad project, and is using every influence to prevent it going over his land. Later Ovington gives Bourdillon, the nephew of the squire, a partnership in the bank. Meanwhile Clement had met the squire's daughter and a mutual interest develops. He endeavors to secure the squire's good wishes without success. The breach between the squire and Ovington widens; and the former withdraws his deposit at the bank. On the way home the squire is robbed, and only saved from death by the timely arrival of Clement, who later recovers the money.

BUT HE no longer doubted. To wait for eight or ten years dependent on the whim of an arbitrary and crotchety old man? No! Only in a moment of imbecility could he have dreamed of resigning for that the golden opportunities that the new world opening before him offered to all who had the courage to seize them. He had been mad to think of it and now he was sane. Garth was worth a mess. He might have served a year or two for it. But seven, or it might be ten? No. Besides, why should he not take the Squire at his word and make the best of both worlds, and availing himself of the favour he had gained, employ the one to exploit the other? He had his foot in at Garth and he was no fool, he could make himself useful. Already he was well aware he had made himself popular.

It was noon when he rode into Aldersbury the town bustling in the first warmth of the year, the dogs lying stretched in the sunshine. Arthur rode up the street alert and smiling, many eyes followed him, followed him with envy. He worked at the bank he had his rooms on the Town Walls, he chatted freely with this townsman and that. He was not proud. But they never forgot who he was. They did not talk to him as they talked even to Ovington. Ovington had risen and was rich, but he was, as they came of common clay. But this young man riding up the street in the sunshine, smiling and nodding this way and that, his hand on his thigh, belonged to another order. He was a Griffin—a Griffin of Garth. He might lose his all, his money might fly from him, but he would still be a Griffin, one of the caste that ruled as well as reigned, that held in its grasp power and patronage.



Something in the stealthiness of his movements and the stiffness of the house whispered a warning to him. And he paused, his arm raised.

He belonged to the county. They looked after him with envy.

CHAPTER XIX

THE week in early June which witnessed Arthur's return to his seat at the bank—that and the following week which saw his mother's five thousand pounds paid over for his share in the concern—saw the tide of prosperity which during two years had been constantly swelling, reach its extreme point.

The commerce had wealth of the country on they rose higher and higher in this flood-time of fortune astonished even the casual observer. Their increase seemed to be without limit, they answered to every call.

Mills and mines potteries and ironworks, changed hands from day to day at ever-rising prices. Men who had on a year invested before, save in the field at their gate, or the house under their eyes, rushed eagerly to take shares in ventures at home had abroad and, in thousands of offices and parlours, coaned their securities, augmented up the swelling total of their gains, had rushed to buy and buy again with a confidence and command of credit which seemed to have no bottom.

To provide that credit the banks widened their operations, increased on the security of stocks ever rising in value their overdrafts and issued batch after batch of fresh notes. The most cautious admitted that accommodation must keep step with trade, and the huge strides which this was making the changed conditions the wider outlook—all seemed to demand a corresponding advance, an advance which promised to be as profitable as it was warranted. To the ordinary eye the sun of prosperity shone in an unclouded sky. Even the experienced, though they scanned the heavens with care saw nothing to dismay them. Only here and there an old fogey whose memory went back to the crisis of '93 or to the famous Black Monday of twenty years earlier uttered a note of warning or some mechanical clerk of the stamp of Rodd, sunk in a rut of routine muttered of Accommodation Bills where his employer saw only legitimate trade. But their croakings, feeble at best, were lost in the joyous babble of an Exchange enriched by commissions, and drank with success.

It was a new era. It was the age of gold. It was the fruit of conditions long maturing. Man's labour, aided by machinery, was henceforth to be so productive that no man need be poor all might be rich. Experts, reviewing the progress which had been made and the changes which had been wrought during the last fifty years, said these things; and the vulgar took them up and eagerly repeated them. The Bank of England acted as if they were true. The rate of discount was low.

AND WHILE all man thus stretched out their hands to catch the golden manna, Aldersbury was not idle. The appetite for gain grown by what it feeds upon old Aldersbury appetite had been whetted by early successes in its own field. The Woollen Mills, sharing in the general prosperity of the last two years, had done well and more than one mill had changed hands at extreme prices. The Valleys were said to be full of money which—a part of it, trickled into the town, improving a trade already brisk. Men had made large profits by outside speculation and had boasted of them. Rapport had multiplied their gains and others had joined in and they too had gained and their gains had fired the greed of their neighbors. Some had followed up their first successes. Others were preparing to extend their businesses, began to build new premises, put in new fangled glass windows and by their action gave an impetus to subordinate trades and spread still farther the sense of well being.

On the top of all this had come the Valleys Railroad Scheme, backed by Ovington's Bank, and offering everyone a chance of speculating on his door-step a scheme which while it appealed to local pride had a specious look of safety, since the railway was to be built under their own

eyes across the fields they knew, and by men whose they saw going in and out every day

There was a great run on it. Some of the county gentry following the old Squire's example, held aloof but others put their hundreds into it not much believing in it but hailing it an amusing gamble. The townsfolk took it more seriously, with the result that a week after allotment the shares were changing hands at a premium of thirty shillings and there was still a busy market in them.

To the majority it seemed a short and easy way to fortune and they wondered that they had been so simple as to know nothing of it before. It was by this way they now saw, that Ovington had risen to wealth, while they poor fools not yet admitted to the secret had gaped and wondered. And what a secret it was. To rise in the morning richer by fifty pounds than they had gone to bed! To retire at night with another fifty as good as in the bank or in the old and now despised stocking! The slow increment of trade seemed small and despicable beside their hourly growing profits made while men slept or dined made as a leading tradesman pithily said, while they wore out their breeches on their chairs! Few troubled themselves about the Bill, or the cutting of the first sod, or considered how long it would be before the railroad was at work! Some still asked themselves whether this untried scheme would ever pay. It was enough for them that the shares were rising ever rising that men were always to be found to buy them at the current price and that they themselves were growing richer day by day



FOR THE Directors and the few said to be in their confidence these were great days. They walked Bridge Drill and the Market Place with their heads high and their toes turned out. They talked in loud voices in the streets. They got together in corners and whispered their brows heavy with the weight of affairs. They were great men. The banker it is true did not like the pitch to which the thing was being carried but it was his business to wear a cheerful face, and even he had no misgivings to speak of though he knew that success was a long way off. And even on him the prosperity of the venture had some effect. Sir Charles and Acherley, too, were not of those who openly exulted, nay it is possible that the latter sold a few shares, or even a good many shares.

But Purslow and Grounds and Wolley? Who shall describe the importance which sat upon their brows, the dignity of their strut, the gravity of their nod, the mock humility of their reticence? Never did they go in or go out without the consequence that the fingers of passers-by pointed at them! Their's to make men's fortunes by a hint—and their bearing betrayed that they knew it. Purslow's apron was discarded no longer did he come out to customers in the street, it hs still rubbed one hand over the other it was in sell content. Grounds was dazzled and wore his Sunday clothes on week-days. Wolley, always a braggart swaggered and talked closed his eyes to his commitments and remembered only his gains. He put his hand out farther and farther, he talked of buying another mill, he even entered into a negotiation to that end. He was convinced that safety lay in daring and that this was the golden moment, if he would free himself from the net of debt that for years had been weaving itself about him.

HE ASSUMED the airs of a rich man, but he was not the worst. The draper if more honest had less brains, and success threw him off his balance. 'A little country house,' he said, speaking among his brothers. "I'm thinking of buying a little country house. Two miles from town. A nice distance." He recalled the fact that the founder of Sir Charles' family had been mayor of Aldersbury in the days of Queen Bess and had bought the estate with money made in the town. Who knows, with humility—"my lad's a good lad—what may come of it?

But a man cannot talk big without paying for the luxury. In the drapers case the effect was that his linemen asked for a rise in his wages, his second hand also. Purslow gave the rise but reminded that their pay was in arrears. "No Jenkins, no" he said "you must wait. Hang it man, do you think I've nothing better to do with my money in these days than pay you 3 lions to the day." Eh! 'Eres a pound on account. Let it run! Let it run! All in good time, man. All in good time. Fancy my credit's good enough"!

And instead of meeting the fair acceptance that he'd given to his cloth-merchant, he took it up with another bill at two months—a thing he had never done before. 'Credit! Credit's the thing in these days," he said winking. 'Cash' Excuse me. Out of date man, with them that knows! Credit's the 'urse!" And so he deceived himself.

Arthur Bourvillian as became him wore his honours more modestly and courted the man with success But even he felt the intoxication of this noon-tide prosperity. At Garth he had doubted and suffered scruples to weigh with him But no sooner had he returned to the bank than the atmosphere of money enveloped him and discern ing that it was now in his power to make the best of two worlds, hitherto inconsistent, he plunged with go-to into the business. As secretary of the company he was a person to be courted, as a partner now recognised in the Bank, he was more. He felt himself capable of all. Joe had not all succeeded with him? And awake to the fact that the times were abnormal though he did not perhaps declare from this the lesson he should have drawn—be thanked his stars that he was there to profit by them and to make the most of them

HE WAS beyond doubt an asset to the Bank His hitherto manners, his good looks, the infection of his laugh made him a favourite with gentle and simple And then he worked. He had energy, he was tireless no task was too hard, or too long for him But he laboured under one disadvantage though he did not know it He had had experience of the rise not of the fall As far back as he had been connected with Ovington, trade had been expanding things had been going well and by nature he was sanguine and leant towards the bold policy He threw his weight on that side and able and self-confident, he made himself felt Even Ovington yielded to the thrust of his opinion, was swayed by him was even at times, perhaps, put a little out of his course

Not that Arthur was quite without his troubles Naturally and inevitably a cloud had fallen on the relations, friendly hitherto, between him and Clement Clement had grown cool to him and the change was unwelcome for it was in Arthur's nature to love popularity and to thrive and bask in the sunshine of it. But it could not be helped He must put up with it he told himself without breaking eggs one could not make omelettes Clement blamed him, he knew, feeling, and with reason that what he had done deserved acknowledgment, and it lay with Arthur to see that justice was done And Arthur, for his part would have gladly acquitted himself of the debt and done him justice had it coincided with his own interests But it did not

Had he suspected the tie between Clement and Joana he might have acted otherwise He might have foreseen the possibility of Clement's gaining the old man's ear might have scented danger and played a more cautious game But he knew nothing of this Garth and Clement stood apart in his mind Clement and Joana were as far as he knew barely acquainted. He was aware therefore of no special reason why Clement should desire to stand well at Garth, while he felt sure that his friend was the last person to thrust himself uninvited on the Squire's gratitude

BETTY was another matter Betty was behaving ill and shewing temper in league apparently with her brother and sympathising with him She was changed from the Betty of old days. He had had his hold upon her, and though this fell in well enough with the change in his own views—or the possible change for he had not quite made up his mind—it pricked his conceit as much as it surprised him Moreover the girl had a sharp tongue and was not above using it as that more than once he smarted under its lash The new importance he enjoyed seemed to exasperate her—and a little, perhaps, her father's apathy in Clement's cause.

"Fine feathers make fine birds' " she said as Arthur came handing into the house one day and all but collided with her Only they should be your own Mr Dawl

"Oh I give your father all the credit," he replied "Only I do some of the work' But you used not to be as critical Betty."

"No" Well I'll tell you why if you like"

"Oh I don't want to know"

"No I don't think you do' But I'll tell you I thought your feathers were your own then Now—I should be uneasy if I were you

"Why?

"You might fall among crows and be plucked. I can tell you, you'd be a sorry sight in your own feathers"

He turned a dusky red The shaft had gone home but he tried to hide the wound. A dull bird eh?" he said affecting to misunderstand her "Well I thought you liked dull birds. I couldn't be duller then Redd and you find an fault with him

It was a return that aimed only to cover his retreat, for the idea of the cashier as a serious rival had not entered his head But the shot told in a way that surprised him Betty reddened to her hair, and her eyes snapped. "At any rate Mr Redd is what he seems!" she cried

"Oh! Oh!"

He's not hollow!" savagely.

"No! Certainly he's not hollow! A most witty, bright, amusing gentleman, the pink of fashion and—what is it—the mould of form! Hollow? Oh no, Betty, very solid, I should say—and stolid!" with a grin "Not a roaring blade perhaps—I could hardly call him that, but a sound, substantial wooden gentlemen! I am sure that your father values him highly as a clerk and would value him still more highly as—"

"What?" Betty's tone was threatening

"I need not put it into words—but it lies with you to qualify him for the post Redd? Well times are changed, Betty! But we live and learn'

"You have a good deal to learn," Betty cried, bristling with anger, "about women!"

HE GOT away then returning in good order and pleased that he had not had the worst of it, hoping too, that he had closed the little spitfire's mouth. But there he found himself mistaken. The young lady was of a high courage—and perhaps had been a little spoiled. Where the once felt contempt she made no bones about showing it and whenever they met her frankness sharpened by a woman's intuition kept him on tenter-hooks. "You seem to think very ill of me," he said once "And yet you trouble yourself a good deal about me"

"You make a mistake!" she replied. "I see not troubling myself about you I'm thinking of my father"

'Ah! Now you are out of my reach That's beyond me"

"I wish he were!"

"He knows his own business."

"I hope he does!" she riposted. And though it was the memory of Redd's warning that supplied the dart, the animosity that sped it had another source. The truth was that Clement had at last taken her into his confidence

For as long as the Squire lay bedridden and ill—and precisely how ill he was it was difficult to learn—Clement could not go to him Even when the report came that he was mending, but would probably lose his sight, Clement hesitated To go to him, basing his claim on what had happened, to go to him and tell the story, as he must tell it, with his own lips—this presented difficulties from which a man with delicate, perhaps over-delicate, feelings might well shrink!

Meanwhile a veil had fallen between him and Joana. He had sworn that he would not see her again until he could claim her, and he supposed her to be engrossed by her father's illness and tied to his bedside. He even with a lover's insight inferred the remorse which she had felt and her recoil from a continuance of their relations. Meantime he did not know what to do He did not see any outlet. He was in an impasse with no prospect of immediate delivery. And while he felt that Arthur had behaved ungenerously and he even suspected that his friend had taken the credit which was his own due, he had an clue to his motives or his schemes

It was Betty who first saw into the dark place. For one day, in a fit of compunction and longing as lovers long for a confidante, he told her all from the first meeting with Joana to his final parting from the girl by the brook, and his brief and unfortunate interview with her father on the road.

The romance charmed Betty, the audacity of it dazzled her for a woman, the perceived more clearly than Clement the gulf between the town and the county, the new and the old

And, shrewdly, in her own mind she put things together. "Arthur is off with the old love," she thought, "and an with the new!" He had changed sides. That explained many things. So with hardly any premises, she jumped to a conclusion as nearly correct that could Arthur have read her mind, he would have wanted even more than he did undea the keen thrusts of her satire

BUT the did not tell Clement. Her suspicions were not founded on reason and they would only alarm him, and he was gloomy enough as it was. Instead she cheered him and bade him be patient. Something might turn up and le no new could much be done until the Squire was well enough to leave his room.

At bottom she was not hopeful She saw arrayed between Clement and his love a host of difficulties apart from Arthur machinations. The pride and prejudice of class, the old man's obstinacy, the young girl's timidity, Joana's wealth — these were obstacles formidable and hard to surmount And Arthur was on the spot ready to raise new barriers, should these be overcome.

CHAPTER XX

THE money for Arthur's share in the bank had been paid over, in the early part of June but the transaction had not gone through with the smoothness which he had anticipated. He found himself up against a thing which he had not taken into his reckoning, the jealousy with which the old and the rich are apt to guard the secret of their wealth, a jealousy in the Squire's case aggravated by his blindness—for to be blind is to be suspicious Arthur felt the check and was forced to own with some alarm that high as he stood in favour, a little thing might upset him.

He had written to the brokers, requesting them to sell sufficient India Stock to bring in a sum of six thousand pounds. They replied that they could not carry out the order unless they had the particulars of the Stock and of the amount standing in the Squire's name at the India House. But when Arthur took the letter to the Squire a room and read it to him, the outcome surprised him The old man sat up in bed and confounded him by the vigour of his answer "Want to know how much I hold!" he cried. "D—n their impudence! Then they'll not know! Want to look at my books and see what I'm worth? What next? What is it to them what I hold? You bid 'em sell two thousand pounds—at two hundred and seventy-five, that's near the mark—and be hanged to them! That's all they've got to do, the impudent puppies! Do you write it you hear, and tell 'em to do it!"

Arthur cursed the old man's unreasonableness, and wondered what he was to do. If there was going to be all this difficulty about the particulars, what about the certificates? How was he to get them? For the Squire as he sat erect, thrusting forward his bandaged head, and clutching the stick which lay beside him, seemed almost threatening. He was in arms in defence of his moneybags and his secrets and his nephew saw that it would take a holder man than himself to cross him

He hesitated "I am afraid, sir," he ventured at last, "there's a difficulty here that I had not foreseen The certificates!"

"They don't want the certificates—yet! Don't they say so? Plain as a pikestaff!"

'Perhaps sir," doubtfully, "If Welshes have got them—"

' Welshes have not got them!"

Arthur did not know what to say to that. At last in a tone as reasonable as he could compass—"I am afraid the difficulty is, sir," he said "that they cannot make out a transfer until they have the particulars which I fancy we can only get from the certificates."

' Then they may go to blazes!" the Squire replied And he lay down with his face to the wall. Not he! There might be officials at the India House who knew this or that, and Welshes who had acted for him in making one purchase or another might know a part. But to no living man had he ever entrusted the secret of his fortune or the result of them long years of stinting and sparing and saving that had cleared the mortgaged estate, and had been continued because habit was strong and age is penurious No to no man living! That was his secret while the breath was in him. Afterwards—but he was not going to give it up yet.



He was silent. At last, "Do you wish me to give you an?" he said cruelly

PRESENTLY he bade Arthur go, and Arthur went, troubled in his mind and much less assured of his position than he had been an hour before He thanked his stars that he had not given way to the temptation to cut loose from the bank which had for a brief hour assailed him It would never have done, he saw that now. And how was he going to extract his money, his six thousand, from this unreasonable old dotard—for so he styled him in his wrath?

However, the riddle solved itself before many hours had passed. The Squire attempted, alone, to get up but collapsed by the bed, and Calamy, hearing the crash, rushed in, and helped him back.

The Squire sighed and turned himself to the wall perhaps to hide the tear that helplessness forced from old eyes He could not be sufficient unto himself any longer It was a sad thought but apparently he made up his mind to it for twenty long hours later, when Joe and Arthur were with him, he sent the girl away. When she had gone he sought under the pillow for his keys and after hand ing them for a time, "Is the door shut? Ay? And no one here but you? Are you sure?"

'We are quite alone, sir"

"No one within hearing lad?'

"Not a soul, sir"

"It's not that I distrust the wench," the Squire muttered. "She's a Griffin and a good girl, a good girl But she's a tongue like other women" By this time he had found what he wanted, and holding the bunch by one of the keys he offered it to Arthur "That's the key Now you listen to me Go down to the dining-room, and don't you do anything till you've looked the door and seen there's no one at the windows. The panel, right side of the fireplace—are you minding me? Ay? Well, pass your hand down the moulding next the hearth and you'll feel a crack across it and an inch below another They're so small you as good as can't see them, when you know they're there Twist that bit top part to the right, and you'll see a key-hole Turn the key and pull, and the panel comes open and you'll see a cupboard door behind it Some key unlocks it. Are you minding me?"

"I am, sir. I quite understand"

"Well on the middle shelf—you'll see a box. The key to that box is the next on the bunch. Open it and you will have the India Stock Certificates." The Squire sighed and for a moment was silent. "There's one for two thousand two hundred which will do it Bring it here You needn't drily go routing among the others once you've found it This bag of money—I've taken out what I want—you put that there too—there's four hundred in it Then lock up all, and ship the moulding into place But be sure, and before you do aught, see that the door is locked"

"I will be careful I quite understand, sir."

"It's not that I distrust Joe,' the Squire repeated—as if he defended himself against an accusation. "But tell a secret to a woman and you tell it to the parish"

"Shall I do it now, sir?"

"Aye I don't know rightly how that money was got back, but you got it, and—"

' Yes I have it sir" This was a subject Arthur did not wish to discuss

' Umph' Well, bring back the keys Don't let 'em out of your hands."

ARTHUR went downstairs. As he descended the shallow steps he smiled Men, even the sharpest of men, were easy to manage if you had patience

Arthur slipped into the dining-room and, locking himself in, looked round the room He glanced at the window to make sure that he was unseen, then he stepped to the hearth and felt for and found the bit of moulding in front of which, though he had forgotten to mention it, the Squire had hung an old almanack Arthur twisted the upper end to the right, uncovered the key hole and within a minute had the inner door open

It masked a cupboard contrived in the thickness of the chimney-breast, perhaps at the time when the open shaft had been closed and a smaller fireplace had been inserted inside, two shelves formed three receptacles In the uppermost were parcels of old letters and papers secured with dusty and faded ribands, and piled at random one on another, the relics of the bye-letters—or law-letters—of past generations In the lowest compartment were bigger bundles secured with straps which Arthur judged to contain leases and the farm agreements, and the like Some were at late date—he took up one or two bundles and looked at the endorsements —none of them appeared to be very old.

The middle shelf displayed a row of old ledgers and farm books, and standing alone before them a small iron box. It was with thus no doubt that his business lay and he tried his key on it It fitted He opened the box

It contained three certificates and, though he had been bidden not to rout among them, he felt it his duty to ascertain—for he would probably have to inform the brokers —what was the total of the Squire's holding They all three represented India Stock and Arthur's eyes glistened as he noted the amount and figured up the value in his mind One, an the Squire had said was for two thousand two hundred the other two were for two thousand five hundred each. Arthur calculated that at the price of the day they were worth little short of twenty thousand pound He withdrew the smaller certificate and locking the box, he laid the bag of money beside it He had done his errand but as he went about to close the cupboard door he paused. He had seen old letters and modern agreements and the like But an old deed! Where did the Squire keep the title deeds of Garth? They were not here At Welshes? Perhaps

ARTHUR glanced at the other side of the fireplace There precisely corresponding with the almanack which he had removed hung an old-fashioned silver sconce with a flat barb serving for a reflector. A pair of snuffers flanked the candle-holder on one side an extinguisher on

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British Labor Ready to Rule

Labor Party Leader Expects Big Things at the Next Election

BY RON ARTHUR HENDERSON, M. P.

AS AN effectively organized political party the next strength and influence of the British Labor party have yet to be ascertained, and, whenever the next general election comes or whatever may be its effects upon the fortunes of the political parties, it will certainly find the Labor party in the forefront of the battle" writes Arthur Henderson in *The Contemporary Review*. The very nature of the attacks upon the party, he continues, show clearly that it already possesses a measure of political power that has excited the envy and fear of other parties.

Mr. Henderson claims that the Labor party will have this time its first real opportunity to prove its strength. In the previous elections "to what it took a prominent place in the struggle, circumstances he says were so contrived by Lloyd George that a genuine constitution of the people's wishes was impossible. This time however things will be different and Labor is challenging over the whole field it polled policy will have to be faced. The party is preparing to hit the Coalition government hard in its vulnerable places, which Mr Henderson declares are many and conspicuous.

Weaknesses in the régime of the Coalition government he instances as its wrongdoing in Ireland,' its reversal of its policy toward Russia, after squandering a hundred millions of the taxpayers' money in supporting the efforts of reactionary adventurers to overthrow the Soviet government, and the abandonment of the methods and aims of the Versailles conference and the Supreme Council.

On the other hand Mr Henderson states, Labor will offer a constructive international policy which differs fundamentally from that of the prime minister. British Labor is wholly opposed to the system of entangling military alliances and diplomatic agreements. Mr. Henderson contends that the pact with France is wholly wrong in principle and cannot fail to produce evil effects "because it marks a return to the old balance of power theory and is thoroughly out of accord now with the objects aimed at by the Washington conference approved by the Government itself. This Labor party's policy is one of international co-operation, with the statement as its goal, and the organs of such co-operation Mr Henderson mentions as the League of Nations. There is no hope of arriving at an international agreement for the reduction of armaments, the nations by any other method in his opinion. He asserts that he is "personally convinced that if the pact with France is ratified by public opinion, we shall find we have taken the first step on the path that leads to another war." The European nations would begin to pother in two armed camps, the mad race of competitive armaments would begin all over again with the mad horror of compulsory military service for Britain.

Labor believes that the establishment of stable international order is unquestionably the most urgent necessity of the moment and in home affairs the party insists that the prevailing unemployment is largely the result of the Government's foreign policy.

On the matter of finance Mr. Henderson voices Labor's views as follows: "The nation must make ends meet. But Labor is unalterably opposed to any reduction in expenditure upon vital national services such as education and public health. We shall put forward in the election our own suggestions for constructive economies, but starving the public services will not be among them.

"The Labor party does not believe in dictatorships" he concludes "It believes in Democracy it trusts the people and it aims at government of the people, for the people, by the people."

How Can I Make a Million?

This Was Startling Query Raw Youth Asked Money Magnates Half Century Ago

ARTHUR BRIGGS FARQUHAR

MOST young men of ambition would be glad to know the recipe for becoming a millionaire if such a recipe really does exist. But few of those would have the courage to interview millionaires utterly strangers to them, and ask how to go about it. Yet that was exactly what Arthur Briggs Farquhar in an article in *McClure's* tells us he did at the very outset of his career. He was twenty years of age when he made that journey to New York and had his name and fortune to make. Mr Farquhar is now widely known as a pamphleteer and political economist of York, Penn., and has long been recognized as a student of and spokesman on banking, political economy and social subjects. He has been a leading figure in public affairs for nearly half a century, and though he is now eighty years of age he claims that he retains the spirit and outlook of a man who is under forty. He writes mental and physical condition that makes age he insists and he believes that by sheer attitude of mind he will remain young as long as he lives.

"How can I make a million dollars?" That was the abrupt question with which he bombarded one big financier after another when he reached New York a raw country lad. He had difficulty in obtaining admittance to the office of some of the captains of industry, but the striking features of it all was that none of the great men refused to talk to him and they everyone of them replied to him in serious and thoughtful vein.

Nearly every one of the millionaires Mr Farquhar interviewed stresses honesty and punctuality as great requisites for the man who aims to make money. They had no shortcuts to suggest, and, curiously enough, they made no references to technical or other proficiency. They were concerned only with fundamentals. "I gathered from them," Mr Farquhar writes "that if one were scrupulously honest industrious and economical than the other business qualities came almost as a matter of course—but without the fundamentals nothing else mattered. In a word they confirmed in me the lines that had been given to me in childhood founded on the text that "God is not mocked"—that is that you cannot trifle with Nature's laws. And, after all, that is about the only recipe for success in business that exists. Having known many of the larger business men of the country during the last fifty years, I do not recall one who achieved any measure of permanent success who did not have these fundamental qualities."

Another discovery which he made and which he says still holds good is that the really great men of the country rarely have extraordinary salaries, but go in for extravagance of dress. George S. Coe, who was then the youngest bank executive in New York and later became president of the American Exchange Bank advised young Farquhar as follows:—

"Take care of your character. Never break a promise and give value for what you get. Avoid speculation." An old man in the bank, who he afterwards learned was Hamilton Fish, put the advice this way: "If you never break a promise, if you always pay the money you owe exactly on the day it is due, nobody will know but what you are worth a billion. And you would be just as good a risk as a man worth a billion, for all that he could do would be to pay on the due date."

James Gordon Bennett millionaire publisher and founder of the New York *Herald*, listened to young Farquhar's question, 'How can I make a million dollars?' and instead of replying immediately told Farquhar he looked hungry. Farquhar admitted he hadn't had breakfast, whereupon Bennett ordered him to go and eat. "Whenever you see anyone he wants to, you ought to be at your best. You cannot be at your best if you are hungry. Go out and get your breakfast and then come back and we shall have a talk."

When Farquhar returned Bennett said, "The really important thing for you to know as a young man in the city is how to bank up a health account. Look at me. I am never sick. I never take a vacation. I see here at the office early in the morning and sometimes late at night. But I always try to be in bed early enough to get a good night's sleep. If you get plenty of sleep and be careful of your diet you will never be sick."

William B. Astor told Farquhar there was no joy in being wealthy. "I do not have any fun" he said "I see too much afraid that people will cheat me and, inspite of everything they do cheat me.'

A. T. Stewart, another millionaire, told him money was made by saving—saving and investing. "You get your profit out of the leaks you stop," he added. The place to invest saved money was in one of two business. Stewart admitted that engaging assistants or men for important places he gave preference to men who had been in business for themselves and failed but he first made certain that their failure had been due entirely to inability to look after their own affairs. The essential that they start in business for themselves shows that they have initiative and ambition, which are valuable qualities," he explained. "The fact that they failed in their own account shows them that they are not competent to conduct their own affairs and that their best interest lies in seeking other and safer employment."

and the new Territorial Force of fourteen fully-organized Divisions and a hundred and fifty batteries of artillery besides creating administrative machinery in the form of County Associations for supplying the latter with reserves and recruits. Here General Hamilton points out was the machinery which had it been used for saving the New Armies, would have simplified the labours and saved many errors. As it had been the work of these County Associations to enthuse lead and drag troops they could have raised and organized eighteen divisions and a quarter duplicates of their original quotas of Territorial troops without too much friction or effort. May not the same remarks apply to the non-utilization of the existing organization of Militia Divisions in Canada in 1914? But one lives and learns—by experience.

Sir Ian is an advocate of voluntary service before everything, but he makes a plea for the peace-time organization, not only of whatever small permanent or non-permanent force the country may have but for the registration of all its manhood as waiting men not necessarily drilled or trained in any way touched by their military obligations but simply pledged and organized on paper to stand by ready to fill up the depots of every class of unit." Here is a prepared worthy of the consideration of our authorities. Every sane able-bodied man is willing to step forward when his country calls for his military assistance should it be in return the best organization, the best training, the best brains and the greatest efficiency. Quality should be considered rather than quantity, for at no time more than at the present are education and science mans the main essentials for the effective utilization of man's armed forces.

Haldane's Great Service

THE discussion on organization, in which the General stripped the tinsel off it before settling down to weigh its real merits and defects in an Army, is excellent reading—as indeed is the whole book. He puts Lord Haldane in the first place as a real organizing War Minister, who "saved England" as he says, "though himself he could not save by his philosophical and organizing instincts."

Prior to Haldane entering the War Office—and he lifts his advice to the first place—the efforts to build up a British Army organization into suitable units of all arms had been practically nil. The South Africa in 1899 then went only one Infantry Brigade organized exactly as it had been during the Crimean War. Personnel and material there were in plenty and from them the higher organizations including their commanders and staffs were extemporized and sent to the "firing line" in the persons of brother Boer. It says much for the adaptability of the nation and its traditional powers of improvisation and strike at-bness that these became coherent whirlwinds which swept all of it the field. But the case was different in 1914. The organization of all the arms and services which go to form what has come to be the unit par excellence (i.e. Division) had been established on lines writ made about the fact that them was in the United Kingdom an Expeditionary Force of six Divisions—numbering 120-000 men prepared to take its place in the field and supported by highly organized and ready to work as a whole under the commanders and staffs with whom it had trained.

All this General Hamilton attributes to Haldane who, as he puts it, "slid it off his own brt, as rise he reorganized that chaotic mass of unassistant material—the county Militia, the Yeomanry and Volunteer forces—into Special Reserve (for the line) and Territorial, and the new Territorial Force of fourteen fully-organized Divisions and a hundred and fifty batteries of artillery besides creating administrative machinery in the form of County Associations for supplying the latter with reserves and recruits. Here General Hamilton points out was the machinery which had it been used for saving the New Armies, would have simplified the labours and saved many errors. As it had been the work of these County Associations to enthuse lead and drag troops they could have raised and organized eighteen divisions and a quarter duplicates of their original quotas of Territorial troops without too much friction or effort. May not the same remarks apply to the non-utilization of the existing organization of Militia Divisions in Canada in 1914? But one lives and learns—by experience.

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Unite All Three Branches, Urges Sir Ian Hamilton

"The Soul and Body of an Army," Reviewed by a Former Fellow-officer of Sir Ian's; by a Man Who Is Known Throughout Canada for His Knowledge of Military History, Strategy and Organization, and for His Advocacy of An Adequate Canadian Defence Force

GENERAL Sir Ian Hamilton in his latest book—"The Soul and Body of an Army"—states that an Army is to a nation what a "life-preserver" is to a citizen. In these modern days, however, the "anti-thug" "life preserver" is almost unknown, and "efficient police force" would have probably more appeal to the general reader—though perhaps the repression is used intentionally in view of this little interest which the average English-speaking citizen takes in his or her country's Army—except during war time.

The present Chief of the Canadian General Staff has on several public occasions referred to himself as Canada's fire insurance agent. The idea conveyed by the words of these two distinguished soldiers is the same, and it is obvious. All post-war tendencies are to cut down armaments and the expenses of a nation's land forces, (the navy question is not considered at all in this article) but just as economy in one's police force may be carried too far, so there is a limit to a nation's armed forces below which it is unwise to go—not only in numbers but in quality. The best of anything is always the most economical and therefore a country for its military expenditure should get in return the best organization, the best training, the best brains and the greatest efficiency. Quality should be considered rather than quantity, for at no time more than at the present are education and science mans the main essentials for the effective utilization of man's armed forces.

What Discipline Means

IN SIR IAN'S discussion of discipline he contrasts what this term stands for in the French, British and German military forces and compares the discipline which enabled men to be won during the nineteenth century with the modern development of discipline and what it means and does in the Service. His long and varied experiences all over the world with troops from each and every portion of the Empire, enables him to give illuminating examples of what the terms British discipline mean, and by so describing as illustrations incidents from the various expeditions in which he took part. Our Iron Egypt is particularly interesting.

"In the autumn of 1884 my company took their part in the advance of the British to struggle hundreds of miles up the Nile and save Charles Gordon, a vague and typically British adventurer—just like a fairy tale. We carried with us food for 110 days' while for the rest we cheer and saw were stowed for repare 200 rounds per rifle were in reserve. Our feelings were nearly as possible those of a party of Boy Scouts dressed up like Red Indians and let loose in the fastness of Canada. Each boat of eight rowers, a coleman and a coxswain was—and had to be—a self-supporting, independent unit. At the best, the company got together about once in ten days when the negotiation of a cataract called for combined effort on the drag ropes or for a portage of stores. If a boat failed to put in an appearance at the rendezvous the captain had to anchor his own boat and, thus lightened, row back down the river to find the late duck and help it along.

"Such was the hearing of glorious adventure and so it was only at the close, incessant toil much of it waist-deep in water, had food, broken nights the lack of any drink but sand and water, the resultant misery, all discipline save health and reverence to fiddle-strings. Never in their whole lives had the men worked as hard. The very thought of the work would soothe a Labor Union strike! Yet, there was no crime, no slacking of effort, no grumbling, no—not even if after spending two days struggling inch by inch painfully up a cataract boats had to be sent flying down again to the rescue of wrecked companions.

"PART of the preserves loaded into each boat were tabloe, delicacies not to be looked at by the ordinary tourist, until we got into the same of the actual fighting. Australian boiled mutton cheese jam and such-like wonderful luxes to a poor man with a sweet tooth cases, also, labelled hospital comforts, and contained—as it was an open secret—two bottles of wine. All these were forbidden fruit although we had to handle them continually, but was later encouraged in confidences by an order emanating from Headquarters to say that when we got to Korti we should get these good things as our regular rations.

Hearing that in some cases isolated boat's crews haboging to another regiment had prematurely sampled their consignments I thought it well to fall the company in along the bank and say a word of warning to them. I pitched it in as strong as I could saying the part wine was meant to save the lives of wounded comrades and it might save their own lives also that if we were so wirsed as to eat the boiled mutton now we could not eat it afterwards, be the best of the conflict, when we should want it much more.

"After I had done, an old soldier named Cameron asked the Colour-Sergeant to bring him up as he had something to say. What he told me was 'Some of us would like your're know, Sir, that though we mean to obey the order we have served too long to believe that that jam or cheese will ever come up for sale.' I believe I did. Nothing I could say would persuade him that the Guards and the cavalry would not get hold of it, but, in fact, not a pot of jam or an ounce of cheese was short when, on arriving at last at Korti we were ordered to hand it over to the cavalry and Guards and were duly filled up again with the weary stuff from Chicago and the weevily biscuit. Once again Tommy Atkins and that old cold shade of the Peninsular war!

"Now what was the force which kept the half-starved men of the Gordons going day for weeks whilst the port wine gurgled at their feet?

"Reason had nothing to do with it, for they did not believe the order, saying they were bringing up the stuff for themselves. Fear may be set aside as a factor. Punishment impossible, and they knew it. An exhausted undared soldier could not be set by his captain to tramp up and down the bank in heavy marching order through the night watches when that same captain wrested to squeeze every ounce of energy out of that same soldier next day starting with the first streak of dawn. At the most an entry might be made on the man's defaulter sheet, and who cares about a blank mark on the paper when a battle is raging along which will square off accounts for ever?

"The ordinary disciplinary apparatus had disappeared. Lieutenant-Colonel — no Adjutant no Sergeant-Major. A single boat was often separated for days and nights from the others and might be in charge of a Corporal. As for duty or punishment there was small scope for these high motives in a punitive expedition so remote in every sense from home and home interests. The imagination of the junior officers and of the men had not as yet been in any sense touched by the idea of Gordon or of his peril. The thought that the British Cabinet had deliberately worked out this stupendous campaign so that every man in it might be killed but not dared present itself in our humble and somewhat trusting minds.

"Yet D Company of the Gordon Highlanders worked feverishly—cheerlessly—incessantly. The worst characters worked hardest and gave least trouble because they had most character but all played up. Had every soldier been gang in his bridal array he could not have been in greater hurry than he now appeared to be to exchange his bullets with the spear-thrusting swarms of exceedingly nasty fanatics. By what pull—by the use of what leverage—did the captain obtain so much for so little?

"By working upon the men's esprit de corps upon their religion—the honour of the Regiment."

ANOTHER extract is perhaps also well worth quoting.

"My second example is chosen as a nice reverse principle from Elandslaagte. At that engagement the Boers were pinned down in their position by a frontal attack which was not pressed home whilst the main attack was thrown by a wide encircling march against their left flank.

From time to time MACLEAN'S will publish reviews "in extenso" of outstanding books.

After taking the frontal attack to its ground the Infantry Commander and his staff ran across and cut into the track of the flank attack. Coming to a wire fence about 300 yards from the fight then raging with extreme violence, he was painfully impressed by the long lines of dead and wounded who lay on either side of this obstacle.

"Close by him the Commanding Officer of the Gordon Highlanders, who had been severely wounded, was struggling to reset his buttons whilst a hospital orderly was endeavoring to keep him back. As the Infantry Commander and his staff paused to take in this sad scene, and just as Captain Ronnie Brooke, his A.D.C. was pointing out that the heavy loss must have been due to the exact range at the wire fence being known to the enemy—suddenly one of these corpses, the kilt of a sergeant started to kick and began to run towards the firing line. Another rose also dashed forward some twenty yards desperately and again threw itself flat upon the ground. The mystery was explained. Two-thirds of these men were shamming dead. In a couple of minutes they were running as fast as their legs would carry them into the flank of their bullets. More were picked up on the way and as the Commander got to close quarters with something like a hundred rifles put at his back but in front of him. Once fairly plunged into the middle these late —who had merely been stunned—paralysed—by their first introduction to the Mauser bullet—fought as well as anybody else. Had our soldiers been Boers, the undisciplined men, nerve of them would have moved—why should they?—red a touch-and-go affair would have ended in 'go.'

So far this article has dealt only with those activities which belong to the Adjutant General's department—Organization Administration and Discipline. To the General Staff Branch of the Staff belongs training which prepared individual soldier, the unit and regimental officer the staff and commander alike to play their several parts with credit to the nation and to themselves, and though the General in command of the Expedition was spent at tactics and training he expresses himself as of opinion that he accomplished more for the well-being of the army through the medium of organization and discipline during the time he was Adjutant General and associated with Lord Haldane. This may be so, but the writer can never forget the tactical inspiration he and others received—and certainly also from this kindly, courteous, and cultivated soldier whose latest book is the cause for these remarks. Nothing is conducive to a proper adjustment of the relative value of organization training and numbers as an historical consideration of past events, and Sir Ian draws freely from his store of classical and historical knowledge in dealing with these aspects in a manner as difficult and entertaining as it is instructive. Indeed so much so that the temptation to quote is irresistible.

LET the reader even though Sir Ian's book should get frill into his hands mark the opinion of one who has travelled all over the Empire in the interests of Imperial Defence and has published the following references to future policy and reconstruction. After comparing the usefulness of large and small committees he applies his conclusions to the Cabinet and suggests that the full economy of ministers would be—in addition to the Prime Minister and Leader of that House to which the former may not belong—their for Finance Defence, Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, the Dominions, the Dependencies, and in support of a plea for one Minister for Defence he says,—

"The erying need of the moment is that the three fighting Services of the Empire should be placed under one Defence Minister, who will dominate and co-ordinate Sea, Air and Land and all that therein light. He alone should have a seat in the Cabinet and the aforesaid Services must also be administered by Under-Secretaries of State. The defence of our Empire is surely a matter which must unify—obliterate between the Commonwealth the Dominions, the Dependencies and the Motherland—and unless that Mother makes a start by co-ordinating her own defence services, how in the name of common sense can the

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Captain Kidd Was Not a Pirate

After Two Centuries of Obloquy Captain Kidd Comes to His Own An Honest, Though Persecuted Gentleman

JOSEPH H. GILDER

AFTER MORE than two hundred years of obloquy, Captain Kidd the terror of every young youth, the idol of growing boys has stepped out as a maligned gentleman, who suffered persecution and death because of his upright character.

Despite the wide series of romances that paint him as a bloodthirsty pirate, a view once held by no less a historian than Lord Macaulay, it seems that there are definite grounds for believing that all this tradition of crime and violence and hidden treasure has been manufactured out of whole cloth. Joseph B. Gilder writing in the New York *Outlook* contends that almost all literature—whether history, legend, fiction or verse—is a tissue of falsehoods in so far as it touches upon Kidd's character and career. For he was not only not a pirate, but he never buried so much as a dollar's worth of treasure. And as for Gardiner's Island, where the bulk of his fabulous fortune is generally believed to have been hidden, he never once set foot upon its storied shores.

A master mariner of unblemished reputation, duly commissioned to cruise against and capture French merchantmen and pirate ships of all nationalities, Captain Kidd did his best in extremely trying circumstances to carry out his instructions from the British Government. He had the personal backing of the King of England and the chief members of his official household. They were, in fact, his partners for the undertaking, though launched in part under the seal of the Admiralty and in part under the Great Seal of England, was really a private one, all the partners save his Majesty and possibly Lord Bellmont, risking good money in it in the hope of handsome returns. The King himself, though he failed to keep his promise to invest, arranged none the less that he should have one-tenth of the profits.

"This was more than the Commander himself was to receive though he was to bear the burden and heat of the day. His investment moreover, was £600, and he was put under bonds in the sum of £20,000 to be faithful to his trust. Livingston invested the same amount as Kidd, and he too was bonded, though for only half as much as his protégé.

Kidd asked for a man-of-war and 150 trusty fighting men, but none could be spared from the war with France. And so the Adventure Galley was built for him and a crew of civilians picked for her with the utmost care. Early in the year 1696 the vessel dropped down the Thames to the Nore, and there a pressgang boarded her and took off nearly all of her hand-picked men, to replenish the personnel of his Majesty's fleet. By heroic efforts Kidd in a few weeks succeeded in scraping together a handful of men less than the larger crew that had been "pressed," but the material was of inferior quality and the number far below what was needed for the purposes of the voyage. It thus became necessary to cross the sea to New York there to refill the vacancies in his crew.

This accomplished, Captain Kidd sailed by way of the Madeiras and the Cape of Good Hope for the island of Madagascar—a favorite rendezvous of the buccaneers of the seas, but when he arrived there a year after his departure from England the pirates were away plying their lucrative trade in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean."

Pursuing them thither, as Mr. Gilder relates, he was faced with a series of difficulties and misadventures that gave the excuse for his persecution. The East India Company an what evidence is not known charged that he had taken by piracy a vessel of the subjects of the Great Mogul to the great detriment of the company. Without warning or word from Captain Kidd he was at once branded an arch pirate.

Meanwhile his crew, disgusted by their commander's refusal to turn pirate when it had proved impossible to make a satisfactory killing by adhering to the terms of his commissions had at first mutinied and then deserted him to cast in their lot with a notorious pirate chief at Madagascar. By this time the Adventure Galley, having become unseaworthy was abandoned and scrapped. Captain Kidd thereafter sailed for home in the Quedah Merchant one of the prizes that he had found sailing under French passes and had consequently captured. When he got to the West Indies in 1699 he learned of the charges against him. A goodly number of his crew deserted. It was impossible to bring the vessel north, so he left it in what he considered good hands and buying a small vessel sailed for New York.

Captain Kidd felt justified in regarding the Earl of Bellamont, the Governor of New York not merely as a partner, but in a sense as a friend, as he had been introduced to him under friendly auspices in London, and it was by him that he had been engaged to command the unfortunate expedition. Hence, on receiving the Governor's solemn assurance that if he was not guilty of piracy he might safely come into port he promptly did so. The Earl had, indeed, pledged his word and honor to perform nicely what he had promised to do by way of aiding Kidd to clear himself. But no sooner had he lured the man within his reach than he caused him to be arrested, manacled, and thrown into jail and subsequently to be shipped to England for trial, for the reason that piracy was not a hanging offence in America!

"No one indeed was interested in helping the unfortunate mariner. The hue and cry against him—if it had not, indeed, been started for that very purpose—had provided the Tories with a welcome stick with which to beat the King's Councillors, all of them Whigs of the highest standing. The Ministers, for their part, sought safety in denouncing their gallant partner as one who had betrayed a sacred trust, and for whose misdeeds they were in no way responsible. The East India Company again anxious to control the policing of the Eastern seas for their own purposes, had done what they could to forestall his expedition three years before, and by their later accusations had brought him to his present pass. So Captain Kidd, the Scottish-American sea-farer, had now become a man without a country and virtually without a friend."

Kidd was finally brought to the bar in May 1701.

He was astounded to learn that his alleged crime was not piracy, but murder. To this charge, which had never been hinted at before, he had of course prepared no defence. He frankly admitted that he had struck down the ringleader of the mutineers in the course of a quarrel about the man's insolent and insubordinate words and deeds, but that the act was wholly unpremeditated. This, indeed, was clearly indicated by the weapon used—an iron-bound bucket ("of the value of eightpence") which happened to be within reach when the quarrel occurred. Sundry indictments for piracy followed, on all of which as well as on the charge of murder he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, his execution following a fortnight later (May 23 1701).

The retinue of lawyers for the prosecution were not more obviously determined that Kidd should die than were the judges who condemned him. After the first hour or so of his trial the two learned counsel who had undertaken to defend him abandoned him to his fate, having probably discovered, or been advised, that it would be pointless to do so. But the presiding judge admitted that if the evidence the prisoner sought to introduce—namely the French passes carried by the ships he had taken—had been produced in court it would have cleared him of the charge of piracy. In making this admission Chief Baron Ward could hardly have been unaware that this evidence, turned over to the Admiralty by Parliament for use at Kidd's trial, had been deliberately suppressed. It was not only within reach at the time, but has been carefully preserved for over two centuries, and may be seen to-day at the Public Record Office in London.

The only direct evidence against Kidd was furnished by two of his old crew, who, having deserted him and turned pirates, saved their own lives—as he himself put it—by swearing away his. A number of military officers testified strongly in his behalf, but their testimony to his high character and efficient services as a fighter for the King in the West Indies some years before was brushed aside as irrelevant.

"The opponents of Kidd's great partners had done their best while he awaited trial, to get him to say that he had been prompted to turn pirate by his associates, particularly Lord Chancellor Somers, or had been promised a pardon if he should do so. It was represented to him that his life would be spared if he brought such accusations and stuck to them, and that it would surely be forfeited if he refused, but he steadfastly resisted the temptation to perjure himself, even though he was assured that two of his great backers were "too close to have him hanged." His reward for this magnanimity was to be called "a fool, as well as a knave."

"During his trial, the Admiralty failed to break down his defense. That defense was that such irregularities as were committed by the men nominally under his command were in direct opposition to his orders. At Madagascar, when he refused to get them to take the pirate ship to which they shortly afterwards deserted, they said that rather than fire one shot into the pirate they would fire ten into him.

"Kidd was neither a knave nor a fool, but a capable and honest man caught in the vortex of a bitter political quarrel between the foremost men in England. The Tories sought to have him condemned in order to discredit the Whig leaders, and the latter were quick to repudiate him and anxious to have him swing, for they wanted a scape goat, and Kidd served the purpose to perfection."

Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

CULLED BY J. L. R.

The Latter Are Plentiful—The head is a lodging for ideas—furnished or unfurnished, as the case may be.—*Calgary Herald.*

A Strong One—"New hats," says the woman's page, will be trimmed with skunk fur. That's scentable!—*Saskatoon Star*

They Never Sleep—Russia could pay by sending over some of her sleeping sickness for our saxophone players.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

A Fortune In Weeds—Bill Clarke says he knows one farmer who made a fortune out of weeds by marrying a widow.—*Prince Albert Herald.*

The Better Way—Wicked men swear when they are in that humor; good men control their tongues and whip the children.—*Kingston British Whig*

Nautically Speaking—Yes when you refer to the few dockers who do not write prescriptions it is all right to call 'em 'drydocks."—*Saskatoon Star*

More Or Less—It costs a New York girl $250 to clothe herself properly. Of course, that doesn't show how much she does spend.—*London Advertiser*

Recent Revelations—The silk stocking was invented in the sixteenth century, but not all of it was discovered until recently.—*Brantford Expositor*

Better Start With The Dime—There are too many people who don't know how to manage a dime, who imagine that they could manage a dollar.—*Nelson News*

She Chooses Her Minute—When a woman tells her husband she will be ready in a minute, he picks out a minute about half an hour away.—*Quebec Telegraph*

Often Impossible—Out in Omaha a gas meter reader turned out to be a burglar. Sometimes it does seem rather hard to make the distinction.—*Kingston Standard*

Dads Idea—She sang quite prettily, but her favorite song was called "Falling Dew." And her father couldn't stand it. He said it reminded him of the rent.—*Fernie Press*

You Don't Have To Be Brave—It may be true that faint heart never won fair lady, but not every man wants a fair lady, some are satisfied with brunettes.—*Edmonton Journal*

The Horrible Example—Crookedness never pays in the long run. Look at the corkscrew.—*Kitchener Record.*

Income and Out Go—The trouble with most incomes is that they don't come in to stay.—*Border Cities Star*

Ineffective Tonsilotomes—The hatchet will not remain buried however under a double cross.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

Second Childhood—Little girls like to play with dolls, and so do some of their fathers.—*Woodstock Sentinel Review*

Making It Unanimous—Two kinds of women," says Andy Leslie, "are hard to understand—blondes and brunettes." *Saskatoon Star.*

Martial Music—"Music is declared to have great curative values."

Yet many attribute much of their pain and trouble to Mendelssohn's "Wedding March!"—*London Free Press.*

Dreadful—That shocked look on a man's face when a sympathetic woman says she "understands" him is probably caused by a hidden fear that maybe she really does.—*Calgary Herald.*

Have A Heart!—E. C. League of Moral Reform would bar the one-piece bathing suit at all provincial beaches." Let's see—one from one leaves nothing. We object!—*Cranbrook Courier*

The Bucolic Strain—Funny, isn't it, but as soon as a man gets a few rows of Dutch sets stuck in the ground he thinks he's qualified to have the government crop bulletins mailed to him.—*London Advertiser.*

A Pleasant Holiday—"Louie if I had a wife such as you describe and complain of, I'd send her on a vacation to the Thousand Islands, with instructions to spend one month on each island."—*Border Cities Star*

A Pusaler—A young Chicago girl is charged with defrauding a Hebrew law firm in that city of $7,500. The lawyers are considering whether to prosecute her or admit her as a partner.—*Brockville Recorder and Times.*

With The Bill—"The United States government has billed the Allied finance ministers in session at Paris with an account for $244,000,000 expenses in connection with the United States army of occupation on the Rhine. Lafayette we are here!"—*Winnipeg Free Press.*



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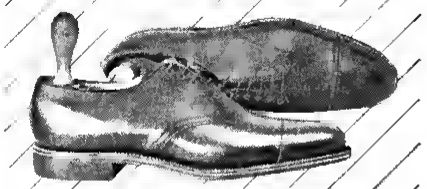
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Unite All Three Branches, Urges Sir Ian Hamilton

Continued from page 31

expect her children to embark their private capital in the old firm?

The strategy and tactics of land and sea have been discussed for many years. Just at the moment when the younger generation of soldiers and sailors have begun to understand that the overlapping, competition and waste which took place during the war between these two strange bedfellows, the Army and the Navy, must never happen again, and that sea and land service must by some means or another be welded together, just at this moment arises the Air Service and demands a share (which many of us believe should be the lion's share) in the new combination.

One Defence Minister, he states elsewhere would result in the British Service (to which let me venture to add the five Dominions also) becoming "conscious" of each other's problems, they would perforce work hand in hand towards the common end, and the basic technical principles of co-operation between the three Services would be unified. A new "United General Staff" would result and Sir Ian continues an interesting forecast of what it might accomplish.

In Canada this step has been taken and great things are expected—in economy and in the greater efficiency of our small land, sea and air forces.

A United Services Staff College is also advocated where the pick of the three Services could be trained together under the same Commandant and instructors. Each would learn the work of the other, and on graduation could with immense advantage to their future co-operation, be required to serve periods with the other two services. Such procedure would at least provide *change* and change of occupation, surroundings, and interests is perhaps the best mental and physical tonic the human animal can have, and is always an incitement to better work. Sir Ian goes further than this and would like to see one great National School for training cadets for all the Fighting Services, where the education and training would be the same for all until towards the end, when each would specialise for either the sea, air or land forces.

The Suggested Army Unit

THIS article would be incomplete without noticing the recommendations and suggestions brought forward for the reorganization of the troops themselves. While the Division has come to be the "unit" Sir Ian advances many reasons to prove that it is unnecessarily large and expensive in men, rations and transport—its own and that required to convey it overseas. He recommends and makes out a good case in favour of its reduction to two brigades instead of three, with divisional troops which do not include cavalry, whose day—as far as operations in close country are concerned—he considers to be ended. But of what should this division consist, and what are the merits and demerits of each arm in view of past experience and future possibilities? To begin with it is made clear that mastery of the air is as important to the Empire as mastery of the sea. What, again, are the functions and limitations of the various arms?

Briefly put, cavalry acts by movement, shock action and the arm blanche; artillery (mobile according to Kipling "by leave of the ground") by fire, infantry by its power of manoeuvre, fire, shock and holding on; aircraft by fire. But the tank is a *sui generis* arm, combining speed, shock action, rapidity and volume of fire with that protection from bomb, bullet, shrapnel and the arm blanche which none of the others possesses, while rivalling cavalry in its powers of pursuit. "Already," says Sir Ian, "tanks can gallop one better than cavalry. Before we know where they are they will climb, and slip through rivers. A morass bothers them, a forest holds them up, a village is an obstacle, tropical heat tires them but so do these things inflict themselves on cavalry. A tank with three men and a boy in it causes a Cavalry Brigade and begins to eat it up, at the tail. The horse guns come into action and manage—the country being favourable to artillery—to fend off the monster as long as the day lasts. The light begins to fail, the night comes on apace—so does the tank."

And as General Hamilton would construct his new divisions with tanks as nuclei. His infantry battalion would be decreased to 600 all ranks, but embodied in it there would be from two to four 20 miles-an-hour tank, light artillery, trench mortars, aeroplanes and light armoured caterpillar transport for the heavy bulk of ammunication that would be required. Such a combination he considers would be as effective as a modern brigade of 40 000; the saving in rations and sea transport would be in proportion.

Four such battalions would form a brigade and two brigades a division, which would have in addition artillery, engineers and aircraft as divisional troops its total strength to be 6 200 men. Each would be an army in miniature and its compactness would allow of "reliefs" being made by divisions, both in peace-time and in war.

A division so organized will be complete in itself, ready to go anywhere and tackle any enemy, exactly like a Roman Legion and the mighty atom on which it will be built up must be the task.

And are the nation's genius, ideas and inventive minds going to be fully utilized to develop an army that will be compact, reliable and "highly-mechanized"? Only education and research on scientific lines, applied to our army without respect to tradition can ensure this. But just as ruthless disregard of tradition will be necessary in scrapping obsolete formations and organizing and equipping the army of the future, so will the development of physical fitness, ragged patriotism and belief in the nation's traditions be the essentials for its efficient manning; these coupled with genius and inventiveness will be the winning factors in future campaigns. Reverence for tradition and enthusiasm for one's country and Empire should be inculcated in the young, and in place of *instructors* in schools and colleges there must be more real *education* in the etymological sense of the word.

Getting Team Play

THERE is too much cramming, with its hates those days and too little *pleading* of the youthful mind to think for itself, nor is enough emphasis laid on what a citizen's duties to the state are—though much more seems to be made of what the latter's duties are to the citizen! Encouragement to initiative, training in love of country, in mature study and in self-respect should find a conspicuous place in school and collegiate work. Much can be and is being done in this regard by Boy Scout and Girl Guide training in teaching character, handicraft, health knowledge and the spirit of service and helpfulness for others. The effects of these movements are already evident in Canada in many of the younger generation but unfortunately in too few Cadet Corps are producing team-play and the sinking of the individual wishes in the greater interest of the whole.

In the universities, also, the Officers' Training Corps are supplying an inspirance to the team work and are teaching to the pick of our educated youth self-control and the art of controlling and leading others. In some, lectures on military subjects—the functions and organization of a nation's defensive forces and military history—are being attended by many undergraduates, not necessarily because they intend to be soldiers but as a means of obtaining that education in military matters which will enable them to play a useful part should the occasion arise, and intelligently to understand the organization requirements, functions and limitations of the component parts of an army. Some of them possibly may be in responsible positions in the Government, and, if so situated the knowledge gained will help them efficiently to control the army's disposal.

Daily Paper 17.3.22, reports a reduction of more than 30% in the Air Force Estimates for 1922 as compared with 1921.

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SIXTY-THREE freight cars carrying three hundred and fifteen automobiles left Oshawa on April 18th for St. John, N.B., enroute to Great Britain.

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lotors plants at Oshawa are working toto fill the domestic, British and foreid for their products.

y all the parts utilized in the productieral Motors of Canada, Limited, cars and in Canada. Motors, axles, etc., are made in the newly equipped plants of "Canadian Products" in Walkerville, Ontario. Assembling, body building, top building, upholstering, manufacturing of small parts, painting, etc., is done in the Oshawa Plants.

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See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when their are pretty teeth in show But dingy teeth are kept concealed

The difference lies in film That is what stains and discolors That is what hides the tooth luster Let us show you, by a ten-day test how our lions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film You can feel it now It clings to teeth gets between the teeth and stays

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it The tooth brush therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film and very few people escape them

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Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant In late years two effective methods have been found Authorities have proved them by many careful tests Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent These two great film combatants are embodied in it

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It multiplies the salivary flow It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva That is their to digest starch deposits on teeth so they will not remain and form acids

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best

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Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube Note how clean the teeth feel after using Mark the absence of the viscous film See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning

Exit the Duel in Europe

Even Parisian Journalists Now Disregard the "Code Duello," Despite Worst Provocation

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

AFTER centuries of futile suppression by both Church and State the method of settling disputes and avenging insults by duels is quietly passing in France at least principally because the journalists of that country, who formerly upheld it and ridiculed enactments against it now consider it passe Dueling they contend, is no longer a fashionable way of settling a question Recent French laws with regard to dueling are becoming more drastic, not to say more workable now that they have public opinion back of them In Italy too, it seems probable that the duel is about to become a thing of the past There the new ascendancy of the Papal Church has had much to do with it The Duc di Marina Torlano fought his rival a few months ago after having wounded the popular sculptor Conet Filippo Lovatelli with a dueling sword that he was promptly excommunicated from the Church for his exploit.

In France, the Minister of Justice has issued a circular to public prosecutors setting forth that the intention of a duellist when he faces an opponent is equivalent in the eyes of the law to the intention of a homicide and under the new criminal code, seconds in a duel may be prosecuted as accomplices of the capital offence called "murder"

In view of these circumstances it is interesting to note the origin of the duel and the first steps taken by Church and State to make it a punishable offence, the incidents being told of by Walter Littlefield in an article, "Exit Duel in Europe" appearing in *The New York Times*—

"In the Middle Ages the duel was formally invoked in order to secure 'judgment of God' King Gondebaud of Bourgogne was the author of the first *code duelle* It was issued in 502 and was admitted, although not recognized by the Church For over a thousand years the Church continued to remain passive, until awakened by the Council of Trent The cause of this gave the Church a new law and fencing a new term—*the coup de Jarnac*—which has survived until today, although its meaning has sunk from a master stroke to a 'deceitful unexpected stroke'

When in the Spring of 1547 the second son of Francis I. succeeded his father as King of France with the title of Henri II., he was 28 years of age and both the patron of athletic sports and the arbiter of Court etiquette Among the friends of his dauphinage was his mistress Diane de Poitiers and Anne de Montmorency, his master who together made a clean sweep of the late king's courtiers, including the Cardinal de Tournon Now, the cardinal had a nephew named Guy Chabot Seigneur de Jarnac He resented the treatment given his uncle and began to say uncomplimentary things about the ladies of the new Court, which ultimately reached His majesty's ears Thereupon, the king's favorite Francois de Vivonne, Seigneur de la Chataigneraie, asked his majesty's permission to prove by the judgment of God that the new Court was shameless.

The duel of the king's favorite and the cardinal's nephew took place at the beautiful château in Saint Germain-en-Laye eleven miles northeast of Paris, in the presence of the king and a large assembly of courtiers It was on July 10 1547, that the duel took place, and the King's favorite fell—some say by being hamstrung and others by a lunge which penetrated the eye The result was the more surprising because the favorite was not only defending the honor of the Court, but also because he was a swordsman who had learned his art in the best Spanish and Italian schools of fence while, on the contrary Jarnac was a youth with no particular reputation as a fencer and had invited the quarrel

"It is said that King Henri mourned sorely the loss of his favorite and despatched in all haste a messenger to Trnet where the first Oecumenical Council was then sitting to have the council place a ban on duelling. This it did in Chapter XIX, which forbade under pain of minor excommunication the detestable use of duels, an invention of the devil to compass the destruction of souls together with a bloody death of the body"

"Already in 1505 Pope Julius II had threatened duellists and their seconds with the major excommunication, but little attention had been paid to it Then the same council in its twenty-fifth sitting, invoked the major excommunication by the decree *Detestabilis Duellorum* and made it the universal and perpetual law of the Church"

Why Big Business Fails

Caution And Accuracy in Management Cannot Replace the Essential Quality—Vision

PHILIP CABOT

THE VERY size to which some businesses have grown has been detrimental to their comprehensive and satisfactory management It has led to the definite personal interest that means constructive effort and are given it is true good management but management without vision This is the general contention of Philip Cabot writing in the *World's Work*

"In the old days capital and management were practically one enterprises were small The men who managed the enterprise put their own money into it and went on managing it And we have long outgrown that The enterprises are now so large that that sort of thing is wholly impossible The properties of a corporation have to be divided among thousands of people—many thousands and as a matter of fact the responsibility for choosing the management falls upon the financial godfathers of the enterprise—the bankers It is a very very important and very difficult operation but it is not paid for

"The common practice is that the bankers conscientiously does the job without being paid for it He is not paid and he does not pay himself When you do not pay a man to do a job naturally being a human being he minimizes the labor as much as possible His first operation—the first thing he has to do—is to choose a Board of Directors and he naturally turns to his friends his associates—other associated bankers, a few large capitalists perhaps his customers, and he fills in with the office boy So it very commonly happens that Boards of Directors are hardly capable of real direction of the enterprise, they are either too busy or too ignorant The banker then has to select the executive management There he must have capacity but he naturally strives to minimize his risk, to get a safe man a trained man a man who will tell him accurately in advance what he can do with that enterprise and will do it By a gradual process of evolution that has resulted in recent years in the selection of engineers or men with technical training for the management of large enterprises It is a curious and an interesting fact that the very great majority of all the railroads in the United States are led to-day by men essentially of operating and engineering training The traffic men, the men of the salesman type, have been largely eliminated, and that tends to be true in all large enterprises

"Now what is the type of the great engineer? What are his essential characteristics?—the character inherent in the man, accentuated by his training? He is essentially born cool, steady, and silenced. His mind tends to be a mathematical mind, a scientific mind and he tends to become over fond of formulae He makes estimates

Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release

March 1, 1922, to May 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them.

Wm. S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production.

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Peter Ibbetson"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production.

"The Mistress of the World"
A series of Four Paramount Pictures
With Mlle. May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Fischer.

Wallace Reid in
"The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger.

Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production.

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
By Whitney Stuntzer
A Realart Production.

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Betty Compson in
A William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the play "The House
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Clara Beranger
A Realart Production.

"Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Ethel Clayton in
"The Cradle"
Adapted from the play
By Eugene Brieux.

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
Tonight and Every Night"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by
George Middleton and

Dorothy Dalton in
"Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production.

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade"
By Maurice Hewlett.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson
and Walter Hiers

In Production, two Great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's
"Burning Sands"
From the novel by Arthur Weigall
A Man's Answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's
"The Sheik"

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stes He is trained—his years of training—in making estimates and if he is successful it is because he can live within those estimates He spends endless time in preparing estimates with the greatest care and then, as I used to see with astonishment, he puts in a factor of safety from 15 per cent. to fifty per cent One of the most successful promoting and constructing engineers in this country told me that after he had finished his estimates of cost he doubled them after he had finished his estimates of earnings he cut them in two after he had finished his estimates of operating expenses he doubled them and if he then could show 6 per cent he went ahead

"That is a safe man that is the kind of man that a banker likes to bank on he won't run away, he is a safe man and that is the sort of man that the banker necessarily loves. When he has secured a man like that the banker can go off and do something else and the directors can do what they are expected to do—they can go to sleep, they won't be bothered. Occasionally the thing breaks down and then the management are suddenly hauled out of bed and asked what they have been doing They had been doing nothing. That was just the trouble

"This field of management of big businesses is a great opportunity for the engineer—the current is all his way He is the man that the banker will go for, and what he has got to do is to equip himself for job In some ways he is admirably equipped he has the scientific mind, he has had scientific training, but he reasons up against this difficulty, which in some cases, is fatal. Large enterprises commonly involve the employment of large bodies of men. Now leadership of a great body of men requires enthusiasm, heat great imaginative vision, and power Your great leader is always a great enthusiast, he must have enthusiasm himself in order to inspire it in others, and our engineer, by training tends to keep his enthusiasms under control That is the first thing they tell him when he goes to school and the last thing he learns when he goes to bed. But your great captain of industry must have other qualities They are not essentially incompatible with the duties of the engineer, but they are fully as essential in the men who are to lead great enterprises

Sometimes before telling how to do a thing it is well to tell how not to do it, and one would think from the example of the railroads of the United States that they furnish perhaps the best possible example of how not to do it.

"The roads are bankrupt. Enormous economies, the greatest ability the greatest power have been expended on them, and all to no purpose The railroads have had the wrong type of leader. The men who originally planned those roads and led them were men of a different type They were traffic men They were striving to build up a business, and compared with the operating men who are in charge of the roads to-day, they were children—babies in operation. But the roads paid. To-day with the highest engineering capacity and operating ability in charge of them, they cannot get a new dollar for love or money

"But it is possible to combine in the same man the scientific spirit of the engineer and the vision, the imagination, the enthusiasm of the promoter using that word in its best sense—the great builder.

"If the public is going to expect the banker to choose men who have vision, imagination, enthusiasm as well as scientific attainment they must bear in mind that those men are liable to brain storms they are, at times wild men they are not safe men unless they are controlled. We must have men of that type, but we must not have men of that type without adequate control We must harness with these men boards of directors who can and will direct. There are such men but they will not work for nothing Directors must therefore be adequately paid

"The banker is to-day, by force of circumstances, in a false position All he undertakes to do, all he is paid to do, is to advise as to the financial structure and to place the securities he has received, but perhaps his most important function is the selection of management, direction, control, and for that he is not paid. His is in a false position, and if he is able to get out of it, he will do not only to himself but to the community a very great service."

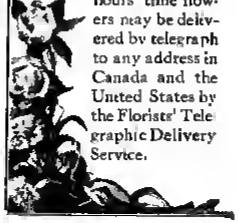


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Say it with Flowers

this month for the birthday greetings, the wedding anniversaries and other anniversaries of those dear to you, and endear yourself to them.



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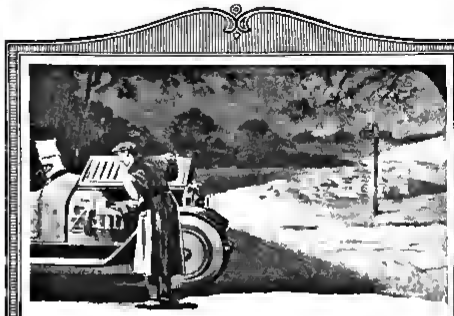
IN GERMANY the generals blame the diplomats and the diplomats blame the generals for the defeat of the Teuton arms. On the other hand Sigmund Munz says in *The Contemporary Review*, that people in Germany have developed the idea that German diplomacy lost them the war, while the Entente won the war through diplomacy No doubt, Mr Munz observes the people are right but in blaming German diplomacy too severely it is easy to over-rate the diplomacy of the Entente, and perhaps that of other nations as well

After paying his respects to the Teuton diplomats Mr. Munz handles our own and American diplomats without gloves. The British diplomats, he declares, showed incredible ignorance of Central European affairs and with a few notable exceptions were much more proficient in golf and other outdoor sports. Their lack of knowledge regarding politics in Middle Europe was most conspicuous at the Paris conference But in his criticisms of English-speaking diplomats he is most severe with some of those from United States He questions their right to call themselves "American" diplomats, since the representatives of other nations on the North American and South American continents have just as much right to the appellation, as they.

"American diplomacy does not reveal a very high level," he tells us, though he admits having cut 'a bad figure' like Marsh, Andrew White, Elihu Root, Oscar Straus and others. These however, were also men who had distinguished themselves in other directions than the trade of diplomacy"

American diplomats he found, are by no means the pick of their country, and "were not infrequently people who had helped a president with money or influence in his election" Many of them he sets down as upstarts to such a degree that their intellectual and refined competitors were ashamed of their European representative The inner life of most of these diplomats consisted of petty social vanities, and the height of their ambition and fame was reached in those hours when princes of blood were at their tables. He illustrates his meaning with a number of incidents—"I can relate an experience of recent times. I was received by an American ambassador in the garden of the residence rented by him. He asked me what I thought was the purchase price of the palace in which he dwelt. I named a figure. The ambassador said 'Among the pictures in my collection in New York are many which cost more than this whole palace Again, at a dinner party, he spoke to his neighbor at table about his pictures and in order to impress upon her the value of one of them, the most costly, he wrote upon a slip of paper the figure and showed it to her, so that the six noughts and the figure in front of them stood out strikingly at her, a symbol of American greatness. The ambassador had himself shaved each morning, and one day asked his figaro who he thought was the richest man in the town The barber mentioned the emperor 'No' said the ambassador When the barber could not think of anybody else, the ambassador patted his own chest and said, 'Mr—— is the richest man in the town,' and mentioned his own name The same ambassador congratulated a Saxon diplomat long after the outbreak of war, and after diplomatic relations had been broken off between Berlin and Washington, on the fact that Saxony had remained neutral—which is much as if a German diplomat in the spring of 1917, after the entry of America into the war had complimented California for remaining neutral"

Of all the diplomats Mr Munz selects the Japanese as the most efficient They always worked with the greatest zeal 'They all serve the community and the state idea," he explains, "and individuality may suffer Japan may be a magnified Sparta, but I have always found the Japanese level-headed, though sometimes arrogant."



A Clog in The Carbureter—
A Lonely Road—
And a Dark Night

A very little thing can paralyze the mechanics of an engine, and bring annoyance and hardship

Everyone realizes the necessity of taking care of a machine, and of taking warning when it "knocks"

Yet some people expect the body to take care of itself, though its mechanism is far more delicate and complicated than that of any mechanical device.

Carelessness in selecting food, and neglect of warnings has stalled many a human machine when the trip was far from finished

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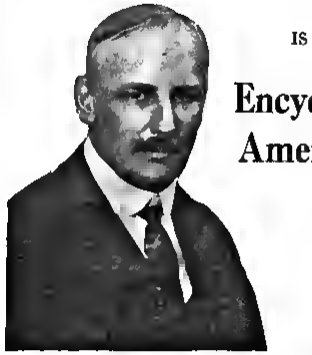
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Germany Is Russia's Hope

But Russia's Presence at Genoa Is Perilous

DR E. J. DILLON

IN VIEW of the secret treaty made at Rapallo between Germany and Russia special interest attaches to a recent article in the *Fortnightly* by Dr. Dillon on Europe and Bolshevism. He shows the causes of Communism's temporary success and under the circumstances considers the invitation to Russia to take part in the Genoa Conference a serious mistake.

We quote in part from his article:—

"Communism owes its temporary success to many causes, which cannot be analysed here. A few, however, are worth enumerating. At the outset of the Bolshevist movement the co-operation of the peasants, who took nothing for politics and much for husbandry, was secured by the promise of the land, which was partly fulfilled during the revolution. Only partly. For although to-day the peasants possess more land than they ever till they do not consider themselves its real owners because they have received no title-deeds. This and the military expeditions which they force the harvests they had gathered in have produced a revulsion of feeling and render them amenable to anti-Bolshevist influences. They represent the principle of private property—they are the Russian nation—and they resent being condemned to the status of pariahs.

"Another of the causes that contributed to the triumph of Communism was the edict or *prikaz*. The *prikaz* is an order issued by the authorities and enforced by a conditional sentence of extermination. It is a decree of Fate from which there is no appeal. It is terror foreshadowed in words. At first the *prikaz* was treated with contempt, as in the days of the Tsardom, and the villagers refused to obey it and empty their granaries for the benefit of the town-dwellers. They actually came to blows with forces sent when the punitive expedition arrived and every house was razed to the ground and every man, woman, and child was slaughtered, the other villagers of the district and the province realised the full significance of the *prikaz*. They believed and trembled. To-day they ardently desire to see it abolished, but as yet they are unorganised, unarmed, and almost helpless.

"The *prikaz* has undoubtedly wrought miracles. But its force is too intense a transient to keep such a complex organism as a State in being. It may serve the purposes of a revolution or of troops going into battle to fight with the heroism of desperation, but beyond these bounds it is inoperative for long. During the Bolshevist struggle in the north three was one strongly held position which the Red Army repeatedly and unavailingly strove to take. Then Lenin issued a sharp *prikaz* to this effect 'General X and the officers of his staff are hereby informed that, unless they capture the position within three days their respective families as well as they themselves will undergo the consequences of their remissness. The aforesaid families have already been taken into custody.' The place was stormed within the time limit.

Incidentally Dr. Dillon predicts further trouble in Europe this year—

"I have not the slightest doubt, for example, judging by what I have myself seen and heard that owing to their remissness in demarcating the Polish frontiers, the present year will witness serious revolts in Eastern Galicia, a military encounter between the Polish and Ukrainian troops, and possibly a fresh war between Bolshevist Russia and Poland. Of all this no faint suspicion seems to be entertained in the Entente Chancelleries. I regard Eastern Galicia as the most likely scene of the next interruption to that perpetual peace which the framers of the Versailles Treaty bequeathed to the warlorn peoples. The Eastern Galician problem will shortly develop into a Russo-Polish quarrel.

"But this is by the way.

"The sectarian character of Bolshevism is evidenced not only by the austerity, faith and fanaticism of its apostles but also by its hierarchy, institutions, and dogmas. The Communist party, which may be described as the backbone of the organism, and numbers 1 per cent. about seven hundred and fifty thousand members, not more, resembles one of the religious orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Admission to that body is now accorded only to postulants whose antecedents and other qualifications have been carefully sifted and who have successfully passed the probationary stages. It is the only party tolerated in the country, the several revolutionaries being regarded as mere schismatics. The remainder of the population may not form or belong to any political group.

"Under all these circumstances an invitation to the Russian Communist Party to co-operate with the Entente Powers in the work of reconstructing Europe is a noteworthy, if not even the most striking, surprising incident in the policy of the framers of the Treaty of Versailles. It is demonstrably incongruous impracticable, and perilous. The reconstruction of Russia is indeed feasible by one of two wholly different methods which this is not the place to unfold. It is one, however, should it involve the sanctioning of the confiscation of the great industrial holdings in the country. To deprive of their property those Russians who have built up the native industries and there to hand them over to foreigners to exploit, is a procedure which the Governments of to-day may not deem repugnant to their modes of thought and action, but which they cannot but see would at least run counter to their interests in the long run. And surely that is a consideration that should weigh with them. It is a case where honesty is really the best policy.

"Russia in her present lamentable state may be likened to an oak or elm tree in winter, bare wind-beaten, sapless, with nothing to presage a renewal of life and growth. But the spring is not far off when the boughs will be green again and the tree full of sap, and flowers will bloom and fruits ripen. Is it good policy to cut down this tree in order to make a crutch for lame Europe?"



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AL JENNINGS

PROBABLY no short story writer of this continent has received as much publicity of late as O. Henry—whose real name was William Sydney Porter—due no doubt to the wide popularity of his works. In excerpts from his book, "Through the Shadows With O. Henry," Al Jennings, reformed bank and train robber, who served a term of imprisonment with the short-story writer, gives the public an intimate picture of the latter.

Jennings tells us in these excerpts, appearing in *Current Opinion*, that he first met O. Henry in Trujillo, Honduras, some twenty five years ago. Both men were fugitives from justice, Jennings being wanted by the police in a notorious bank and train robber in the Oklahoma, while O. Henry has been charged with misappropriating about $1,700 from the First National Bank of Austin. Jennings was accompanied by his brother and companion-in-crime Frank Jennings, and the three, using $30,000 of the money the Jennings brothers had stolen, set out on an adventure on a tramp steamer they chartered. They had many adventures before their money gave out. Then the Jennings brothers proposed another bank robbery. Porter, who later became O. Henry the writer, refused to take part, but they were shortly all arrested. Porter giving himself up after he had returned to his wife and daughter. Jennings and Porter again found themselves together in the Ohio penitentiary.

"Porter was sentenced to five years, though his friends always believed him guiltless of anything except carelessness in the handling of the bank's money. Twenty-one months of his sentence were deducted for good behaviour. Before starting the bank at Austin, Porter had been a pharmacist and it was through this that he was given the position of drug clerk in the prison hospital. It was then he commenced short story writing in earnest.

"There at his desk," writes Jennings, 'night after night sat Bill Porter. And in the grisly atmosphere of prison death and prison brutality there bobbled up the mellow smile of his genius—the smile born of heartache, of shame of humiliation—the smile that has set its ripple of laith and understanding to the hearts of men and women everywhere."

Thus the literary Muse whose caprices pass the understanding of mankind, dwelt through the dreary years in the prison atmosphere with the man whose writings have brought solace and comfort to hundreds of thousands of readers. O. Henry did the thing that most fiction writers admit they are incapable of: took characters out of the real life that was going on around him and wove romance about them. The original of his Jimmy Valentine is 'Alias Jimmy' Valentine,' was a convict named Dick Prue who had been incarcerated at the age of twenty as a third offender.

Porter was always the champion of the under dog. Years after he had been made a free man he told Jennings: "I haven't changed, but I see more. Life seems to me like a rich, vast diamond that is for ever flashing new facets before us."

Folly

Continued from page 25

he table dinning with the little man. His own capacity was enormous. Ernie, on the other hand, became shaken and unsteady with his first drink. Old Dan had no difficulty in keeping pace with him.

Three weeks times when Ernie slept and could not be wakened. At such times old Dan moved about the claim with brave eyes. Now and thee he washed a handful of dirt from Ernie's shallow excavation, finding always gold and more gold, until he always at the month with greed the possibility of jumping the claim was always in his mind. One day he went over to write location notices and put them in place of Ernie's and took his own away. He did not destroy those he had written. They rested in his pocket. His hand began to rhap at Ernie's cabin more and more frequently. By and by he no longer went up to his own claim at all occasional passers remarked on his presence, and he told them that Ernie was sick, and that he was caring for the little man.

ERNIE BUDDER was, in fact, not well. Never strong, he had weakened him self by the liquor he absorbed and there was not an hour in these days when he was wholly sober. He was grateful to old Dan for staying with him. "You're a good man, Dan," he would say. I appreciate it too. You're minding me like a woman might." And he told the men who occasionally struck their heads through the door in passing that Dan was like a nurse.

He had always been inclined to cough much, and Dan was accustomed to explain to inquirers that he had had coughing spells now. "Nothing stops them but whiskey," old Dan would say. "A good shot of it helps him more'n anything."

In Ernie's bemused condition Dan was able to make him believe that the pocket of gold was already worked out; but after a time Ernie had a surprising accession of strength, and began to move about more and see day insisted on working. The pan showed gold, and a hysterical exhilaration seized upon Ernie at the sight. He threw himself into the work with new zeal, and old Dan, disgusted, sat on a rock above the diggings and watched with a curdling rancor.

Toward noon that day Ernie broke off and made Dan admire the result of his morning's labor—a spoonful or two of coarse dust. Dan offered him a drink, but Ernie shook his head. "Makes me sleepy," he declared. "I am to put in some licks this afternoon."

He took the pail and went down to get water from the little pool; and old Dan



Let plenty of Mulsified lather thoroughly—and briskly work the finger tips.

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When thoroughly clean wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

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FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in a rich lather with the finger tips. Be sure to get the lather into the scalp, rubbing it briskly with the finger tips so as to loosen the dandruff and scale particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

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Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, by when the hair is perfectly clean. It will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

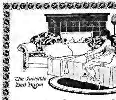
THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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by the door watched him, and wished with all his eight that Ernie would stumble, fall, slide to eternity across the Big Drop. Ernie dipped the bucket in the pool and stepped back. A stone turned under him. The man was weak and shaken; the heavy pail overbalanced him. He fell backward, and began to slide down the rock, clutching at the moss and bits of grass upon it, calling out to old Dan.

Dan stood petrified and still. Ernie called out hopelessly. No one could have saved him from the moment of his fall. Yet he clamored to old Dan for an instant that was eternal; then his voice broke into a shriek which passed abruptly into silence as the rush of his fall choked the air from his lungs. Old Dan listened but there was no further sound. The Big Drop is a very big drop indeed. Ernie, the obstacle, was gone.

DAN DURKEE in those first moments felt as guilty as though he had killed Ernie in fact as well as in wish. But almost at once the sensation of victory swept over him. It did not occur to the man to descend the trail and see if by any miracle Ernie still lived. Within a matter of minutes he remembered the location notices, already written in his pocket. Fifteen minutes later, his preparations hurriedly completed, he had taken a little used trail away from the camp and down into the valley that would eventually bring him into the way that led to town. He was obsessed with the necessity for recording this claim which he had coveted, for assuring his possession of the riches he was sure were there. When he had reached town and the thing was done, a madness of delight fell upon him, and he gave himself to a debauch with Ernie's gold, which kept him four long days.

On the seventh day after his departure he returned to camp, and someone asked him where he had been, and what had become of Ernie. Old Dan told them what had become of Ernie, and they looked at him askance and asked whether he had buried the broken body, and why he had not published the tragedy at the time.

Old Dan replied exultantly that he had business; that there was gold on Ernie's claim. "He give it to me," he said, "an' I went to record it."

The callousness of his act was not apparent to him, so blinded was the man by his greed. Nor was he moved by the disapproval in the eyes of those about him. There were some who thought he might have thrust Ernie to his death, but this suggestion found no favor. It was agreed that old Dan lacked the nerve. Nevertheless, they held he was a skunk, and deserved no consideration.

They sought out Ernie's broken body and buried it, and cursed old Dan, and one man, a new comer to camp, climbed the shoulder of the mountain and settled himself on old Dan's claim, tearing down Dan's location notices. His act was approved by public opinion, and when Dan heard of it, he merely laughed. His old claim was of no value; he had not even troubled to record it when he was in town.

He was to have a day or two of drunken triumph. He found more gold, where Ernie had been digging, and as each pan showed its tiny bit of treasure, the covetous old man grinned and wagged his head and laughed aloud to think that his luck had changed at last. But on the third day, as he worked up the slope, he came to barren ground. He tried in other directions, found the color again and lost it again.

THE end of a week saw him digging desperately in a pit that was as deep as his shoulders, digging and throwing out the gravel and testing it and digging again. The gravel was shallow; he came quickly to the bed rock, and—found no more gold.

Old timers used to conjecture thereafter as to the source of the gold Ernie had found. It was all within a few inches of the surface, and there were no more than a dozen ounces of it, all told; more than one good poke full. The formation did not indicate gold; there was none at bed rock. The accepted explanation was that some ancient prospector had spilled a little there; had lost it, or in some drunken carouse, or in the first intoxication of sudden wealth, had sowed broadcast a handful or two. In the course of years the grass had grown over it, and washing rains had scattered it. It waited for Ernie's pan, until he came.

Whatever the explanation, the fact remained. This thing which old Dan had coveted was a hollow mockery and sham, and at the end of a month of frenzied labor Dan accepted the inevitable. Cursed his luck, and bowed before the unsympathetic mirth of the camp.

IT CAN hardly be said that Old Dan felt remorse for what he had done. The man was not capable of so just an emotion, but he was sorry. Selfishly sorry, perhaps. After a week or two, he began to miss Ernie. Ernie's cabin, in which he dwelt, seemed silently to accuse him. The little man had been poor company, but he had been company. Now Dan was left severely alone. He tried to busy himself prospecting the claim, but a few days of this satisfied him there could be no gold there. He was enough of a miner to recognize signs and portents writ in the rocks about him. If the sight of the actual dust had not blinded him, he must have seen this in the beginning.

He was left at last with nothing to do but sit in the cabin, the whiskey ready to his hand, his foul pipe going. Once or twice when men passed by he asked them in to have a drink, but none would drink with him. The injustice of this oppressed him; he cursed them when they were gone.

There were times when he was frightened because he had wished Ernie's death and it had come to pass. There was a superstitious sort of religion in old Dan; he feared intangible forces which he could not see. He was afraid that by merely wishing Ernie's death he might have compassed it; he dreaded punishment for this crime. The man's life was haunted by a cloud of fears. He remembered that he had fed Ernie to drink so that the liquor sickened the little man. Perhaps it was this liquor which had made him fall.

Dan began to talk to himself, arguing this point, defending himself against the silent accusation of Ernie's bed on which he slept, Ernie's stove on which he cooked his food, Ernie's roof beneath which he dwelt.

He hated the place and wished to get away from it, and once he went blustering up the hill to his old claim, thinking to overawe the man who had pre-empted it and drive him forth.

This man's name was Jake. He was small, seemed of little account, yet his eyes were level and unafraid, and Dan never came to the point of his errand at all. He tried to adopt a friendly tone, and he had come up to say howdy.

"You've said it," the man told him.

Dan sat down on a rock and pointed to the workings. The man was sinking a shaft toward bed rock, which lay deeper here. "You're wasting time there," he advised.

"It's my time," said the man.

His tone was so forbidding that Dan could not endure it. After a few minutes he went down the hill again, cursing under his breath.

BUT the sight of his old cabin, which was infinitely more comfortable than Ernie's, had made him appreciate to the full the folly of what he had done. For it was folly; he saw it in its true light now. The sight of dust had blinded him to the fact that Ernie's claim could not bear gold. Yet for this barren ground he had sacrificed his own comfortable cabin, had destroyed the one man who tolerated his presence. Had thrown away, in short, all he had in the world, and got nothing in return.

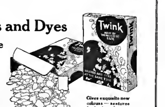
One morning, two or three days later, the full comprehension of his sorrows overwhelmed him. He tramped out of Ernie's cabin and stared at the tortured, pick-scarred earth below, and threw up his hands and cursed the claim, cursed Ernie, cursed his own folly, cursed the inscrutable fate which had played him so sorry a jest. He was like a madman, and he was still stamping to and fro with waving arms and clenched fists, when first one and then another man came toiling swiftly up the hill, and after them a group of three, and after them, a score.

Some of these men looked sidewise at him, howling with laughter, and at last old Dan hailed one and asked him what it was that brought them up the hill.

"They told him. "Jake's struck it rich!" one cried. "On your old claim, up above. Bed rock just paved with it. The biggest thing in years."

He climbed with them, unwilling to believe, and he saw for himself. The man on his old diggings had fallen into one of those streaks of fortune which Dan had pursued so long in vain. Only a pocket,

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SHE IS ON PAGE 38

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Speedy Relief for Cold in Head



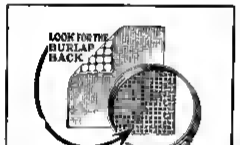
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perhaps, but rich enough to satisfy one's greed.

When they began to jaw at him more openly, old Dan went slinking back down the hill. This was what folly had cost him!

He marked Ernie's claim which he had stolen, and slipped into the cabin and closed the door behind him. He could not bear to stay in the open air. It seemed to him that in the brooding mountains and the sweeping valleys and in the sweet sky above him there moved a Spirit from which he wished to hide himself away.

A Bit of Orange Peel

Continued from page 19

Then it was over. Trevor went out to field—Giles bustled back to his wife. And I, being a hopeless case, went in search of alcohol.

The soldier paused to light another cigar.

"HE CARRIED out his threat, did Giles, with regard to me. Two or three days later I lunched with the General, and it seemed to me that we never got off the subject of Trevor. I wasn't only his opinion had cost Bimbo Lawrence, the I. Z. Captain and one of the shrewdest judges of cricket in England, agreed with him. And on no account was cessation about Trevor the cricketer while on the opposite side of the table next to me sat his wife who could get no beyond Trevor the man. Once or twice she glanced at me appealingly, as if to say 'For God's sake stop him!'—but it was a task beyond my powers. I made one or two abortive attempts, and then I gave it up. The situation was beyond me. I could only let him ramble on and pray for the end of lunch.

"And then he left the cricket and came to personalities.

"'Know anything about him, Dog-Face?' he asked. 'Up at old Apson's place he struck me as being a gentleman. Anyway he's a darned nice fellow. Wonder why he enlisted?'

"'Oh! Giles, for goodness sake, let's try another topic,' said his wife suddenly. 'We've had Sergeant Trevor since lunch began.'

"Poor old Giles looked at her in startled surprise, and she gave him a quick smile which robbed her words of their irritability. But I could see she was on the rack, and though I didn't know the real facts, it wasn't hard to make a shrewd guess as to the cause.

"It was just before we rose from the table I remember, that she said to me under cover of the general conversation—'My God! Dog-face—it's not fair. It's damnable!'

"'Will you tell me?' I answered. 'I might help.'

"'Perhaps I will some day,' she said quietly. 'But you can't help me to-day, can do that. It was my fault all through, and the only thing that matters now is that Giles should never know.'

"I don't quite know why she suddenly confided in me even to that extent. I suppose with her woman's intuition she realised that I'd guessed something and it helps to get a thing off one's chest at times. Evidently it had been an unexpected meeting and I cursed myself for having made him play. And yet how could one have foretold it was just a combination of the jig-saw started by that damned bit of orange peel. As she said, all that mattered was that Giles—dear old chap—should never know.

"The soldier smiled a little sadly as he does the humans propose but the God that moves the pieces frequently has different ideas. He did—that very afternoon. It was just as I was going that two white-faced nurses clutching two scared children appeared on the scene and babbled incoherently. And then the General's groom hove in sight—both out of breath, face and shaky at the knees, and from him we got the story.

"They'd started off in the General's dog-cart to go to some children's party, and something had frightened the horse which had promptly bolted. I knew the brute—a great raking black thing that the groom who was a first-class whip, generally had no difficulty in managing. But in this occasion apparently he'd got clean away along the road into the town. He might have got the horse under control after a time, and then he'd seen the gates were closed at the railway crossing in front. And it was at that moment that a man—one of the sergeants from the barracks—had dashed out suddenly from the pavement and got to the horse's head. He was trampled on badly, but he hung on—and the horse had ceased to bolt when they crashed into the gates. The shafts were smashed, but nothing more. And the horse wasn't hurt. And they'd carried away the sergeant on an improvised stretcher. No—he hadn't spoken.—He was unconscious.

"Which sergeant was it? I asked thoughtlessly—though I knew the answer before the groom gave it.

"'Sergeant Trevor, sir,' he said. 'A Squadron.'

"'Is he—is he badly hurt?' said the girl, and her face was ashen.

"I dunno, mum,' answered the groom. They took 'im off to the 'orspital and I was busy with the 'orses.'

"I'll ring up. If I can, General,' I said, and he nodded.

"I spoke to Purvis—the R.A.M.C. fellow—and his voice was very grave. They'd brought Trevor in still unconscious, and though he wouldn't swear to it at the moment he was afraid his back was broken. But he couldn't tell absolutely for certain until he came to. I hung up the receiver and found Mrs. Giles standing behind me. She said nothing—but just waited for me to speak.

"'Purvis doesn't know for certain,' I said taking both her hands in mine. 'But there's a possibility... my dear, that his back is broken.'

"SHE WAS a thorough-bred, that girl. She didn't make a fuss or cry out—she just looked me straight in the face and nodded her head once or twice.

"'I must go to him of course,' she said gravely. 'Will you arrange it for me, please?'

"'He's unconscious still,' I told her.

"'Then I must be beside him when he comes to,' she answered. 'Even if there was nothing else—he's saved my baby's life.'

"'I'll take you in my car,' I said when I saw that she was absolutely determined. 'Leave it all to me.'

"'I must see him alone, Dog-face' she paused by the door, with her handkerchief rolled into a tight little ball in her hand. 'I want to know that he has forgiven me.'

"'You shall see him alone if it's humanly possible' I answered gravely and so that she was gone.

"I don't quite know how I did it, but somehow or other I got her away from the General's house without Giles knowing. Giles junior was quite unhurt, and disposed to regard the entire thing as an entertainment got up especially for his benefit. And when she'd made sure of that and kissed him passionately to his intense disgust, she slipped away with me in the car.

"'You mustn't be disappointed,' I warned her as we drove along 'if you can't see him alone. He may have been put into a ward with other men.'

"'Then they must put screens around him,' she whispered 'I must kiss him before—before...' she didn't complete the sentence, but it wasn't necessary.

"We didn't speak again until I turned in at the gates of the hospital. And then I asked her a question which had been on the tip of my tongue a dozen times.

"'Who is he—really?'

"'Jimmy Dallas is his name' she answered quietly. 'We were engaged. And then his father lost all his money. He thought that was why—why I was heartless to him—but it wasn't. Dog-face it wasn't at all. I thought he was fond of another girl—and it was all a mistake. I found it out too late. And then Jimmy had disappeared—and I'd married Giles. Up at that cricket match was the first time I'd seen him since my wedding.'

"We drew up at the door, and I got out. It is the little tragedies the little misunderstandings that are so pitiful, and to all conscience this was a case in point. A boy and a girl—each too proud to explain, or ask for an explanation—and now the big tragedy. God it seemed so futile.

"I left her sitting in the car and went in search of Purvis. I found him with Trevor—I still thought of him under that name—and he was conscious again. The doctor linked me in, I tiptoed in, and shook his head at me warningly. So I waited, and after a while Purvis left the



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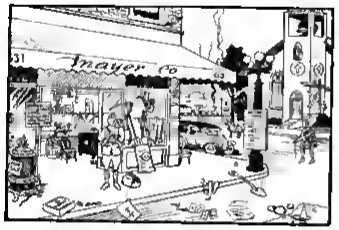
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bed and drew one out into the passage.

"'I'm not sure' he said. 'He's an infernal brute and messed about. His left arm is broken in two places and three ribs—and I'm afraid his back as well. He seems an unruly lunatic. But I can't be certain.'

"'Mrs. Yeverley is here,' I said. 'The mother of one of the kids he saved. She wants to see him.'

"'Out of the question,' snapped Purvis, 'I absolutely forbid it.'

"'But you mustn't forbid it, Doctor.' We both swung round to see the girl herself standing behind us. 'I've got to see him. There are other reasons besides his having saved my baby's life.'

"'They must wait, Mrs. Yeverley,' answered the Doctor. 'In a case of this sort the only person I would allow to see him would be his wife.'

"'If I hadn't been a fool,' she said deliberately, 'I should have been his wife,' and Purvis' jaw dropped.

"Without another word she swept past him into the ward, and Purvis stood there gasping.

"'Well I'm damned,' he muttered, and I couldn't help smiling. It was rather a startling statement to come from a woman stopping with the O. O. C. about a sergeant in a cavalry regiment.

AND THEN, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, came the final turn in the wheel. I was strolling up and down outside with Purvis, who was satisfied with me as Doctor and had asked no questions.

"'If his back is broken it can't hurt him,' I had remarked 'and if it isn't it will do him good.'

"At that we had left it, when suddenly to my horror I saw Giles himself going into the hospital.

"'Good Lord! Doc,' I cried sprinting after him, 'that's her husband. And he doesn't know she's here.'

"'But a lot can happen in a few seconds, and I was just a few seconds too late. As I got to the door I saw Giles in front of me—standing at the entrance to the ward as if he had been turned to stone. A big screen hid the bed from sight—but a screen is not sound proof. He looked at me as I came up and involuntarily I stopped as I saw his face. And then quite clearly from the room beyond came his wife's voice.

"'My darling, darling boy—it's you and only you for ever and ever.'

"'I don't quite know how much Giles had guessed before. I think he knew about her previous engagement, but I'm quite sure he had never associated Trevor with it. A year or two later she told me that when she married him she had made up her mind to conceal the fact that she had loved another man—and loved him still. And Giles had taken her on those terms. But at the time I didn't know that. I only knew that a very dear friend of mine had crashed about his head with stunning suddenness. It was Giles who pulled himself together first. Giles, with a face grey and lined, who said in a loud voice to me,—"Well Dog-face, where is the invalid?"

"And then he waited a moment as two before he went around the screen.

"'Ah! my dear,' he said quite steadily as he saw his wife, 'you here!'

"He played his part for ten minutes, stiff-lipped and without a falter, then he went, and his wife went with him to continue the play on which they had built for life. Trevor's back was not broken—in a couple of months he was back at duty. And so it might have continued for the duration but for Giles being drowned fishing in Ireland.'"

The soldier stared thoughtfully at the fire.

"He was a first-class fisherman and a wonderful swimmer was Giles Yeverley, and sometimes—I wonder. They say that perhaps he got cramp. But as I say, sometimes—I wonder.

"I saw them—Jimmy Dallas, sometime Sergeant Trevor, and his wife—at the Ritz two nights ago. They seemed wonderfully in love though they'd been married ten years, and I stopped by their table.

"'Sir Lancelot,' says Dog-face! she ordered, 'and have a liqueur.'

"So I sat down and had a liqueur. And it was just as I was going that she looked at me with her wonderful smile, had said very softly—'Thank God! dear old Giles never knew, and now if he does, he'll understand.'"

The soldier got up and stretched himself.

"A big result for a bit of yellow peel."



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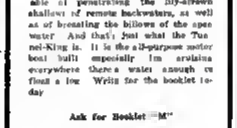
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Pepita Pink-toes

Continued from page 18

is as horrid as his name. Fancy abusing poor little Pepita so! She was merely frightened out of her wits that time at Hurst Park. She did not in the least know *what* she was expected to do, dear little thing! I have hinted to Felsnavy to give her lots of "private tuition" to get her used to things.

Felsnavy is a grumpy person. He writes that Pepita Pink-toes has done her best to fell four of his lads. The fact must be the lads do not understand her temperament. Pepita is always docile when I am petting her. Felsnavy also writes that though he considers my suit William the Wise's chance of winning the Derby "not worth a ha'penny" yet it is "a far better chance than Pepita Pink-toes's would be if she were 1,000 per cent. better than she is. Felsnavy is nearly as bad as "Steely Eye."

"Steely Eyes!" How infinitely nobler to be a novelist than to be a man who writes abuse of poor little scared fillies!

I have read every one of your books now. I never dreamed that novels could be so wonderful. If I WIN THE DERBY I am going to buy a lot of yearlings. I shall name each of them after one of your books—if I may, please!

With Very Kindest Regards,
Most Sincerely Yours,
NINA AYLERD

P.S. Felsnavy practically suggests that I shall withdraw both Pepita Pink-toes and William the Wise from the Derby. The ideal *Scratch* Pepita Pink-toes! And also sober-lacking William the Wise, though he will be "streets" behind Pepita now not be quite last. I shall run them both.

Between ourselves I am very keen to see my "second colours" sported. I did think of running William the Wise in the Two Thousand Guineas, towards the end of April, but I am afraid he might do so badly that I should not have any excuse for keeping him in the Derby. Then my second colours would not be sported. So William, like Pepita, shall not be "on show" until the Derby.

ITEM 17

Persistent interchange of letters between Villa Migrarde, Algiers and 14 Cambridge Grove, London.

ITEM 18

(Telegram—self-explanatory.)

(To) FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, ESQ., *14, Cambridge Grove, London, W. 6*

Algiers
March 1st, 192-

Yes, we should be very delighted indeed if you were to meet us at Dover pier. I shall recognize you instantly. You must come on to Anderide Manor with us.

NINA AYLERD

ITEM 19

(Excerpt from daily newspaper.)
From our Special Correspondent.

Lincoln
March 16th, 192-

Undoubtedly the most charming figure in the assemblage which foregathered for the meeting at the Red Rose was Miss Nina Aylerd ("Mr. Naylerd"—the identity is no longer a secret) the youthful owner of Pepita Pink-toes, the much fancied but enormously long-odds candidate for the Derby, and of William the Wise also in the Derby but with an entirely negligible chance. Miss Aylerd looking radiantly beautiful, was accompanied on her excursions to the paddock by the tall and commanding form of Mr. Francis R. Finlock the famous novelist. One wishes sincerely that Miss Aylerd would have had better fortune than to see her horses Winter Cloud and Smilesby come in absolutely last in their respective races.

ITEM 20

(Excerpt from daily newspapers.)

LONDON BETTING
The Derby
18 to 2 against Pepita Pink-toes
7 to 1 against Carlisle Knight
8 to 1 against Narien
100 to 7 against Blue Sea



IT IS like bringing beautiful, happy sunshine into dark, dreary rooms when you use LUXEBERRY ENAMEL on your woodwork. This celebrated enamel does not give the hard, icy glare of most enamels. It has an exquisitely soft lustre and achieves harmonious blending of decorations instead of crude contrast.

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ITEM 21

(Excerpt from daily newspaper)

PEPITA PINK TOES A FIRM FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY

Considerable money for Pepita Pink-toes and the consequent easing a point off Narion, who in virtue al his Two Thousand Guineas victory has looked like unpeseeding Miss Aylerd's Jilly in favouritism, formed the chief feature al last night's Derby market. Wagering woe confined principally to the halfdozen candidates at the head of the quotations.

LONDON BETTING

The Derby

4 to 1 agnlust Pepita Pink Toes.
6 to 1 against Narion
100 to 12 against Carlisle Knight
6% to 8 against Blue Sea.
100 to 6 against Stately Stella
20 to 1 against Marcher Earl.

ITEM 22.

(To FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, *From* MISS NINA AYLERD.)

Anderido Manor, May 18th, 192-

My Very Own Precious Darling,

(The paragraph which ensued, being merely of a private nature, is omitted here)

I have just motored back Irene Newmarket Wile had the trial awfully early in the morning and awfully secretly with Hollinger, whose now that Bill Rangelascratched we have succeeded in securing to steer Pepita Pink-toes in the Derby up on her. Really we were obliged to have two trials. Pepita Pink-toes wse certainly rather excitable and naughty in the first—because she was displeased at having to get up so early, I think. She would do nothing but kick and stand on her hind legs and waltz. William the Wise who is always delightfully placid, did not turn a hair when the kicked him. He just devoted his attention to the business in hand, nirs fellow! and proceeded to gallop his best and straightest

I am afraid he did not gallop very fast; he could not catch the trio! horses, to whom he was not giving any such weight. Ent Felanney amiable for a wonder, says that William may do a trifle better on *the great day*, if we have some rain to soften the ground. I see the bookmakers are offering 150 to 1 against him. But tranquil William the Wise is not in the least offended by that. Then we had another trial (without William) for Pepita Pink-toes's benefit. It was arranged to begin it seemed wretchedly cruel, that at the very start Hollinger should "steady her with half a dozen solid ones" from his whip." He did, and, my Darling, the result was marvelous! Pepita went like an arrow, like a streak Felanney only grumbled—said that at the pars tha would drop dead in six furlongs. I felt dreadful at the thought. It was a relief when, just on the six-furlong mark, Pepita, instead of dying, decided to dance, so suddenly that she and Hollinger nearly pitched head over heel. But Pepita is so clever that some how she kept her feet. Hollinger broke his nose by knocking it against her head. I am sorry, but I don t see that this was all Pepita's fault—and it certainly have hurt her tender little skull abominably. We now have a plan of campaign. In the Derby Hollinger—though at present he declines he 'won't ride the mamie'—will start Pepita with a "steadier" and repeat the "steadier" at Intervals Felsanoy says it is no good—she will not nearly last the distance But I believe she will last it. I believe that Pepita is unique—that she will "streak" all the way home. That really is cool *If she really makes me winner of the Derby! (The remainder of the letter agorn is purely of a private nature.)*

ITEM 23

(From FRANCIS R FINLOCK, *in acknowledgment of Item 22.)*

14, Cambridge Grove, London, W 8
May 19th 192-

My Incomparable Darling,

My Very Own Nina,

(Private paragraph which need not be transcribed)

The news that Pepita Pink-toes- to whom in spite of virulent opposition you have so manfiindly and bravely kept your hopes pinned—gave such a display of her trur form in the second trial has caused me to walk about thir morning with a joyful air of triumph that excites the comment of my friends. I have given several of them the broad reason of it, without entering into details of the trial which, since it was secret you will not wish talked of, and they have gone off to increase their stakes on Pepita. I have invested a further 50 pounds on her.

What a moment it will be for me if I see my Nina leading in Pepita Pink-toes the victor of the Derby!—if I can greet my Nina as owner of the Derby winner!

(The remainder is of an entirely private nature.)

ITEM 24

(Evening before the Derby—excerpt from late edition of daily newspaper)

May 30th, 192-

Undoubtedly the most charming figure in the huge concourse which foregathered for the opening day of the great Epsom racing carnival was Miss Nina Aylerd ("Mr. Nayford") whose filly Pepita Pinktoes is backed on by so many hundreds of thousands of people throughout the civilized world as the certain winner of to-morrow's Blue Riband of the English Turf.

Miss Aylerd will be doubly represented in the historic race, as the will also run William the Wise, whose chances, however, are negligible.

Miss Aylerd, looking radiantly beautiful was escorted in the paddock by the tall and impressive form of Mr Francis R. Finlock the famous novelist. One wishes very much that Miss Aylerd could have derived a pleasant omen from the Wallington Plate—the only race in which she ran anything to-day—instead of seeing her representative Ragiolo finish last.

ITEM 25

(Some Evening—from late edition of another newspaper. Portion of an article headed:—)

THE DERBY "BOGEY" HORSE.

By "Steely Eye."

Finally I reiterate what I have been saying for months past. Pepita Pink toes will have no more influence on the result of the Derby than if she had remained in her stable.

So let us be done with the crassly false favourite and with very different feelings turn to another al her sex, the thoroughly deserving Stately Stella, who will be well served by the recent days of rain, and to Narion and Carlisle Knight—one or another of whirh trio, I am convinced, will be the winner al to-morrow's event.

ITEM 26

(Morning of Derby Day—excerpt from London newspapers)

LONDON BETTING

The Derby

4 to 1 against Pepita Pink-toes
11 to 2 against Narion
11 to 2 against Carlisle Knight
8 to 1 against Stately Stella
100 to 9 against Blue Sea
20 to 1 against Marcher Earl.
Etc. Etc
Etc Etc

ITEM 27.

(Afternoon of Derby Day—excerpt from London newspaper)

STOP PRESS
DERBY RESULT

William the Wise	1
Descent	2
Flashing Sword	3
Blue Sea	4

ITEM 28.

(Evening of Derby Day—studies in newspaper headlines)

TOO TO I CHANCE WINS AMAZING DERBY

Victory For Beautiful Lady Owner In Most Astounding Derby On Record

WILLIAM THE WISE WINS "NIGHTMARE" DERBY

Incredible Scene al Falling Horses Ar Tattenham Corner. 15 of 22 Runners Share in The Calamity. Hatbreadth Escapes of Jockays and Horses. No Serious Injuries

A "NIGHTMARE" DERBY

Race Wrecked by Pepita Pink-Toes, Favourite Causes Colossal Spill At Tattenham Corner

ITEM 29

(Morning after the Derby—excerpt from daily newspaper)

THE FIENDISH ACHIEVEMENT OF PEPITA PINK-TOES.

By "Steely Eye"

Never, while Racing survives as a topic of conversation, will the Derby of 192- (of whirh I give more critical details in an adjoining column) ha allowed to lie in oblivion. Think of it! The race for the Blue Riband of the English Turf turned into a débâcle into a grotesque, dumbfounding spectacle of horses dropping like ninepins and of a finish in which the barest fraction of the field took a part. And all this devastation the work of one demoniacal creature who merits but one fate—to be shot immediately, the work of Pepita Pink-toes!

Pepita Pink-toes is not a filly. She is a mentally deficient kangaroo or rather a dangerously lunatic kangaroo. Alternately revolving or stop-dancing on her hind legs and lashing out with her heels, she delayed the start for twenty-five minutes, upset the nerves of most of her rivals, and punished her stable companion William the Wise with a nasty kick in the flank. The winner-to-be, however, a singularly impassive colt, showed no resentment whatever. Possibly he had a premonition of the service Pepita Pink toes would shortly render him. For without her aid, he it said William the Wise would not have won the Derby if he had tried a thousand times. A fifty pound Selling Plate is his mark.

The fatal circumstance that Pepita Pink toes with Hollinger's whip, at the psychological moment, smashing her into leaping straight got the best of a ragged start was the prelude of the tragedy. Though for half a mile she continued to increase her clear lead, it was obvious to everyone that she would exhaust herself long before the finish. But unhappily the was in the one position which could enable her to perpetrate the dire havoc ther caused.

Hollinger, who apparently had received orders not to check her, used his whip once or twice again, but, approaching Tattenham Corner, she was tiring so rapidly that everything else in the field was travelling three yards to her one—with the exception of William the Wise and Flashing Sword jaunting leisurely in the rear. Rounding the Corner into the straight the led by little more than her own length, her immediate attendants being Stately Stella and Narion. And then came the "Nightmare."

One had the briefest glimpse of Pepita Pink-toes turning broadside on in the act of rising on her hind legs for (there was no mistaking it!) one of her maniacal dances and then she was down, with Stately Stella turning a complete somersault over her and bringing down Narion, who, in the twinkling of an eye, had grassed Moether Earl and Lamperdan.

Carlisle Knight, swung outward by his jockey in a desperate effort to clear the melée, was hurtled into by Phizon, and the two went over on the inside bringing down Valley Sunset, Applouse and Ladder Boy, these three rolling clear of one another and completing a line of obstacles to avoid which Brewerk was pulled by his jockey diagonally across the course and he knocked down off his feet by Tom o Storms, who fell with him bringing down Tylense and River Bridge. Blue Sea, swung outward at right angles, fought savagely to hold to the new direction and thus gave him chance of winning a rare which with every formidable opponent laid low he could have won in a canter, and wide round the edge of the chaotic débris came rushing the only prize price you like Langdon led by Descent tailed off by William the Wise.

It seemed that the calm untroubled gait which William the Wise and Flashing Sword had thus far observed would now stand them in good stead, having left them with a little something in reserve. At a touch of the whip though no visible quickening of their action resulted, they nevertheless began to draw up to Descent. A furlong from home the three were neck, while far in the background the straightened Blue Sea was bearing down like a hurricane.

Thirty yards from the winning post Flashing Sword weakened. For twenty yards further the lethargic pair to whom he abandoned the issue were nose level with nose. Then William the Wise stretching his neck in a peculiar, sensive manner which, in other circumstances would have been irresistibly remin got his head



Why the Mennen Company published My Baby Book

DEAR ANNE

t wish I could tell rau how glori ous t feel about my Baby Book which The Mennen Company published for me. Its simply wonderful the way doctors and nurses and mothers are using it and praising it—*thousands* of them!

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I suppose it was because of wide experience with babies in my clinical work that Tim Mennen Company asked me to write my Baby Book. I may have been flattered a bit, but I did owe a big chae so to help the greatest number of mothers in times of distress.

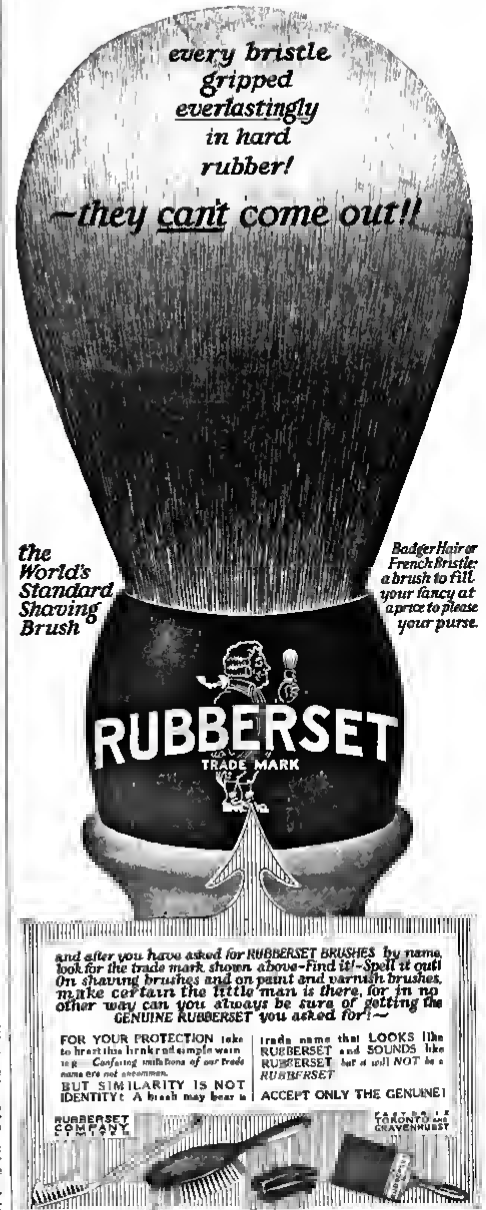
I hope you will tell all your mother friends to write for their copies. It's the kind of book they would ordinarily pay a dollar for. But because I have mentioned Mennen Talcum a few times, The Mennen Company is mailing it for thirty-five cents to pay us the edition lasts. It comes in a plain wrapper.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

in front and kept it there—to earn fame as the worst horse that ever won the Derby.

ITEM 30

(*Telegram—despatched the following day*)
Newmarket

(To) FRANCIS R. FINLOCK, ESQ.,
14, Cambridge Grove, June 2nd 192–
London W.2

Is not "St-E-"detestable? I do hate him
NINA

ITEM 31

(*Excerpt from newspaper of same day—"Stately Eye,' unveiling of the telegram*)
June 2nd 192–

After having, in my capacity of a critic of racing, been compelled to write of Miss Aylerd's Derby in a way that must have been displeasing to her, I most heartily welcome the opportunity to offer her my sincere congratulations with respect to another matter—her betrothal (just announced) to Mr Francis R Finlock.

To my "steely eye," which for nearly forty years has looked upon the world of racing, the sight of Miss Aylerd, a young happy face perhaps, yearning unexpectedly on some drab day at some dull meeting, has been an exquisite pleasure—as it has been to many other eyes.

May every happiness be in store for her and for her future husband, whose hooks as evidence for us our quiet hours of recreation.

ITEM 32

(*Excerpt from letter of Miss Nina Aylerd to her fiance—written at Anderida Manor on June 3rd.*)

Isn't "Steely Eye" a dear! Will you get to know him and bring him down here. Perhaps, though he does not think much of them, he would like us to take him over to Newmarket and show him my horses. Ought we to shew him Pepita Pink-toes? Or would he be offended?

I am glad I came down to Newmarket with her as Thursday, poor little Pepita! I have been very busy soothing and petting. I did not leave her till last evening. She was better then, but still very miserable, not so much from her torn muscle and bad leg, I think, as from the appalling fright of having that Stately Stella blundering into her and tumbling right over her.

William the Wise—how proud I am of him!—will not let you see that he is the least elated at having made Turf history. He slept—his boy says—all the way down in the train.

Shall We Bar the Yellow Race?

Continued from page 14

must restrict the privileges of citizenship which she has hitherto carelessly extended to all, and should not extend the franchise to persons coming to Canada from countries where the masses are wholly ignorant of national institutions of the character common to this country, and that we should not naturalize persons until we have been able to demonstrate that they are fully appreciative of our civil institutions.

To do this involves a new appraisal of citizen qualifications for yellow, black and white. It would remove the emphasis from property, where it once was, from a capitation basis, where it now is, to something worthy of the blood and treasure with which the privileges of citizenship were bought. It need involve no racial discrimination, but it would automatically render ineligible those unfit for electoral rights.

The dictum of Roosevelt in his letter to a California congressman in 1909, although applied only to the Japanese may well be accepted as the only safe one in dealing with all Oriental peoples:

"Let the agreement between Japan and the United States be entirely reciprocal. Let the Japanese and Americans visit one another's countries with entire freedom as tourists, scholars, professors, sojourners for study or pleasure, or for purposes of international business; but keep out laborers, men who want to go into the mines, trees, or even in professions where the work is of a non-international character. That is, keep out of Japan those Americans who wish to settle as a permanent part of the resident working population, and keep out of America there Japanese who wish to adopt a similar attitude.

"This is the only wise and proper attitude."

Ovington's Bank

Continued from page 29

the other. It was a piece which Arthur had admired for its age but had never seen in use. He stared at it, and as he closed the cupboard and panel by which he stood, and replaced the bit of moulding—he hesitated. With the keys in his hand he cast a glance at the windows then, he crossed the hearth took down the sconce, and ran his fingers down the moulding.

Yes, here were the cracks, barely to be discovered by the fingers, and not at all by the eye. The bit of moulding, when he twisted it, moved stiffly, but it moved. With another glance over his shoulder he inserted the key, turned, he listened. All was quiet in the house. Outside, a wood-pigeon cooed in a neighbouring tree while a solitary rook uttered a shrill "Bah-doo Bah-doo!" not the common caw, but a cry that he had often heard.

Something in the stealthiness of his movements and the stillness of the house, whispered a warning to him, and he paused—his arm raised. Yet—why not? What could come of it? Knowledge was always useful, and if his business had lain with this second cupboard his uncle would have sent him to it as freely as to the other. With an effort he shook off his scruples and satisfying himself that he was doing no wrong, he laughed. He turned the key and swung back the panel. He unlocked and opened the inner door.

Here there were but two divisions. The lower one was piled high with plate, with a part, if not the whole, of a dinner-service, cups, bowls, candlesticks, wine-jugs, salt-cellars—a collection that tarnished and dull as the pieces were made Arthur's mouth water. Among them lay half a dozen leather cases which he fancied held jewelry, and more than a dozen bulky parcels—spoons and forks and the like. They had not been disturbed, it was plain, for years, and he dared not touch them.

ON THE upper shelf were two iron boxes and arrayed before them four parcels of deeds, old and discoloured with ends of green ribband hanging from them, and here and there a great seal—one seal was of lead. They gave out a damp, sour smell, the odour of slowly decaying sheepskin. Three of the parcels related to farms which the Squire had bought within Arthur's memory. The fourth and largest bundle in a coarse wrapper, neatly bound about with straps, had a label attached to it. "The Title Deeds of the Garth Estate," and thrust under one of the straps was a folded slip of parchment. Arthur opened this and saw that it was a memorandum, dated fifty years before of the deposit of the deeds to secure the repayment of thirty-eight thousand pounds and interest. Below were receipts for instalments repaid at intervals of years, and opposite the last receipt appeared in the Squire's hand "Cancelled," and deeds returned—Thank God for His Mercies!"

Arthur felt a thrill of sympathy as he read the words. He returned the slip to its place and softly closed the door, he swung back the panel and secured it. He replaced the silver sconce.

But though two thicknesses of wood now intervened, he retained the vision of the bundle of deeds. It was not large, he could have carried it under his arm. But it meant that little parcel, power, wealth, position, the Garth Estate. It spoke to Arthur the banker—for whom wealth lay in pieces of paper not in gold and silver—as eloquently as the broad acres themselves, the farms and water mills, the coverts and dingles, the wide-lying hillside that he loved, spoke to the Squire. For the first time Arthur coveted Garth, valuing it not as the Squire did for what it was, hill and dale spread under heaven, but for what it was worth, for what might be made of it, for the uses to which it might be put.

"He has added to it. One could raise fifty thousand on it now," he thought. "And with fifty thousand, what could one not do? With fifty thousand pounds, free money, added to the bank's resources, what might not be done? It was a golden vision that he had, as he stood in the evening stillness with the scent of roses stealing into the room, and the wood-pigeon cooing softly in the tree outside.

"Ay, what might he not do?

"But the Squire might be growing suspicious! He roused himself, saw that all was as he had found it, and unlocking the door he went upstairs.

"You've been a long time about it, young man," the Squire grumbled. "What's amiss?"

But Arthur was ready with his answer. "You told me to go about it quietly, sir, so I waited until the coast was clear. It's a capital hiding-place. It's not to be found in a minute even when you know where it is."

"Ay, ay. It would take a clever rogue to find it," complacently.

"I suppose it's old, sir?"

"My grandfather put it in when the Scots were at Derby. And, mark ye, no one knows of it but Frederick Welsh—and now you. D'you be careful and keep your mouth shut, lad. Yon he got the certificate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go about the business and get it done. And now do pop send Jos to me."

ARTHUR made a mental note that the old man was changing at last—was losing that hard grip on all about him which he had maintained for half a century; and he was confirmed in this idea by the ease with which the India Stock transaction presently went through. The brokers shewed themselves unusually complaisant. They wrote that, as the matter was personal to him, they were anxious that nothing should go wrong and so his customer was blind, they were forwarding with the transfer, one which the particulars had been inserted a duplicate in blank in order that if the former were spoiled in the execution delay might be avoided. This was irregular, but if the duplicate were not needed it would be returned and no harm done.

Arthur thought this polite of them, and was flattered. he felt that he was a client of value. But as it turned out the duplicate was not needed. The Squire made nothing of the formality. His hand once directed to the proper place, he signed his name boldly and plainly—as he did most things, and Arthur and Jos added their signatures as witnesses. Ten days later the money was received, and five-sixths of it was paid over to the bank. The duplicate transfer, overlooked at the moment, lay on the Squire's bureau until it did not seem worth while to return it, when Arthur, tired of coming upon it every day, thrust it out of sight in a pigeon-hole.

He had other things to think of at the bank.

Willey losing his head had been behaving ill, ignoring the bank's claim he had assigned a number of his railway shares to meet a bill discounted elsewhere. The natural course would have been to insist on the firm and to retain the shares. But the consequences as Ovington saw might be serious. The step might not only involve the bank in a loss which he still hoped to avoid, but it might imply taking over the Mill—and it is not the business of bankers to run mills. Arthur, on the other hand, who did not like the man, would have put the knot at once, and sent him to the devil.

IN THE END Ovington had decided against Arthur, and on grounds that had taken the latter rather aback. "We must be careful," the banker had said. "Credit is like a house of cards. You take one card away, you do not know how many may fall."

"But if we don't teach him a lesson now?"

"Quite true, lad. But—well, I will see him. If, as Kodd thinks, he is drawing bills on men of straw, whose acceptances are worthless—"

"That would be the devil!"

"There will be an end of him—but not of him only. We must go warily lad. To throw him down now—" the banker shook his head. "No, we will give him one more chance. I will talk to him."

"I should not have put it past you."

"That is one of the things you have to learn."

Arthur reviewed the conversation as he rode, and retained his own opinion. He thought Ovington too easy, too apprehensive. He would have played a bolder game and cut Willey and his losses. If losses there must be. Then shrugging his shoulders, he dismissed the matter and allowed his thoughts to turn to Garth, to the old man, to his lovely, and the path it opened to him. to Josine. Yes, Josine



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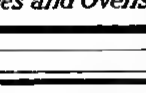
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He was not doing much there, but there was no hurry, and despite the charms of Gareth he had not quite made up his mind. When he did he anticipated no difficulty.

Still something was due to her, were it only as a matter of form, and she was pale and sweet and appealing. A little love-making would not be unpleasant these summer evenings though he had so far held off, haunted by a foolish hankering after Betty. Betty with her sparkle and raillery, her wild, high spirits, gay and her very temper, mutinous little rebel as she was—her temper which manlike he longed to tame and make his own.

Ten minutes later saw him to the Squire's room, entertaining him with scraps of county gossip and the latest news from town. Into that dull room, with its drab hangings and shelves of portraits, where the old man sat by his fireless grate, he came like a gleam of sunshine, his laugh lighting up the dim places, his voice expelling the gloom of the long day. He had a joke for Jemima and a teasing word for Miss Peacock—who idolised him.

He was the universal favourite. He had taken the length of the Squire's foot. It had been an easier matter than he had anticipated. But even in his cup there was a sour drop. He had his occasional misgivings and now and then suffered a shock. One day it was, "What about your cousin, Ted?"

"My cousin?" Arthur stared at the old man. He did not understand.

"Ay. You thought that I'd forgotten it. But I'm not that shaken. What about it?"

Now between the darkness of the night and the confusion Arthur had not noticed the damage done to Clement's overcoat. Consequently he could make nothing of the Squire's words and he tried to pass the matter off. "Oh, it's all right, sir," he said. He waited for something to enlighten him.

"Can you wear it?"

"Oh, yes."

"The deuce you can!" The Squire was surprised. "Then all I can say is you've found a d—d good cleaner, lad. If you got that blood off—but as you did, all's well. I was afraid I'd own you a new coat, my boy. I'd not forgotten it, but I knew that you'd not be wearing it this weather, and I thought in another week or two I'd be getting this bandage off. Then I'd see how it was, and what we could do with it."

Arthur understood then, and a thrill of alarm ran through him. What if the Squire began—but no, the danger was over, and in a quick access of pride he rid himself of his fear. He was not a fool to start at shadows. Things were going so well with him that he had no mind to spare for trifles, and no time to look aside.

CHAPTER XXI

JULY HAD passed into August. Who was it who whispered the first word of doubt? Of misgiving? Whose was felt the first shiver of distrust? What lips first let drop the fatal syllables of fall? Who, in the secrecy of some bank parlour or some discounter's office, sitting at the centre of the spider's web of credit, felt a single filament stretched it once by across half a world, shiver and relax? And, refusing to draw the unwelcome inference, sceptical of danger, felt perhaps a mood shock, over so slight and ever so distant, and then, reading the message aright, began to narrow his commitments, to draw in his resources to sell in his money, to turn into gold his paper wealth? And an from that dark office or parlour in Fenchurch Street or Change Alley, set in motion, obscurely, imperceptibly at first, the mighty impetus that was to reach to such tremendous ends?

Who? Probably no one knew then, and certainly no one can say now.

At any rate there came a day remarked by the vast majority, but of which a whisper began to pass round the inner recesses of Lombard Street; a fall such as there had been a few months earlier, but which then found the city unprepared. Aldersbury lay far beyond the warning—for if a hint of it reached Ovington it did not go beyond him. He did not pass it on, even to Arthur, nor it less did it reach others. Sir Charles, secluded within his park walls, was not in the way of hearing such things, and Achurley and his like were busy with preparations for an autumn sport, getting out their guns and seeing that their pink coats were aired and their mahogany tops were brought to the right colour. Walley and his own troubles and dealt with them after his own reckless fashion which was to mature can bill after another, he found it all he could do to provide for to-day without thinking what to-morrow might bring forth should his swollen goods become on a sudden unsaleable, or his bills fall to find discounters. And the generality, Greandis and Purslow and their followers, were happy, secure in their ignorance, forseeing no evil.

Thus was the state of things at Aldersbury, as summer passed into autumn. Men still added up their investments, their growing investments, and reckoned the amount of their fortunes and chuckled over what they had made, and added to the sum what they were sure of making, when the shares of this mine or that Canal Company rose another five or ten points. Their wealth on paper was still, to them, solid, abiding wealth to be garnered and laid by and enjoyed when it pleased them. And trade seemed to flourish, though not quite so briskly. There was still a demand for goods though not quite so urgent a demand—and the price stuck a little. The railway shares still stood at the high premium to which they had risen, though for the moment they did not seem to be inclined to go higher.

BUT ABOUT the end of September—perhaps some one in London or Birmingham or Liverpool had twitched the filament which is connected it with Aldersbury—Ovington called Arthur back as he was leaving the room after the day's business had been transacted. "Wait a moment," he said. "I have been thinking things over. I am not quite comfortable about them."

"Is it Walley?" Walley's case had been before them that morning and some sharp things and been said about his trading methods.

"No, it's not altogether Walley." Having got clue for Ovington paused, and Arthur noticed that he was looking grave. "No though Walley is a part of it. I am always uneasy about him. But—"

"What is it, sir?"

"It is the general situation, lad. I don't altogether like it. I've an impression that things have gone farther than they should. There is a good deal of inflation, that's certain. If things go sanely, it will be gradually reduced and no harm done. But at the same time we have a large sum of money out—he touched the pile of papers before him—"and I should like to see it locked up. I hardly know why, but I do not feel this morning that the position is healthy."

"But our money is well covered."

"As things are."

"And we are so solvent, sir, as—"

"As need be with the ordinary time to meet the calls that may be made upon us. We see. But in the event of a sudden fall of one big failure, leading to another—in the event of a sudden rush to present our notes?"

"Even then, sir, we are well secured. We should have no difficulty in finding accommodation."

"In ordinary circumstances no. And if we alone needed it. We could go to A or B or C, and them would be no difficulty. We have the money's worth and a good margin. But if A and B and C were also short, what then lad?"

Arthur felt something approaching contempt. The banker seemed to him to be inventing bogies imagining dangers dreaming of difficulties where none existed. He saw him in a new light and discovered him to be timorous. "But that state of things is not likely to occur," he said.

"Perhaps not. But if it did?"

"Have you had any hint?"

"No. But I see that Iron is down—since Saturday. And the Manchester market was dull yesterday."

"Things that have happened before," Arthur said. "I think sir, it is really Walley's affair that is troubling you."

"If it ended with Walley it would be a small matter. No. I am not thinking of that." He looked before him and rummed upon the table with his fingers. "We must raise our reserves if possible. So you see that we do not discount a single bill without recourse to me—though of course you will let nothing be noticed on the other side of the counter."

"Very good," Arthur said. But he thought that the other's caution was running away with him. The sky seemed clear to him. He could discern no signs of storm, and he did not reflect that as he and never been present at a storm the signs might escape him. "Very good," he said, "I'll tell Rodd. I am sure it will please him," and with that tiny thing, as Ovington said nothing more, he went out.

THE conversation and been held behind closed doors, yet it had its effect. A chill seemed to fall upon the bank. The air grew less genial. Ovington's face was both keen and watchful. Arthur perplexed and puzzled grew more brusque his speech shorter. Rodd's face reflected his superiors' gravity. Only Clement, going about his branch of the work with his usual stolid indifference perceived no change in the temperature and depressed before, was only a degree nearer to the mean level.

Poor Clement! There are situations in which it is hard to play the hero, and he found himself in one of them. He had vowed that there should be no more meetings and no more love-making until he had faced and conquered his dragon. But meanwhile the dragon lay sick and blind at the bottom of its den, out of reach, and guarded by its very weakness from attack while every hour and every day that saw nothing done seemed to remove him farther from his mistress, seemed to set a greater distance between them, and to blacken his face in her eyes.

Yet what could he do? The spell of vigour, which had, for a few days lifted him out of himself, and given him the force to meet and to impress his fellows had not only failed to win any real advantage, but failing, it had left him less self-reliant than before. For he saw now where he had failed. He saw that with the winning card in his hand he had allowed himself to be defeated by Arthur, and to be jockeyed out of all the fruits of his labour, simply because he had lacked the moral courage, the hardness of fibre, the stiffness to stand by his own!

And he feared that it would be ever so. Arthur had got the better of him and the knowledge depressed him to the ground. He was not a man. He was a weakling, a dreamer, good for neither one thing nor another! As useless outside the bank as at his desk, below and not above the daily tasks that he secretly despised.

OF COURSE in his impetuence and his humility Clement exaggerated both the delay and its results. The days seemed weeks to him, the weeks months. He fancied it a year since he had seen Joanna. He did not believe himself that she was no stranger to his difficulties, nor reflect that though his silence might try her, and his absence cause her unhappiness she might still approve the one and the other. As a fact the lesson which he had taught her at their last meeting had been driven home by the remorse that had tortured her in that dreadful night and lonely hours in the sick room, each watching, and many a thought of what might have been, had strengthened the impression.

But Clement did not know this. He pictured the girl as losing all faith in him, and as the weeks ran on the time came when he could bear the delay no longer. When he felt that he must either act, that he must either do something, or write himself down a coward. So man day after hearing in the town that the Squire was able to leave his room, he wrote to Joanna. He told her that he should call on the morrow and see her father.

And on the morrow he rode over, wound up to action blind for once to the changes of nature of landscape and cloud-scape that surrounded him. But he never reached the house for at the little bridge at the foot of the drive Joanna met him and eager as he had been to see his sweetheart and to hear her voice, he was checked by the change in her. It was a change which went deeper than mere physical alteration though that too was there. The girl was paler, finer, more spiritual. Trouble and anxiety had laid their mark on her. He had left her girl, he found her woman. A new look, a look of purpose, of decision, gave another cast to her features.

She was the first to speak, and her words bore out the change in her. "You must come no farther, Clement," she said. And then for a moment, as their hands met and their eyes, the colour flamed in her cheeks, her head drooped flower like, she was for an instant the old Joanna, the girl he had wooed by the brook, who had many a time clung to him. But for a moment only. Then "You cannot see him yet,"

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How I Earn $15 to $25 a Week in my Spare Time

Writing Show Cards at Home
by William S. Coulthard.

I needed money! But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the necessity. And I was in what I know now was a rut. I was getting $15 to $25 a week, but my salary has been increased three times. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life and as I'm doing my regular work better.

I began to offhand positions writing show cards, but I see not independent. My personal position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is earning me big returns. Before I had shown card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one as you can imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for $75.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, when I find show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that is when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my way clear to finish them—and have to turn some work.

Your system of imparting work to your students has certainly helped me, but some times you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time you know. Please note this and don't try to overload me so much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your school, I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—such you can certainly see my name and I recommend students for I feel I'll be doing any man a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,
WM. S. COULTHARD

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coulthard in full of facts for Show Card writing offers a marvelous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or as full time work. What Mr. Coulthard has done can be done by you. Fifteen Dollars, Twenty-Twenty, Fifty Dollars Profits, Display Builders and many other men have proved it. Mrs. Lilliedale, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Le Mesley and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Quite like Misses McDermott, Clegg, Bardgett and Reid, to all of whom we have referred, find pastime in the fascinating Show Card School method of training at home, at the least possible cost. Our free booklet explains this method in full. Just mail the coupon below and you will receive this booklet by return mail, also full particulars of our special terms and our free employment service. Don't delay—do it now. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us.

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Province .....

she announced not yet for a long time. Clem I met you here that I might stop you and that there might be no misunderstanding—and no more secrets."

This last she had certainly secured, for the place which she had chosen for their meeting was overlooked, though at a distance, by the doorway of the house, and by all the walks about it.

BUT HE WAS not to be so put off. "I must see him," he said steadily—and he told himself that he must not be moved by her pleadings. It was natural that she should fear, but he must not fear—and indeed he had passed beyond fear. "No, dear," as she began to protest, "you must let me judge of this." He held her hands firmly in his grasp as he looked at her. "I have suffered enough, I have suffered as much as I can bear. I have had no sight of you and no word of you for months, and I cannot endure that longer. Every hour of every day I have felt myself a coward a deserter, a do-nothing! I have had to hear this, and I have borne it. But now—now that your father is downstairs—"

"You can still do nothing," she said, 'Believe believe me you can do nothing. Dear Clement,' and the tenderness which she strove to suppress betrayed itself in her tone "you must be guided by me you must indeed. I am with my father and I know, I know that he could not bear it now. I know that it would be cruel to tell him now. He is ill—ill! Blind! And he trusts me, he has to trust me. To tell him now would be to destroy his faith in me, to shock and to frighten him—irreparably. You must go back now, now at once."

"What? And still do nothing? And lose you? he cried. The pathos of her appeal had passed him by, and only his love and his jealousy spoke.

"No," she answered soberly, "if you have patience."

"But have you patience?"

"I must have."

"And I—am to do nothing?" he spoke with energy, almost with anger. "To go on doing nothing? To stand by and—and play the coward still—go on playing it?"

Her face quivered, for he hurt her. He was selfish he was cruel; yet she understood and forgave him for his cruelty. But she answered him firmly. "Nothing until I send for you," she said. "You do not think, Clem, if he is blind, blind! Think of it! He is dependent on me for everything. If I told him in his weakness that I have deceived him, he would lose faith in me, he would distrust me, he would distrust everyone. He would be alone in his darkness!"

It began to come home to him "Blind!" he repeated.

"Yes"

"But for good? Do you mean—quite blind, Jos?"

"Ah, I don't know!" she cried, unable to control her voice. "I don't know. Farmer does not know the physician who came from Birmingham to see him does not know. They say that they have hopes—and I don't know! But I fear."

HE WAS silent then, impressed with pity, feeling at length the paths off, feeling it almost as she felt it. But after a pause during which she stood before him watching his face "And if he does not recover his sight"

"God forbid!"

"I say God forbid too," he replied with all my heart But if he does not—what then? When may I—"

"When the time comes," she answered, "and of that I must ha the judge. Yes, Clement don't stop me," with resolution. "I must be the judge for I alone know how he is, and can choose the occasion."

The delay she imposed upon him was very bitter to him. He had ridden out determined to put his fate to the test, to let nothing stand between him and his love, to over ride excuses and he could not in a moment make up his mind to be thwarted. And I must wait? I must go on waiting? Eating my heart out—doing nothing?"

"There is no other way. Indeed, indeed there is not."

"But it is too much. It is too much, Jos, you admit"

"Then, Clement—"

"Well? Well Josine?"

"You must give me up," she spoke firmly, but her lips quivered and there were tears in her eyes.

He was silent. At last, "Do you wish me to give you up?" he said crushly.

She looked at him for answer, and his doubts, if he had doubted her his distrust if it had been possible for him to distrust her, vanished. His heart melted.

"Forgive me, oh forgive me, dear!" he cried. "But mine is a hard task, a bitter task. You do not know what it is to wait, to wait and to do nothing!"

"Do I not? Her eyes were swimming. "Is it not that which I am doing every day, Clem? But I have faith in you, and I believe in you. I believe that all will come right in the end. If you trust me, as I trust you, and have to trust you—"

"I will, I will," he cried, repentant, remorseful, recognizing in her a new decision a new sweetheart, and doing homage to the strength that trial and suffering had given her "I will heed you, trust you wholly—and wait."

HER EYES thanked him, and her hands, and after this there was little more to hassle. She was even sure that he should go. They parted. He rode back to Aldersbury.

In the bank he grew more taciturn, doing his business with less spirit than before, suspecting Arthur and avoiding speech with him, meeting his careless smile with a stolid face. His father, Redd too, deemed him jealous of the new partner and his father, growing as these days a little sharp in temper, spoke to him about it.

"You took no interest in the business," he said, "and I had to find some one who would take an interest and he'd use to me. Now you are making difficulties, and causing needless anxiousness. You are behaving ill, Clement."

But Clement only shrugged his shoulders. He had become indifferent. He had his own burden to bear.

To be Continued.

Footprints in the Snow

Continued from page 21

shots, one man alone walked away and left the farm, one man only, and his footprints are not those of Mathias de Gorne. Then where can Mathias de Gorne be?"

But the well can be dragged?"

"No. The well is practically bottomless. It is known all over the district and gives its name to the manor."

"So you believe"

I repeat what I said. Before the snowfall, a single arrival, Mathias and a single departure the stranger."

"And Madame de Gerne? Was she too killed and thrown down the well like her husband?"

"No carried off."

"Carried off?"

"Remember that her bedroom was broken down with a hammer."

"Come come sergeant! You yourself declare that there was only one departure the stranger's."

"Stoop down. Look at the mans footprints. See how they sink into the snow until they actually touch the ground. These are the footprints of a man laden with a heavy burden. The stranger was carrying Madame de Gorne on his shoulder."

"Then there's an outlet this way?"

"Yes a little door of which Mathias de Gorne always had the key on him. The man must have taken it from him."

"A way out into the open fields?"

"Yes—a road which joins the departmental highway three quarters of a mile from here. And do you know where?"

"Where?"

"At the corner of the château."

"Jérôme Vignal's château?"

"Jérôme Vignal's château."

"By Jove, this is beginning to look serious! If the trail leads to the château and stops there, we shall know where we stand."

THE trail did continue to the château, as they were able to perceive after following it across the undulating fields on which the snow lay heaped in places. The approach to the main gates had been swept, but they saw that another trail, formed by the two wheels of a vehicle, was running in the opposite direction to the village.

The sergeant rang the bell. The porter, who had also been sweeping the drive, came to the gates with a broom in his hand. In answer to a question, the man said that M. Vignal had gone away that morning before anyone else was up and that he himself had harnessed the horse to the trap.

"In that case," said Rémine when they had moved away, "all we have to do is to follow the tracks of the wheels."

"That will be no easy," said the sergeant. "They have taken the railway."

"At Pompignat station, where I came from? But they would have passed through the village."

"They have gone past the other way, because it leads to the town, where the express trains stop. The procureur-general has an office in the town. I'll telephone, and, as there is no train before eleven o'clock all that I can do is to keep a watch at the station."

"I think you're doing the right thing, sergeant," said Rémine, "and I congratulate you on the way in which you have carried out your investigation."

They parted. Rémine went back to the inn in the village and sent a note to Horsome Daniel by hand.

"*My Very Dear Friend*

"I seemed to gather from your letter that, touched as always by anything that concerns the heart, you were anxious to protect the love affair of Jérôme and Natalie. Now there is every reason to suppose that these two, without consulting their fair protectress, have run away, after throwing Mathias de Gorne down a well.

"Forgive me for not coming to see you. The whole thing is extremely obscure and if I were near you I should not have the detachment of mind which is needed to think the case over.

It was then half-past ten. Rémine went for a walk into the country, with his hands clasped behind his back and with at vouchsafing a glance at the exquisite spectacle of the white meadows. He came back for lunch still absorbed in his thoughts and indifferent to the talk of the customers of the inn who on all sides were discussing recent events.

HE WENT up to his room and had been asleep some time when he was awakened by a tapping at the door. He got up and opened it.

"Is it you?" Is it you?" he whispered.

Hortense and he stood gazing at each other for some seconds in silence holding each other's hands as though nothing, no relevant thought and no utterance must be allowed to interfere with the joy of their meeting. Then she asked

"Was I right in coming?"

"Yes," he said, gently. "I expected you."

"Perhaps it would have been better if you had sent for me sooner instead of waiting. Events did not wait, you see, and I don't quite know what's to become of Jérôme Vignal and Natalie de Gorne!"

"What, haven't you heard?" she said, quickly. "They've been arrested. They are going to travel by the express."

"Arrested? No" Rémine objected. "People are not arrested like that. They have to be questioned first."

"That's what's being done now. The gendarmes are making a search!"

"Where?"

"At the château. And, as they are innocent. For they are innocent aren't they? You don't admit that they are guilty, any more than I do?"

Rémine replied:

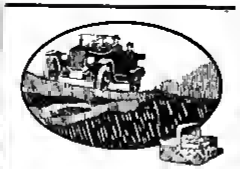
"I admit nothing. I can admit nothing. I have Nevertheless, I am bound to say that everything is against them. Except one fact, which is that everything is too much against them. It is not natural for so many proofs to be heaped against a man Apart from this, there's both the mystery and discrepancy!"

"Well?"

"Well, I am greatly puzzled."

"But you have a plan?"

"None at all—alas. Ah! If I could see Jérôme Vignal and her, Natalie de Gorne, and hear them and know what they are saying to their own silence! But you understand that I shan't be permitted either to ask them any questions or to



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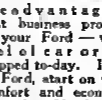
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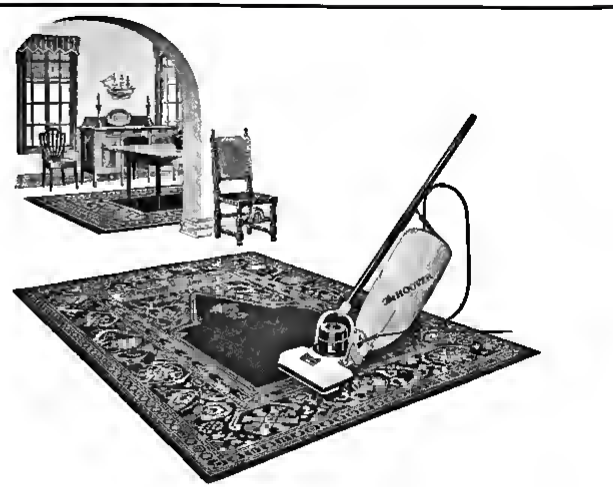
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he present at their examination. Besides it must be finished by this time."

"It's finished at the chateau!" she said, "but it's going to be continued at the manor-house."

"Are they taking them to the manor-house?" he asked eagerly

"Yes . . . at least, judging by what was said to the chauffeur of one of the procurators two cars

"Oh, in that case," exclaimed Rénion, "the thing's done! The manor-house! Why, we shall be in the front row of the stalls! We shall see and hear everything, and as a word or tone of the voice, a quiver of the eyelids will be enough to give me the tiny clue I need . . . we may entertain some hope . . . Come along!"

HE TOOK her by the direct route which he had followed that morning, leading to the gate which the locksmith had opened. The gendarmes on duty at the manor house had made a passage through the snow, beside the line of footprints and around the house. Chance enabled Rémine and Hortense to approach unseen and through a side window to enter a corridor near a back-staircase. A few steps up was a little chamber which received its only light through a sort of bull's-eye from the large room on the ground-floor. Rénion, during the morning visit, had noticed the bull's-eye which was covered on the inside with a piece of cloth. He removed the cloth and cut out one of the panes.

A few minutes later, a sound of voices rose from the other side of the house, no doubt near the well. The sound grew more distinct. A number of people flocked into the house. Some of them went upstairs to the first floor, some downstairs and went in. They were the procurator's deputy, his clerk, a commissary of police and two detectives.

Madame de Gorne was shown in and the deputy asked Jérôme Vignol to step forward.

Jérôme Vignal's face was certainly that of the strong man whom Hortense had depicted in her letter. He displayed no uneasiness but rather decision and resolute will. Natalie who was short and very slight, with a feverish light in her eyes, pressed close against the same impression of quiet confidence.

THE DEPUTY, who was examining the disordered furniture and the traces of the struggle, invited her to sit down and said to Jérôme

"Monsieur, I have not asked you many questions so far. This is a summary enquiry which I am conducting in your presence and which will be continued later by the examining magistrate, and I wished above all to explain to you the very serious reasons for which I asked you to interrupt your journey and to come back here with Madame de Gorne. You are now in a position to refute the truly distressing charges that are hanging over you. I therefore ask you to tell me the exact truth."

"Mr. Deputy," replied Jérôme, "the charges in question trouble me very little. The . . . h for which you are asking will defeat all the lies which a chance has accumulated against me. It is this"

He reflected for an instant and then, in clear, frank tones, said

"I love Madame de Gorne. The first time I met her, I conceived the greatest sympathy and admiration for her. But my affection has always been directed by the sole thought of her happiness. I love her, but I respect her even more. Madame de Gorne must have told you and I tell you again that she and I have changed our first few words last night."

He continued, in a low voice

"I respect her the more inasmuch as she is exceedingly unhappy. All the world knows that every minute of her life was a martyrdom. Her husband persecuted her with fearful cruelty and frantic jealousy. Ask the servants. They will tell you of the long suffering of Natalie de Gorne of the blows which she received and the insults which she had to endure. I tried to stop this torture by resorting to the right of appeal which the merest stranger may claim when unhappiness and injustice pass a certain limit.

"I went three times to old de Gorne and begged him to interfere . . . but I found in him an almost equal hatred towards his daughter-in-law, the hatred which many people feel for anything beautiful and noble. At last I received an direct notice and last night I took a step with regard to Mathias de Gorne which was . . . a little unusual, I admit, but which seemed likely to succeed, considering the man's character. I swear, Mr. Deputy, that I had no other intention than to talk to Mathias de Gorne. Knowing certain particulars of his life which enabled me to bring effective pressure to bear upon him, I wished to make use of this advantage in order to achieve my purpose. If things turned out differently, I am not wholly to blame. So I went there a little before nine o'clock. The servants, I knew were out. He opened the door himself. He was alone.

"Monsieur," said the deputy interrupting him, "you are saying something—of Madame de Gorne for that matter, the last now—which is manifestly opposed to the truth. Mathias de Gorne did not come home last night until eleven o'clock. We have two definite proofs of this, his father's evidence and the prints of his feet in the snow, which fell from a quarter past nine o'clock to eleven"

"MR. DEPUTY," Jérôme Vignal declared, without heeding the bad effect which his obstinacy was producing, "I am relating things as they were and not as they may be interpreted. But to continue That clock marked ten minutes to nine when I entered this room. M. de Gorne believing that he was about to be attacked, had taken down his gun and placed my revolver on the table, out of reach of my hand, and sat down.

"I want to speak to you, monsieur,' I said. 'Please listen to me.' His did not stir and did not utter a single syllable. So I spoke And straightway, crudely with out any previous explanation which might have softened the bluntness of my proposal, I spoke the few words which I had prepared beforehand 'I have spent some months, monsieur,' I said, in making careful enquiries into your financial position You have mortgaged every foot of your land. You have signed bills which will shortly be falling due and which will be absolutely impossible for you to honor You have nothing to hope for from your father, whose own affairs are in a very bad condition So you are ruined. I have come to save you . . . H watched me still without speaking, as sat down which I took to mean that my suggestion was not entirely displeasing Then I took a sheaf of bank-notes from my pocket placed it before him and continued 'Here are sixty thousand francs, monsieur. I will buy the Manoir-en-Puits its lands and dependencies and take over the mortgages. The sum named is exactly twice what they are worth I saw his eyes glittering He asked no conditions 'Only one' I said, 'that I go to Amerire' Mr Deputy, we were discussing for two hours. It was not the my offer roused his indignation—I should not have risked it I had not known with whom I was dealing—but he wanted more and he haggled greedily, though he restrained from mentioning the name of Madame de Gorne, to whom I myself had not once alluded. We might have been two men engaged in a dispute and seeking an agreement an common ground, whereas it was the happiness and the whole destiny of a woman that were at stake. At last weary of the discussion I accepted a compromise and we came to terms, which we resolved to make definite then and there Two letters were exchanged between us, one in which he made the Manoir-en-Puits over to me for the sum which I had paid him and one, which he pocketed immediately by which I was to send him as much more in America as the day on which the decree of divorce was pronounced. . . So the affair was settled I am sure that at that moment he was accepting in good faith He looked upon me less as an enemy and a rival than as a man who was doing him a service He even went as far as to give me the key of the little door which opens on the fields, so that I might go home by the short cut

"Unfortunately, while I was picking up my cap and great-coat, I made the mistake of leaving on the table the letter of sale which he had signed. In a moment Mathias de Gorne had seen the advantage which he could take of my slip . . . he could keep his property, keep his wife . . . and keep the money. Quick as lightning, he tucked away the paper, hit me over the head with the butt-end of his gun, threw the gun on the floor and seized me by the throat with both hands. He had reckoned without his host. I was the stronger of the two, and after a sharp but short struggle, I mastered him and tied him up with a cord which I found lying in a corner. Mr. Deputy, if my enemy's resolve was sudden, mine was no less so. Since, when all was said he had accepted the bargain, I would force him to keep it, at least in so far as I was interested A very few steps brought me to the first floor. I had not a doubt that Madame de Gorne was there and had heard the sound of our discussion Switching on the light of my pocket-torch, I hacked into three bedrooms. The fourth was locked. I knocked at the door There was no reply. But this was one of the moments in which a man allows no obstacle to stand in his way I had seen a hammer in one of the rooms. I picked it up and smashed in the door. . . . Yes, Natalie was lying there on the floor, in a dead faint. I took her in my arms, carried her downstairs and went out through the kitchen On seeing the snow outside, I at once realized that my footprints would be easily traced. But what did it matter? Was there any reason why I should put Mathias de Gorne off the scent? Not at all! With the sixty thousand francs in his possession, as well as the paper in which I undertook to pay him a like sum on the day of his divorce, to say nothing of his house and land he would go away, leaving Natalie de Gorne to me Nothing was changed between us, except one thing, instead of awaiting his good pleasure, I had seized the precious pledge which I coveted What I feared therefore was not so much any subsequent attack on the part of Mathias de Gorne, but rather the indignant reproaches of his wife What would she say when she realized that she was a prisoner in my hands? . . . The reasons why I escaped reproach Madame de Gorne may I believe, had the frankness to tell you Love calls forth love That night in my house, broken by emotion, she confessed his feeling for me She loved me as I loved her Our destinies were thenceforth mingled She and I set out at five o'clock this morning . . . not foreseeing for an instant that we were amenable to the law"

JEROME VIGNAL'S story was finished He had told it straight off the reel, like a story learnt by heart and incapable of revision in any detail

There was a brief pause, during which Hortense whispered

It all sounds quite possible and in any case very logical

"There are the objections to some" said Rénion. "Let us wait till you hear them. They are very serious. There's one in particular"

The deputy-procurator stated it at once

"And what became of M. De Gorne in all this?"

"Mathias de Gorne?" asked Jérôme

"Yes. You have related, with an accent of great sincerity, a series of facts which I am quite willing to admit. Unfortunately you have forgotten a point of the first importance: what became of Mathias de Gorne? You tied him up here in this room. Well, this morning he was gone."

"Of course, Mr. Deputy Mathias de Gorne accepted the bargain in the end and went away"

"By what road?"

"No doubt by the road that leads to his father's house"

"Where are his footprints? The excuse of snow is an impartial witness. After your fight with him, we see you in the snow, moving away. Why don't we see him? He cannot did not go away again Where is he? There is not a trace of him . . . so rather"

The deputy lowered his voice

"Or rather, you there are some traces on the way to the well and around the well traces which prove that the last struggle of all took place there . . . And after that there is no trace . . . not a thing . . ."

Jérôme shrugged his shoulders

"You have already mentioned this, Mr. Deputy, and it implies a charge of homicide against me I have nothing to say to it"

"Have you anything to say to the fact that your revolver was picked up within fifteen yards of the well?"

No.

"Or to the strange coincidence between

the three shots heard in the night and the three cartridges missing from your revolver?"

"No Mr Deputy there was not as you believe, a fatal struggle by the well because I left M. du Gorne to line up in this room and however I also left my revolver here On the other hand if chairs were heard they were not fired by me."

"A casual remembrance therefore?"

"That is a matter for the police to explain My only duty is to tell the truth and you are entitled to ask nature of me."

"And if that truth conflicts with the facts observed?"

"It means that the facts are wrong Mr Deputy"

"As you please But, until the day when the police are able to make them agree with your statements you will understand that I am obliged to keep you under arrest"

"And Madame de Gorne" asked Jérôme greatly distressed.

THE DEPUTY did not reply. He exchanged a few words with the commissary of police and then beckoning to a detective ordered him to bring up near at the two motor-cars Then he turned to Natalie.

"Madame you have heard M Vignol's evidence It agrees word for word with your own. M Vignol declares in particular that you had fainted when he carried you away But did you remain unconscious all the way?"

It seemed as though Jérôme's composure had increased Madame de Grne's assurance She replied

"I did not come to, monsieur until I was at the château."

"It is most extraordinary Didn't you hear the three shots which were heard by almost every one in the village?"

"I did not,"

"And did you see nothing of what happened beside the well?"

"Nothing did happen M. Vignol has told you so."

"Then what has become of your husband?"

"I don't know"

"Come madame you really must assist the officers of the law and at least tell us what you think Do you believe that there may have been an accident and that possibly M. de Gorne who had been to see his father and had had more to drink than usual, lost his balance and fell into the well?"

"When my husband came back from seeing his father he was not in the least intoxicated"

His father, however hastened that he was Her father and he had drunk two or three bottles of wine"

"Her father is not telling the truth"

"But the snow tells the truth monsieur, said the deputy irritably "And the line of his footprints wavers from side to side"

"My husband came in at half-past eight monsieur, before the snow had begun to fall"

The deputy struck the table with his list

"But, really, madame, you're going right against the evidence" "That sheet of snow cannot speak false! I may accept your denial of matters that cannot be verified But these footprints in the snow in the snow"

He controlled himself.

THE MOTOR CAR drew up outside the window. Following a sudden resolve he said to Natalie

"You will be good enough to hold yourself at the disposal of the authorities, madame and to remain here in the manor-house."

And he made a sign to the sergeant to remove Jérôme Vignol to the car

The gamp was lost Ir the two lovers Barely united, they had to separate and at light, he awry from each other against the most grievous accusations

Jérôme took a step towards Natalie They exchanged a long sorrowful look Then he bowed to her and walked to the door in the wake of the sergeant of gendarmes.

"Halt," cried a voice 'Sergeant, right about... turn! Jérôme Vignal stay where you are!"

The ruffled deputy raised his head as did the other people present. The voice came from near the ceiling The bull's-eye window had opened and Rémus, leaning through it, was waving his arms

"I wish to be heard!... I have several



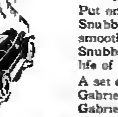
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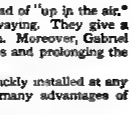




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remarks to make especially in respect of the zigzag footprints... It all lies in that" Mathias had not been drinking!"

He had turned round and put his two legs through the opening saying to Hortense, who tried to prevent him

"Don't move — No one will disturb you."

And, releasing his hold, he dropped into the room

The deputy appeared dumfounded

"But, really, monsieur who are you? Where do you come from?"

Rénine brushed the dust from his clothes and replied

"Excuse me, Mr. Deputy I ought to have come the same way as everybody else. But I was in a hurry Besides, if I had come in by the door instead of falling from the ceiling, my words would not have made the same impression."

The infuriated deputy advanced to meet him

"Who are you?"

"Prince Rénine I was with the sergeant this morning when he was pursuing his investigations, wasn't I, sergeant? Since then I have been hunting about for information That's why, wishing to be present at the hearing, I found a corner in a little private room."

"You were there? You had the audacity?..."

"One must needs be audacious, when the truth is at stake If I had not been there, I should not have discovered just the one little clue which I missed. I should not have known that Mathias de Grne was not the least bit drunk Now that's the key to the riddle When we know that, we know the solution."

THE DEPUTY found himself in a rather ridiculous position Since he had failed to take the necessary precautions to ensure the secrecy of his enquiry, it was difficult for him to take any steps against this interloper He growled

"Let's have done with this What are you asking?"

"A few minutes of your kind attention."

"And with what object?"

"To establish the innocence of M. Vignal and Mrdame de Gorne."

He was wearing that calm air that sort of Indifference look, which was peculiar to him in moments of extraordinary crisis of the drama depended entirely upon himself Hortense felt a thrill pass through her and at once became full of confidence

They're saved, she thought with a sudden emotion "I asked him to protect that young creature, and he is saving her from prison and despair"

Jérôme and Natalie must have experienced the same impression of sudden hope, for they had drawn nearer to each other, as though this stranger, descended from the clouds had already given them the right to join hands.

The deputy shrugged his shoulders

"The prosecution will never very means when the time comes of establishing their innocence for itself You will be called

"It would be better to establish it here and now. Any delay might lead to grievous consequences"

"I happen to be in a hurry"

"Two or three minutes will do"

"Two or three minutes to explain a case like this!"

"No longer I assure you"

"Are you as certain of it as all that?"

"I am more I have been thinking hard since this morning"

The deputy realized that this was one of those gentry who stick to you like a leech and that there was nothing for it but to submit. In a rather hamstrung tone, he asked

"Does your thinking enable you to tell us the exact spot where M. Mathias de Gorne is at this moment?"

Réniné looked at his watch and answered:

"In Paris Mr. Deputy"

"In Paris? Alive then?"

Alive and, what is more in the pink of health."

"I am delighted to hear it But then what's the meaning of the footprints around the well and the presence of that revolver and those shots?"

Simply camouflage"

"Oh really? Camouflage contrived by whom?"

"By Mathias de Gorne himself"

"That's curious! And with what object?"

"With the object of passing himself off far dead and of arranging subsequent matters in such a way that M. Vignal was bound to be accused of the death, the murder"

"An ingenious theory" the deputy agreed, still in a satirical tone. "What do you think of it M. Vignal?"

It is a theory which flashed through my own mind, Mr Deputy," replied Jérôme "It is quite likely that after our struggle and after I had gone, Mathias de Gorne conceived a new plan by which this time his hatred would be fully gratified He both loved and detested his wife He held me in the greatest loathing This must be his revenge."

His revenge would cost him dear, considering that, according to your statement, Mathias de Gorne was to receive a second sum of sixty thousand francs from you."

"He would receive that sum in another quarter Mr. Deputy My examination of the financial position of the de Gorne family revealed to me the fact that the father and son had taken out a life-policy in each other's favour With the son dead, or passing for dead, the father would receive the insurance-money and indemnify his son"

"You mean to say," asked the deputy, with a smile "that in all this camouflage, as you call it M de Gorne the elder would act as his son's accomplice?"

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Réniné took up the challenge

"Just as Mr Deputy The father and son are accomplices."

"Then we shall find the son at the father's?"

"You would have found him there last night"

"What became of him?"

He took the train at Pompignat"

"That's a mere supposition"

"No, a certainty, perhaps, but you'll admit there's not the slightest proof"

THE DEPUTY did not wait for a reply His considered that he had displayed an excessive good will and that patience has its limits and he put an end to the interview

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He was wearing that calm air that sort of Indifference look, which was peculiar to him in moments of extraordinary crisis of the drama depended entirely upon himself Hortense felt a thrill pass through her and at once became full of confidence

They're saved, she thought with a sudden emotion "I asked him to protect that young creature, and he is saving her from prison and despair"

Jérôme and Natalie must have experienced the same impression of sudden hope, for they had drawn nearer to each other, as though this stranger, descended from the clouds had already given them the right to join hands.

The deputy shrugged his shoulders

"The prosecution will never very means when the time comes of establishing their innocence for itself You will be called

"It would be better to establish it here and now. Any delay might lead to grievous consequences"

"I happen to be in a hurry"

"Two or three minutes will do"

"Two or three minutes to explain a case like this!"

"No longer I assure you"

"Are you as certain of it as all that?"

"I am more I have been thinking hard since this morning"

The deputy realized that this was one of those gentry who stick to you like a leech and that there was nothing for it but to submit. In a rather hamstrung tone, he asked

"Does your thinking enable you to tell us the exact spot where M. Mathias de Gorne is at this moment?"

Réniné looked at his watch and answered:

"In Paris Mr. Deputy"

"In Paris? Alive then?"

Alive and, what is more in the pink of health."

"I am delighted to hear it But then what's the meaning of the footprints around the well and the presence of that revolver and those shots?"

Simply camouflage"

"Oh really? Camouflage contrived by whom?"

"By Mathias de Gorne himself"

"That's curious! And with what object?"

"With the object of passing himself off far dead and of arranging subsequent matters in such a way that M. Vignal was

This deputy sneered no longer. This eccentric intruder suddenly appeared to him in the light of a person worthy of attention whom it would not do to rush him of He asked

"And how could he have left his father's house?"

"In a trap quite simply"

"Who drove it?"

"The father This morning the sergeant and I saw the trap and spoke to the father who was going to market as usual The son was hidden under the cover, He took the train at Pompignat and is in Paris by now"

Réniné's explanation, so promised, had taken hardly five minutes He had based it solely on logic and the probabilities of the case And yet not a jot was left of the distressing mystery, on which they were floundering The darkness was dispelled The white truth appeared

Madame de Gorne wept for joy and Jérôme Vignal thanked the good genius who was changing the course of events with a stroke of his magic wand.

"Shall we examine those footprints together, Mr. Deputy" asked Réniné

"Do you mean?" The mistake which the sergeant and I made this morning was to investigate only the footprints left by the alleged murderer and to neglect Mathias de Grnes. Why indeed should they have attracted our attention" Yet it was precisely there that the crux of the whole affair was to be found"

They stepped into the orchard and went to the well It did not need a long examination to observe that many of the footprints were awkward hesitating, too deeply sunk at the heel and toe and differing from one another in the angle at which the feet were turned

"This clumsiness was unavoidable" said Réniné "Mathias de Gorne would have needed a regular apprenticeship to acquire his backward progress could have equalled his ordinary gait and both his father and he must have been aware of this at least as regards the zigzags which you see here, since all de Gorne went out of his way to tell the sergeant that his son had had too much to drink" And he added, "Indeed it was the detection of this falsehood that suddenly enlightened me When Mrdame de Grnar stated that her husband was not drunk I thought of the footprints and guessed the truth"

The deputy hastily accepted his part in the matter and began to laugh

"There's nothing left for it but to send detectives after the bogus corpse"

"On what grounds Mr Deputy?" asked Réniné "Mathias de Gorne has committed no offence against the law There's nothing criminal in trampling the soil around a well in ridding the position of a revolver that doesn't belong to you, in firing three shots or in walking backwards to one's father's house What can we ask of him? The sixty thousand francs? I presume that this is not M Vignal's intention and that he does not mean to bring a charge against him"

"Certainly not" said Jérôme

"Well what then? The insurance-policy in favour of the survivor" But there would be no misdemeanor unless the father claimed payment And I should be greatly surprised if he did ... Hallo here the old chap is! You'll soon know all about it."

Old de Gorne was coming along gesticulating as he walked His easy-going features were screwed up in express sorrow and anger

"Where's my son?" he cried "It seems the brute killed him!... My poor Mathias dead! Oh that scoundrel of a Vignal!"

And he shook his fist at Jérôme

THE DEPUTY said, bluntly,

"A word with you M de Gorne Do you intend to claim your rights under a certain insurance-policy?"

"Well what do you think?" said the old man off his guard

"The fact is your son's not dead People are even saying that you were a partner in his little schemes and that you stuffed him under the till of your trap and drove him to the station."

The old fellow spat on the ground stretched out his hand as though he were going to take a solemn oath stood for an instant without moving and then, suddenly changing his mind and his tactics with ingenious cynicism he relaxed his features, assumed a conciliatory attitude and burst out laughing

"That blackguard Mathias! So he tried to pass himself off as dead? What a rascal! And he reckoned on me to collect the insurance money and send it to him? As if I should be capable of such a low dirty trick! ... You don't know me my boy!"

And without waiting for more shrieking with merriment like a jolly old fellow amused by a funny story he took his departure, not forgetting however to set his great herb-nailed boots on each of the compromising footprints which his son had left behind him

Later when Réniné went back to the orchard to get Hortense out, he found that she had disappeared

He called and asked for her at her cousin Ermelin's Hortense sent down word asking him to excuse her she was feeling a little tired and was lying down

Capital! thought Réniné Capital! She avoids me therefore she loves me The end is not far off"

J. R. Booth—On the Job at 95

Continued from page 18

left arm. One of the narrowest escapes of his latter years occurred while he was down with his workmen in a relief drain The retaining timbers of the roller drain gave way and Mr Booth only succeeded in getting out of the drain by a few seconds before the angry waters of the Ottawa swirled the timbers away and carried one of the workmen in his drain Those who tried to get Mr Booth away after his hairbreadth escape wasted their efforts. He persisted in remaining on the ground to direct the efforts of the men in recovering the body of the workman who was drowned. and in fact did not leave the vicinity until the breach in the dam was repaired

Passing Up a Million

THERE is a story told which goes to emphasize the rugged honesty of John Rudolphus Booth While negotiations were on for the sale of certain Booth properties to the Federal government, a well-known member of a combination of that time went to Mr Booth assuring him he could hold the country up for a million dollars more than he was proposing to ask Mr Booth instead of taking advantage of this advice, as a less honourable and patriotic citizen might have done, immediately enclosed the letter in an envelope and forwarded it to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then premier Sir Wilfrid with that lurking reverence for which he was noted filed the letter away in one of his private archives.

Some time later the premier had considerable trouble with the very politician who wrote the letter, but he made no move until the letter resigned from the combination and announced that he was going into the stump to oppose the Grand Trunk Pacific deal Then Sir Wilfrid sent him a telegram calling him to Ottawa At the private conference which followed Sir Wilfrid produced the letter written to Mr Booth

"Now," said he "if you are going on the stump to oppose the Grand Trunk Pacific Mr Blank I too am going in the stump in your own constituency and I will read this letter to show that the people may judge your true motives"

The politician in question never set out publicly to oppose the Grand Trunk Pacific deal as he had announced he would People knowing his ability, his writing ability and there are many who to this day have never learned why he did so A short time after his retirement he died suddenly at his home

Like many other millionaires Mr Booth is not fond of entering into [illegible] He never made the same mistake to-day that he did in the old days when he was struggling to make a start Many years ago I small party [illegible] were going up the Ottawa river on a tug Standing on the deck was an aged lumberjack resplendent in navy blue serge suit and gaudy red necktie who was telling them at first about the different points of interest they passed.

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He said he was taking a little holiday visiting the territory where he rode logs in his youth.

He pointed out the charred skeleton of an old mill bank in the bush existing that years and years ago he and John Booth worked together there making shingles by hand.

"Mister Booth he save his money and I buy line clothes with mine" philosophized the old French Canadian. "Mister Booth he learn how to keep money. I learn to wear the fine suit, he have millions and millions and I have only the five-dollaire bill in my pocket. But," he added as he adjusted his festive necktie, "I think I learn something Mister Booth do not; Mister Booth nevairs learn to wear the fine suit and feel like a reech man."

John R. Booth has at times taken a more than passing interest in athletics, and his picturesque figure graced the ice on the occasion of a championship hockey game between Ottawa and Vancouver at Ottawa in the Winter of 1919-20 when he consented to face off the puck, following which he was presented with a magnificent floral horseshoe by the home club. Flowers are his one hobby, and it is said he never misses an opportunity to visit a horticultural show. It was owing to this leaning of his that the officials at the Ottawa Experimental Farm named a new species after him, known as "J. R. Booth Poma."

John R. Booth's ruling passion, however, has always been for achievement as a lumberman. He knows no satisfying pastime but work. To-day less than four years removed from his century milestone, in the very shadow of things eternal, he makes his regular trips of inspection to his mills and is the life and the music that has most charm for him is the roar of his pulp grinders and the screech and clash of his whirring saws.

Here Is the Farmer's Answer

Continued from page 17

dices for him to keep on producing and living is too high for the average farmer, and those facts are making men and women restless with things as they are; and that is a good thing too, if we can find the remedy and we've got to, or see civilization—I he didn't finish the thought in his mind, but you can.

The producer is not going to be Atlas with the world on his back any longer. The heck is beginning to break. It is not that the middleman is a sinner to be crucified. It is not that he is an unnecessary. It is not that he is not just as essential as the producer. It is just that there are too many of him compared to the number of producers.

THE remedy is so simple we haven't found it. It has been in our doorstep, and we have been looking up in the air for a big "farm."

It is for the farmers to do what they did in the days of our ancestors. What? Roll back civilization's complex? Split co-operation up into individual units again? Unfortunately, or fortunately, you can't roll back anything in this world. It has never been done since time began.

The farmer has to do what he was in the days of our ancestors—*the farmer has to be his own middleman.* And that this is already on the horizon, one example will make plain.

The Dairymen's League of the Eastern states dates from a few years before the War, but it has changed milk prices from 1c and 2c a quart to the farmer to 5c at least and 7c at highest. But have not these increases been passed on to the consumer? They have, indeed. That is what is forcing the farmer to become his own middleman.

He thought to solve the problem of the low returns by the collective bargaining, which labor had embodied in the Unions, but the increase was passed on to the consumer as heavily surcharged with intermediary profits—wasteful distribution, bonuses for competitive buyers on commission—that the price to the consumer in the big cities mounted to 16 and 17c for ordinary milk, to 20c for the milk with the highest percentage of butter fat, and this increase reacted in less demand by the consumer. The consumer went on strike and began doing without, or buying only half as much milk per family. Long as the War lasted, the back kick was not felt, but when the war stopped, superfluous milk began to hark up on the farmers' hands unsold, though there were just as many mouths eager for milk in the big cities. Cattle values slumped to half their value during the war as the farmer recognized the next inevitable step—he must be not only his own collective salesman, he must be his own distributor.

THE Grain Growers of the West are another example, though weather and slumped prices have combined to make this a hard year for them, but they have not yet become their own distributors and salesmen in foreign markets. The inevitable will force them to the same next step. As to fruit and vegetables the commission ring still holds the gates of the country consumer, but prices will force united action among the apple growers and vegetable producers of the East, just as they have forced it in the West, and planed Western products on our Eastern tables, while Eastern products lie rotting as orchards.

There will bes quest loudness—at these changes. There are now, straight from the pocket nerve. The loudest squeal just now is we are headed straight for a great prodigious flood trust, that will scarve us or squeeze us to death on prices.

He could sell milk at 6 to 7c a quart year in and year out, potatoes at $1 a bushel, apples at $2 to $4 a barrel, wheat at $1 to $1.60, wood at $6 in $8 a cord, beef at 15c a pound, veal at 12c to 14c, eggs at 30c a dozen, butter at 25 to 40c—he could sell at these prices year in and year out, and grow rich beyond the dreams of avarice doing it.

The consumer in the average city of over 100,000 is to-day paying 12 to 25c for milk, $1.40 to $3 for potatoes, $12 to $15 a barrel for apples, $8 to $16 a bushel for wheat, and corn products manufactured in small containers and so on.

Is the consumer going to squeal if these prices are cut from half to two-thirds? If he is, it will be a paean of glorious, and he will order more and eat more than he has for ten years.



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My Ottawa Memories, 1866—

Continued from page 23

who he alleged, had caused his financial loss. He was a tall and rather fine-looking man, Scotch by birth. With his ability and experience he might have been a useful member instead of an irritating nuisance. On several occasions he endeavored to bring up for discussion the matter of the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, but always defeated his purpose by his utter disregard of the rules and procedure of the House. He was open and unqualified in his expressions of contempt for the important body of which he was a member, a sentiment which was heartily reciprocated by them.

In one session he was called to order twenty-six times, his silences taking a wide range, which included speaking twice on the same subject, making irreverent, sharp and taxing remarks using improper language, making untrue statements, referring to what had taken place behind closed doors, and flagrantly disregarding the ruling of the Speaker.

It has been the invariable custom in both Houses when a Speaker's term expires to have his portrait painted in full length and hung in the corridors. When Sir David MacPherson's occupancy of the chair in the Senate terminated he had his painted full length at his own expense by a celebrated English artist. Sir David was a very large, well-proportioned man, and when dressed in the Speaker's costume with flowing robe and wearing the costume of his office which showed his finely-moulded calves, he was a subject that any artist would rejoice to paint. A life-sized portrait of such a man magnificently framed as Sir David's was would be welcomed in any art gallery but it was too large for the hall place with the portraits of his predecessors. It was, therefore, suspended in a most conspicuous position at the east end of the spacious lobby where only one other was to be seen—a full-length painting of Queen Victoria in her Royal robes. This afforded Senator Alexander a chance to attack Sir David.

In the session of 1868 he moved that in the opinion of the House the portrait should not be allowed to remain in the Senate corridor. In his remarks on his motion he said that Sir David was virtually pronouncing his own eulogy that every man with proper instincts must regard it as a simple outrage on common decency that he was evidenced the honorable gentleman's inordinate vanity.

What are we to do with this work?" he asked. It had been suggested he said, to cut the painting in two and put the handsome legs in another frame, and in this manner the size of the frames would be uniform with those of former Speakers. If he had to choose between the two he would select the portrait of the legs since they were shapely and really the best [illegible] of the man.

DURING his speech he was called to order twice for making unfounded charges against the leader of the House and Sir David. Senator Alexander would have been glad to let the matter drop there but several members insisted on a vote and it was practically unanimous. Mr. Alexander being the only member to vote for his own motion. Sir David refrained from recording his. The other forty-two senators voted "Non-content."

One would imagine that such an emphatic expression of the feeling of the House would put an end to the incident—and it did for a time. In the session of 1888, however, Senator Alexander returned to the attack. He gave the following notice of motion—

"That he will call attention to the extraordinary painting of the Hon. Sir David Lewis Macpherson, placed in the corridors of the Senate, which is not calculated to increase the respect for him while it is very damaging to the reputation of the Senate permitting such an unseemly departure from the usual size of Speakers' portraits."

Next day when the doors were opened a suspiciously large crowd entered the galleries and a number of press reporters occupied the seats outside the Bar. When Senator Alexander rose to make his motion Senator Abbott (afterwards Sir John Abbott) who was Leader of the House called attention to the unusual state of order, an opinion in which Senator Miller, an authority on parliamentary procedure, concurred. There were cries of "Withdraw, withdraw." The Senator Alexander refused to do, and the Speaker ruled the motion out of order. God help the Senate what is it coming to?" said the disappointed senator as he left the Chamber.

When the Parliament Building was destroyed by fire in 1916 all the paintings in the Senate were saved and taken away until the new building was ready for occupation, when they were put in their appropriate places in the corridors of the Upper House—all but Sir David's. No place could be found for his with the portraits of the other Speakers. Even in the corridors of the flat above there were only two spaces large enough for such a big canvas and these two were needed for the portraits of King George and his Queen. Finally it was hung in a committee room which is locked the greater part of the year, and during session is only occasionally used.

This was not the only occasion on which Senator Alexander's carefully laid plans to obtain the co-operation of the press in his attacks on his three hated colleagues were frustrated. Once he gave notice of a motion to appoint a select committee to inquire into and report on the "disposition of the remaining assets of the Bank of Upper Canada." There was a conspicuously large attendance of newspapermen when the order was called and Senator Alexander rose to submit his motion. Before he could begin his address, however, Senator Abbott rose and said he had observed during the session, and it was a matter of history in connection with the Senate, that motions of this description had an more than one occasion been made apparently with a view of placing upon record charges against gentlemen who were all held in the highest respect and esteem and of causing circulation of those charges by means of reports of the debates. Such infilities should not be given and he therefore rallied attention to the fact that there were strangers in the Chamber.

The Sergeant-at-Arms was instructed to expel the "strangers" and in company with the disappointed newspapermen we retired.

(The second and concluding article will appear in the June 1 issue.)



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A PROGRESSIVE PROFESSION FOR GIRLS

Diet Specialists Have Many Opportunities for Teaching Dietetics for Experimental Work or for Definite, Practical Application

By GERTRUDE E. S. PRINGLE

SEEING one day numbers of girls flocking into a Y.W.C.A. cafeteria I followed their example, and found myself in a large crowded L-shaped upper room in which was a long line of young women slowly processioning along by a lord-laden glass covered counter, each one carrying a white enamel tray and helping herself to the very appetising looking food. After taking a tray and making a selection I found a vacant seat at one of the tables and on sampling the dishes found they were quite as delicious as they looked to be, which is not always the case with food cooked in large quantities. There was that indescribable flavor about everything that we associate with carefully chosen and properly prepared home cooking. It was all so good from savoury stew with lots of rich gravy and tasty vegetables to crisp salad and meringued rich lemon pie (not corn starch and lemon extract masquerading as the real thing, that I left nare the presiding genius of the place must be someone out of the ordinary. Why, she must be a dietitian I concluded remembering from past experiences what had often proved to be the secret behind good meals served in public places.

Upon my asking a member of the staff as to who was in charge, she exclaimed in surprise. "Why don't you know? We have one of the very finest dietitians in Canada—Miss Violet Ryley." And I further learned that when Miss Ryley took over the cafeteria it was showing a deficit and before she relinquished the post some months later to enjoy a holiday before entering upon the approaching summer of arduous work, it was making a profit. So much for the highly trained woman dietitian possessed of executive ability.

An Advancing Profession—Dietetics

THE girl who is interested in the study and preparation of food will find in dietetics a well-paid and not over-crowded profession. It is work that has advanced with great strides. Fifteen years ago a graduate in Domestic Science had only one opening before her in Canada—that of a teacher of cooking. To-day Domestic Science gives a choice of qualifying in any one of three highly specialized branches, each offering a distinct field of its own, namely teaching dietetics and laboratory work.

The work of the dietitian began in the hospital but its scope has been greatly extended so that new positions are constantly opening up. Already many of our Canadian graduates are filling good posts in the United States, while some have even gone as far afield as Japan and Australia. Many women now occupying important executive positions took a two-year Normal course at Macdonald Institute, Guelph, at Macdonald College, Quebec, or at American training schools such as Teachers' College, New York; Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. It is the University graduate however who is now being called for. This year there are about 600 students enrolled in the full four-year course of Household Science at the University of Toronto. Absurdly young many of them seem with their short skirts and bobbed heads one would take them to be mere children, but listen to their conversation just before a demonstration lesson and it is about proteids, carbohydrates, fat and water content. About half of these girls are planning to take up teaching and the other half to go into dietetic work. When they are ready they will have no difficulty in finding well-paid posts for there are at present more positions offering than graduates to fill them.

As showing how comparatively recent was the addition of the Household Science to the curriculum of a Canadian University, it may be stated that it was not until the fall of 1902 that the University of Toronto established a degree course in Household Science while Macdonald College, Que., has not yet graduated its first class in the four year course, the present students being now in their third year. In this course the first two years are spent at McGill and the third and fourth at Macdonald College. The Western Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan also offer courses in Household Science leading to a degree, while in Manitoba the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, has a five year course.

The Commercial Side

THE commercial side of the profession of dietetics has a great variety of openings for the trained worker. The management of a cafeteria or lunch-room is one of its more recent developments. Large employers such as banks corporations, manufacturing concerns and departmental stores are learning the good results of furnishing proper meals at a minimum of cost to their employees and that it pays to install lunch rooms and add a dietitian to their staff. In this connection the relation of food to human health has been strikingly shown in the experience of a large manufacturing business in Toronto, which under the supervision of a trained dietitian has been serving a wholesome lunch to its employees for 25 cents apiece. Whereas formerly the girls often showed signs of intense weariness after 3 o'clock and asked leave to go home early on account of headaches, they now rarely complain of either ailments or fatigue. Miss Phyllis Smith, a graduate, is in charge of this combined welfare and dietitian work at Wrigley's Jr., involving the feeding of 650 persons daily and superintendence of the laundry done on the premises. It is interesting to note that at first the girls did not seem to benefit as they should from the a la carte menu provided because they were apt to lunch on pie and ice cream but when there was substituted a sensible well-balanced meal which



Left to right:—Miss Soula Laird, Miss Elizabeth H. Sherwood, General Organizing Dietitian for R.C.R. Hospitals throughout Canada. Mrs. Burns, demonstrator for the Thrifts Campaign, age of the lodges in the World's bread making contest.

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left no choice for poor selection than it was that the very marked benefits resulted.

The Opening in Hotels and Tea Rooms

CLUBS hotels high-class summer resorts tea rooms and grilles are beginning to call for these services of trained dietitians who can get more food value and greater gustatory satisfaction for each dollar expended than can those who work in the old haphazard rule of thumb way

In the care of tea rooms or country inns the woman with a little capital and equipped with a course in Domestic Science has every chance of making a great success This profession eminently fits woman to go into business on their own

In New York State many public schools have opened lunch rooms for the children and the benefits to them have been so apparent and encouraging that other states are following the example In time doubtless Canada will fall into line, and the undernourished children will be helped as well as another opening afforded for



MISS A. ODDIE McHENRY
Dietitian Christie Street Hospital Toronto

the trained dietitian Cafeteria lunches in high schools for which the pupils pay—the cost being kept to a minimum—are in operation in Vancouver B C and Seattle as well as in the Central Technical School Toronto while in the enlargement of the Oakwood Collegiate Toronto provision is being made for one

Choice of Work

THE student who completes her course in Household Science whether it be a two-year Normal or a four-year University course leading to a B A degree must choose which branch of the work she wishes to follow—whether teaching institutional work (which includes hospitals public institutions and commercial establishments) or laboratory research work—before proceeding to take her post-graduate training

Miss B M Philp Head of the School of Household Science Macdonald College Que has this to say in favour of the longer course — In regard to the value of a four year course in Household Science I believe that it offers an attractive and interesting field of work for young women with advantages quite equal to those of any other University Course The trend ally increasing attention being given to the study of foods and their relation to health and the importance attached to diet in the treatment of disease has made it necessary to give more time for instruction in the subjects of bio-chemistry and the chemistry of foods making it impossible to cover the work necessary in the brief period of time formerly considered sufficient for Home Economics courses."

Hospitals now require of their dietitians the most advanced scientific knowledge regarding food and so they generally stipulate they must be University graduates In the hospitals the hours are longer and the salaries smaller than in commercial fields but there is the interest of the scientific work to compensate On the other hand there is scope for real philanthropic work in connection with the administrative activities involved in the feeding of large numbers of people at the least cost

The Teacher of Domestic Science

BEGINNING with teaching the openings available for graduates are found in various types of school—Normal technical high public and private as well as in Y W C A s and social service organizations such as Women's Institutes

The salaries paid vary according to the nature of the appointment held and the type of school In Public School Centres of Domestic Science in Toronto Domestic Science teachers start with $1 100 a year which is increased by $50 each year until the maximum of $2 100 is reached.

Collegiate Institutes in Toronto pay from $2 000 to $3 125 per annum In the Toronto Technical School a Director of Domestic Science receives $3 875 a year and an assistant with qualifications for directorship $2 250 Those highly paid positions are only open to University graduates who become specialists.

The training for a teacher depends on the course chosen If the prospective student is already a public school teacher and wishes to qualify as a Domestic Science teacher she can take a one-year course at the Ontario College of Education Toronto This course which is only open to public school teachers is practically free On a pupil gaining her certificate at the end of the year, she is eligible to teach Domestic Science in public schools

The two-year Normal Course in Domestic Science offered at Macdonald Institute Guelph gives a thorough foundation for teaching and for practising as a dietitian in women's institutes and commercial activities with the award of the Macdonald Institute Teacher's Certificate to those who successfully pass Mrs C H Burns, Chief Dietitian at the Toronto General Hospital characterizes this training as a "wonderful course there is nothing pertaining to the house they do not teach one" she declares.

Macdonald College Quebec offers similar advantages, but in addition gives the four-year course leading to a degree

But if the student elects to take the four-year University course in Household Science either in Toronto, McGill (Macdonald College Que.) or in one of the Western Universities, she will make the best kind of a start toward her future career.

Becoming a Dietitian

SUPPOSE that after taking her Normal course or graduating in Household Science from a University with a B A degree a girl decides to become a dietitian, her course would be to enter a large hospital as pupil dietitian in order to gain experience before undertaking any practical work. The larger hospitals are now providing standardized pupil training for the inexperienced graduates. The course is from 4 to six months and board room and laundry are supplied as well as a small monthly payment to cover the cost of text books

The work is so divided that the pupil receives training in all the detail of institutional management, as well as in the special diet work of a hospital

Miss Elizabeth A Sherwood, General Organizing Dietitian at Ottawa for the S C R. Hospitals throughout Canada and than whom no one is better informed on the subject—thus describes the routine followed in the case of a Domestic Science graduate entering a hospital as a pupil dietitian She says —

"On starting the pupil is usually put in the kitchen to observe There she becomes acquainted with the duties of individual workers and learns the natural co-ordination of duties of the kitchen staff She sees the handling of emergencies as when the staff is short-handed when equipment is out of order when food supplies do not arrive, or accidents happen just at serving time to perhaps some portion of the day's menu or the sudden shutting off of steam water gas or electricity as has just used the many other things that may occur but which cannot be allowed to interfere with the regular serving of the three meals a day.

From the kitchen the pupil is sent to the serving room where constant observation is required to see that all the minutiæ detail is carefully carried out The best results of a trained kitchen staff can be ruined by careless handling in the serving pantries.

The diet kitchen where special diets are compiled and prepared is the next step and in connection with this the study of the diet charts of the patients and the working out of the balanced menus and the weighed diets require both care and attention Some of the larger hospitals also have a milk laboratory in connection with them, and infant feeding is a science in itself as the preparations of the different formulae require absolute accuracy and the results must receive care in handling Here also the student becomes more familiar with the electrical equipment such as Pasteurizers Nixtmall mill and Babcock machines for testing fat contents of milk

For the graduate planning to take up Social Service dietetic work pupil training is given in the nutrition clinics of some of the large hospitals The United States Public Health Service, during the fiscal year of 1921 employed 146 dietitians and during the last three months they have been advertising for more the basic salary being $96 a year with a monthly bonus of $20 granted by Congress and possible promotion to $1 344 per year This also is inclusive of quarters and subsistence

Recently a Diabetic Clinic has been opened and successfully operated by a dietitian in Vancouver, B C This is worthy of note as such work is progressing very rapidly in the United States

For post-graduate training in commercial work, about the best experience can be obtained through Teachers' College Columbia University, New York, as they arrange for a pupil course in cafeteria work In this work a knowledge of marketing and cost accounting, combined with efficient management of staff supplies and equipment, means a success of the business In a recent announcement one of the members of the National Board of the Y W C A in New York stated that "within six months we shall need fifty cafeteria managers with a year fifty more" Salaries there range from $1,500 to $3,000 per year with food maintenance included.

What It Costs to Study Domestic Science

AT THE University of Toronto the fees charged for the course in Household Science are the same as for other courses About $100 a year is sufficient to cover fees and books while maintenance charges cost from $265 to $400 a year

The College of Education Toronto, is almost free the low rate of $25 being asked for the school year

Macdonald Institute Guelph asks a lower rate for students from farm and village homes who pay $45 per annum for tuition, while students not resident in Ontario pay $90 Board costs about $6 a week, and a limited number of students can get their board free as well as one term of tuition by working as waitresses or dining-room girls

The salaries paid dietitians have not been standardized and therefore vary but the commercial work offers the highest remuneration In hospitals dietitians drew from $60 to $150 a month in addition to board and laundry

A household science graduate imbued with scientific leanings who wished to pursue research work in the direction of chemistry, bacteriology or textiles would find an opening in either a commercial or experimental laboratory But these openings are somewhat limited now that men are available once more A former student of Toronto University has gone into the work and is now engaged in the Research Department of the Anti-Toxin laboratory of Toronto University

Some Prominent Workers

THE most outstanding woman dietitian in Canada in connection with hospital work is Miss Elizabeth A Sherwood who as General Organizing Dietitian has the appointing of Dietitians and supervision of the feeding of all the patients in the S C R chain of hospitals throughout Canada

Miss Sherwood thus sums up the essential qualities required by a Dietitian to be a good fundamental education with a special knowledge of food its uses and its values a fund of practical common sense tact personality and poise, personal tidiness, a sense of humour and a controlled temper

Miss Violet M Ryley, one of our foremost dietitians was during the War General Organizing Dietitian for Military Hospitals in Canada until illness caused her to give up this onerous post Lately she re-organized the Y W C A cafeteria Toronto and is now taking a well-earned rest preparatory to resuming her work at Bigwin Inn Lake of Bays where she is again in charge of the dining halls and kitchens of this the largest summer hotel in Canada

Miss Ryley states that the secret of smooth working when in control of a large staff is to watch for the critical points and to make subordinates responsible for detail

Hundreds of girl graduates have passed through the hands of Miss Annie Laird who is head of the Department of Household Science University of Toronto.

Miss Laird one of Canada's first Domestic Science teachers took her degree in the Drexel Institute Philadelphia twenty years ago when such a course was not available in this country

Miss Laird would like to see every high school giving a course in Household Science and thinks that the question of finding time for it should offer no obstacle The value of the course depends altogether on the way it is mapped out and on the teacher, rather than on the number of hours spent on it she says

Mrs C H Burns Chief Dietitian at the Toronto General Hospital occupies a responsible position in this splendidly equipped institution where the main kitchen is all shining white walls, tiled floor, polished copper and ventilators to carry off all odours Superintending the feeding of nearly 1,300 persons thrice daily Mrs Burns leads a busy life but everything in her very extensive department moves along smoothly and efficiently and its speakless and spotless condition reveals the trained worker whose job is suited to her attainments.

Mrs Burns was the first Domestic Science lecturer-demonstrator sent by the Ontario Government to teach the members of the Women's Institutes throughout the province Her training was gained at Macdonald Institute Guelph previous to which she matriculated and took a Normal course to enable her to gain a teacher's certificate

Miss Violet M Ryley graduate dietitian from Macdonald College Que is in charge of the diet of the private pavilion in the Toronto General Hospital where there are 150 patients

Miss A D McHenry B A 1919 graduate of Toronto University (who afterwards entered St Luke's Hospital Chicago as a pupil dietitian)—as Chief Dietitian of the Dominion Orthopedic Hospital Christie Street, Toronto not only looks after the diet of 70% returned veterans but does all the buying manages the help and attends to the accounts and statistical reports in connection with this very detailed work She is assisted by Miss M M Cooper B A and Miss B W Monaghen, a Normal graduate



MISS VIOLET M RYLEY
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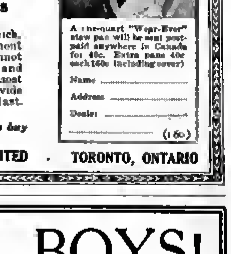
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The Value of Time

By Kronos

Paintings by
HAROLD DELAY

ALEXANDER the Great setting out at twenty to conquer the world found the city of Tyre blocking his path to glory

In Tyre he saw the key to the vast Persian empire. Its massive walls had withstood the battering of centuries. Solidly entrenched in an island half a mile from the shore it was heavily guarded by the Phoenician fleets—while Alexander had only land forces.

Calling together his engineers, the young sixth settled down to such a siege as never was on land or sea. Under an incessant bombardment from the island he calmly proceeded to build a great pier straight across the ocean's floor—a pier that stands to this day.

Tradition says that when his generals murmured at the delay, Alexander answered: "I *must* wait—for *Time is a factor*." Seven months of inevitable toil bridged the gulf and made him master of the seas. Hammering his way into Tyre, he opened an easy gateway to the empires of the East. His campaign of the next few years proved that his seven months had been well invented. Alexander, like Confucius before him, knew how to take Time to *save* Time.

The boy of twenty taught the world a lesson that will be remembered to the end of Time. Ere his birth, Aristotle declared that the sacrifice of Time was the most costly of all sacrifices—after he death, Theophrastus called Time "*the most valuable thing a man can spend*."

Step by step, the world draws nearer to a practical recognition of the "*Value of Time*"—and of the inestimable service rendered to mankind by those marvel ous timekeepers whichen endguard over the priceless moments of today—



Elgin Watches

Here's a Live Wire!



There is a young man holding down a very strenuous job in a city in Western Canada. He works about 10 hours each day, and is kept on the jump every minute.

Does he crawl home at nights and lie down to rest? No, Sir! He finds it actually relaxes him to sell MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE during his spare time. He also meets a lot of nice people in this way—and last year he obtained 200 subscriptions for us.

That adds a lot of money to his yearly income. Now your regular work is certainly no more strenuous than his, no matter what you're doing. And you also have spare hours which you can turn into money. Do you want more money? Then write

"Please tell me how to make big money in my spare time." Address

AGENCY DIVISION : MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE : TORONTO, ONT.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These



Essay on a Man—At ten, a child at twenty wild
At thirty home if ever
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich,
At sixty good or never.—*A Centrib*

The Kind Desired—Clerk—"So you wish to open a joint account with your husband. Current or drawing?"
She—"Oh, deposit for him—drawing for me."—*Kasper Stockholm*

This Looks Serious—Judge—"What's this man charged with, officer?"
Cop—"Careless walkin', yer honour. He bumped into a truck and bent both fenders and the radiator."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Consoling.—"I was sorry to hear of your brother's death, McTavish. Undoubtedly a great loss."
"Ay, ay, but not such a awfu' great loss, he played a verra poor game o' golf."—*Judge*

Saving Him Pain—Boy to his Dad—Ded can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"
His Dad—"Certainly."
Boy—"Well, then shut your eyes and sign my report card."—*The Boys' Magazine*

Do you Know This Bird?—One day in London years ago a rather emotional lady came up to Whistler the painter, and said, "Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in the world—yourself and Velasquez."
Madame," replied Whistler, "why drag in Velasquez?"—*Ex*

In Times like These—Mistress (going shopping)—"Is there anything else you want besides tea, Mary?"
Mary Ann—"Please Mum, Cook says she doesn't think, the way we're agoin' on that there'll be enough chine to last over the week-end."—*London Gaiety*

Bad Either Way.—To play a trick on a drunken man some friends tied a monkey to the foot of his bed. When the man regained consciousness and saw the monkey, he stared and stared. Then, pulling a revolver from under his pillow he took deliberate aim at the little animal and said: "Well old fellow, if you are a monkey you're in a hell of a fix, if you're not a monkey then I'm in a hell of a fix."—*Judge.*

Discovered—A young couple on their honeymoon stopped off at Buffalo for a few days to take in the Falls. To while away time one evening while his wife was dressing for dinner her husband picked up a copy of *Snappy Stories*.
Presently the bride tiptoed over to his chair and glanced over his shoulder. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I've married a bookworm!"—*The Bookseller and Stationer*

The Infallible Sign—None of Alice's friends knew whom she would marry. They knew he would be a golfer, but all the aspirants were successful men with low handicaps.
She finally announced her engagement to Phil.
Her father, who once made the second hole in two, asked Alice wherein Phil excelled the others.
"You know I can't stand your cigar when in too many places," said Alice. "I could never live with a man who was careless about the house. So I made up a foursome with Phil John, and Clarence. We played eighteen holes."
"What did that prove?" asked her father.
"Well, Phil was the only man who replaced the turf."—*Judge.*



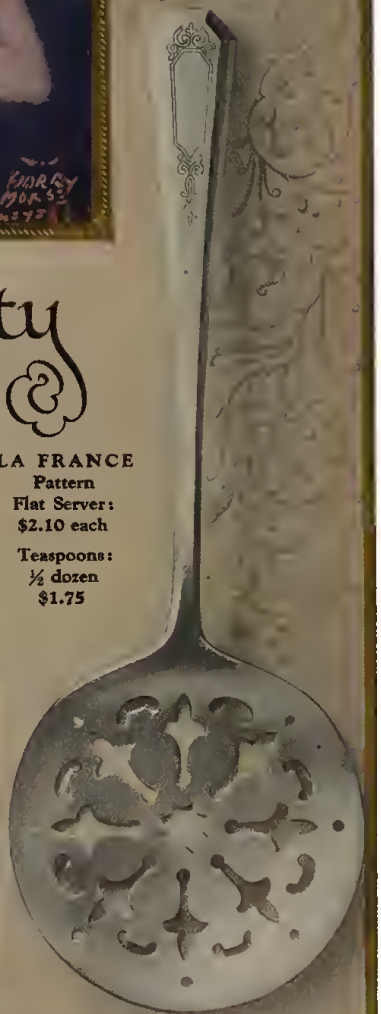


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